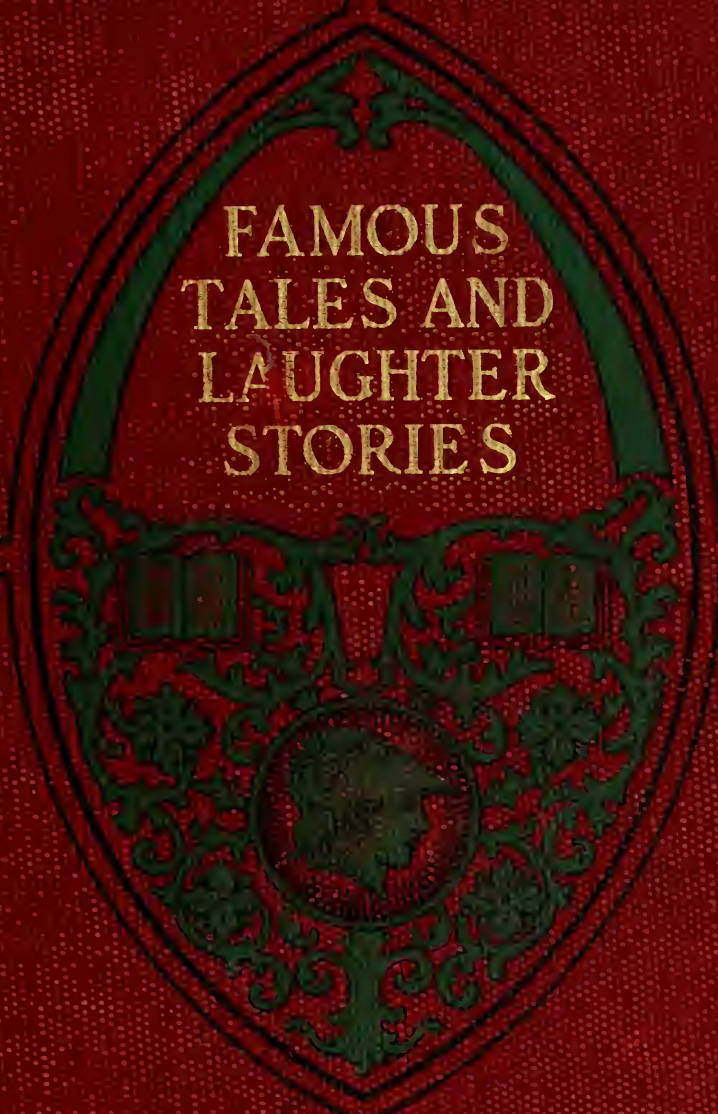


FAMOUS
TALES AND
LAUGHTER
STORIES



THE BOOK · HOUSE ·



A BOOK is just a House of Thought,
Where many Things and People live.
Beyond its doors Great Things are taught,
And all its Dwellers give and give.
So walk right through the open door
With kindly Heart and brain awake.
You'll find in there a Wonder Store
Of Good Things, all for you to take.

The Dwellers in *your* Book House know
All sorts of tales to tell to you,
And each will try his best to show
The way those tales of Wonder grew.
For this our Book House Friends expect
A trifling payment in return;
Just thoughtful Kindness and Respect,—
That's all they ask for all we learn.

John Martin

❧ This BOOK belongs to ❧

📖 THE BOOK TREE 📖

📖 A BOOK TREE is a Knowledge Tree,
As almost anyone can see.

Long, long ago its seed was sown;
For years and years the Tree has grown.
Ten thousand thousand Hearts & Heads
Have cared for it, so now it spreads
Its Roots and Branches far and wide,
And casts its shade on every side.

❧
This Tree bears Fruit of different kinds
For many Hearts and many Minds.
So all you Children have to do
Is just to take what's *best* for you.
But no one ever soils or breaks
The Golden Fruit he *needs* and takes,
And no one ever bends or tears
The Books this Tree of Knowledge bears.

❧ *John-martin







SECRETS..

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN.

PLEASANT PICTURES OF CHILD LIFE—IX.

PARTIAL LIST OF EDITORS, AUTHORS, AND ILLUSTRATORS WHOSE WORK APPEARS IN THIS PUBLICATION

- CHARLES WELSH**,
Author of "The Right Reading for
[Children," "Stories Children Love."
- REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH**,
Director of the Catholic Summer School
of America and Author of "The Prairie
[Boy," etc.
- MORGAN SHEPARD (JOHN MARTIN)**,
Writer of illustrated letters to children.
- REV. GEORGE E. REED**,
Ex-President of Dickinson College.
- JOSEPH H. ADAMS**,
Editor of "Harper's Practical Books
[for Boys."
- RALPH HENRY BARBOUR**,
Author of "The Crimson Sweater" and
[other books for boys.
- L. FRANK BAUM**,
Author of "The Wizard of Oz," "Queen
[Zixie of Ix" and other children's books.
- KATHARINE N. BIRDSALL**,
Formerly Associate-Editor of "The
[Children's Magazine."
- J. G. BROWN**,
Painter of Child-Life.
- JOHN BURROUGHS**,
Naturalist and Author.
- ELLIS PARKER BUTLER**,
Author of "The Incubator Baby," "A
[Thin Santa Claus," etc.
- LAURA E. RICHARDS**,
Author of "When I Was Your Age,"
["Five-Minute Stories," etc.
- REV. JAMES M. FARRAR**,
Author of "A Junior Congregation" and
["Little Talks to Little People."
- REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN**,
Author of "Santa Claus on a Lark,"
["Social Salvation," etc.
- MARGARET JOHNSON**,
Illustrator, and Author of "A Bunch of
[Keys," etc.
- CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN**,
Author of "Mother Song and Child
[Song," etc.
- EMILIE BENSON KNIPE**,
Illustrator, and Author of "Little Miss
[Fales," etc.
- JACK LONDON**,
Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The
[Seawolf" and other stories.
- LUCY FITCH PERKINS**,
Illustrator, Decorator, and Author of
"A Book of Joys," "The Goose Girl,"
[etc.
- HOWARD PYLE**,
Illustrator, and Author of "Otto of the
Silver Hand," "Robin Hood" and other
[young folks' books.
- HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE**,
Associate-Editor of "The Outlook" and
Author of "My Study Fire," "Works
and Days" and other volumes of
[essays.
- ERNEST THOMPSON SETON**,
Author of "Wild Animal Play for
[Children," "Two Little Savages," etc.
- HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD**,
Author of "Hester Stanley's Friends,"
[etc.
- JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER**,
Author of "How to Find Happyland,"
[etc.
- CAROLYN WELLS**,
Author of "Folly in Fairyland," the
"Patty" books, the "Marjorie" books,
[etc.
- TUDOR JENKS**,
Author of "Boys' Book of Explorations,"
"Electricity for Young People,"
[etc.
- JOHN H. CLIFFORD**,
Associate-Editor of "The Young Folks'
[Treasury," "The Mother's Book," etc.
- ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY**,
U. S. Naval Officer, Explorer and Au-
thor of "Northward Over the Great
[Ice," etc.

GEORGE S. BRYAN,
Writer and Translator.

CLIFFORD HOWARD,
Author of "Curious Facts," etc.

EDITH M. THOMAS,
Author of "Lyrics and Sonnets," "The
[Children of Christmas," etc.

DANIEL E. WHEELER,
Associate-Editor of "The Young Folks'
[Treasury," etc.

AMY STEEDMAN,
Author of "In God's Garden," etc.

L. L. WEEDON,
Author of "Bible Stories," etc.

ARTHUR UPSON,
Poet and Critic.

EMILIE POULSSON,
Author of "Nursery Finger-Plays,"
["Child Stories and Rhymes," etc.

PAULINE FRANCES CAMP,
Author of "Poems,"

MARY V. WORSTELL,
Author, Editor and Lecturer.

EDWIN L. SABIN,
Author of "When You Were a Boy," etc.

MARTHA BURR BANKS,
Author of "Dame Dimple's Thanksgiving."
[ing."

DAVID KILBURN STEVENS,
Author of "Lays of a Lazy Dog."

F. S. CHURCH,
Illustrator.

WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS,
Author of "The Young Privateersman."

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER,
Author of "Stories of Animal Life,"
["The Boy Anglers," etc.

E. W. KEMBLE,
Illustrator; Author of "Kemble's Sketch
[Book," etc.

CONSTANCE C. HARRISON (MRS BUR-
TON HARRISON),
Author of "Old-Fashioned Fairy Books,"
["Folk and Fairy Tales," etc.

DAY ALLEN WILLEY,
Journalist and Magazine Writer.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK,
Author of "Cradle and Nursery," "What
[to Eat," etc.

ROBERT WILLIAMS WOOD,
Professor of Experimental Physics in
Johns Hopkins University; Author of
"How to Tell the Birds from the Flow-
[ers," etc.

EDWARD F. BIGELOW,
Naturalist; Editor of "The Guide to
Nature" and Author of "The Spirit
[of Nature-Study," etc.

EDMUND J. SAWYER,
Natural History Writer.

FRANK L. CHAPMAN,
Curator of Ornithology, American Mu-
[seum, and Editor of "Bird-Lore."

JAMES C. BEARD,
Illustrator, and Author of "Little
Workers," "Curious Homes and Their
[Tenants," etc.

THOMAS H. KEARNEY,
Of the Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S.
[Department of Agriculture.

ERNEST INGERSOLL,
Author of "Wild Life of Orchard and
Field," "The Life of Mammals" and
[other works on natural history.

MARY DAWSON,
Author of "The Book of Frolics for All
[Occasions."

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH,
Author of "The Mysterious Beacon
[Light," etc.

BERTHA JOHNSTON,
Editor of "The Kindergarten Maga-
zine" and Author of "Home Occupa-
[tions for Boys and Girls."

EDWIN W. FOSTER,
Author of "Carpentry and Woodwork,"
[etc.

W. S. CAMERON,
Natural History Writer.

SILAS ALPHA LOTTRIDGE,
Author of "Animal Snapshots and How
[Made.

WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY,
Author of "American Birds Studied
[and Photographed from Life,"

CONTENTS

	PAGE
STORIES FROM ENGLAND	203-215
Bruno's Story	<i>Charles L. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll")</i>
The Giant's Shoes	<i>William Kingdon Clifford</i>
Sir Gammer Vans	
Johnny-cake	
The Cat and the Mouse	
The Story of the Four Little Children Who Went Round the World	<i>Edward Lear</i>
Tom Tit Tot	
How to Build a Nest	
Lazy Jack	
STORIES FOR GIRLS	216-242
Betty and the Bear	<i>Priscilla Leonard</i>
Her Class-Day Gown	<i>Sara Ware Bassett</i>
Miss Dorothea's Recital	<i>Elizabeth Price</i>
The Sleeping Beauty	<i>Rhodes Campbell</i>
The Little Princess of the Fearless Heart	<i>B. J. Daskam</i>
My Picnic	<i>Marian Warner Wildman</i>
OLD-FASHIONED STORIES	243-261
The Twelve Huntsmen—The Twelve Dancing Princesses—Edwy and the Echo— The Little Old Woman Who Lived in a Vinegar-Bottle—The Snow Queen	
STORIES FOR LITTLE BOYS	262-282
Mischie	<i>Rosamond Upham</i>
The Silvertown Revolution	<i>Zelia Margaret Walters</i>
A Real Little Boy Blue	<i>Caroline S. Allen</i>
Hans the Innocent	<i>M. I. Wood</i>
Robin of the Loving Heart	<i>Emma Endicott Marcan</i>
Marmaduke's Recovery	<i>Melville F. Ferguson</i>
Freddy's First Rescue	<i>G. E. Walsh</i>
SHORT STORIES FROM MANY LANDS	283-304
Stories Told in the Middle Ages—Howleglass, The Merry Jester—Stories from the Talmud—Legends of the Stars—Stories Told in India Three Thousand Years Ago —Proverb Stories—Stories Told in the Old English School—Little Stories About Flowers—The Fables of Pilpay the Hindu—Stories Told by the Arabs—Stories from the Chinese—Stories Told to Kafir Children—The Fables of the Buddha— Quaint Stories for Children	

AMERICAN INDIAN STORIES	305-327
Robin Redbreast	
The Three Wishes	
The Joker	
Little Moccasin's Ride on the Thunder-Horse	<i>Colonel Guido Ilges</i>
Waukewa's Eagle	<i>James Buckham</i>
Stories Told by Indians	<i>Julian Ralph</i>
Onatoga's Sacrifice	<i>John Dimitry</i>
The Giant with Nine Lives	
STORIES FROM SCANDINAVIA	328-340
The Greedy Cat—Gudbrand on the Hillside—Pork and Honey—How Reynard Out- witted Bruin—The Cock and the Crested Hen—The Old Woman and the Tramp— The Old Woman and the Fish—The Lad and the Fox—Adventures of Ashpot— Norwegian Bird-Legends	
STORIES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE	341-365
Keesh, The Bear-Hunter	<i>Jack London</i>
A Second Jonah	<i>Katharine N. Birdsall</i>
The New Boy	<i>S. V. R.</i>
The Out-Curve	<i>Leslie W. Quirk</i>
A Little Diplomat	<i>Mary V. Worstell</i>
The Eagle's Flight	<i>M. Brown</i>
The Count and the Robbers	
The Shepherd-Boy and the Ram	<i>O. C. Vico</i>
An Alpine Adventure	<i>Grace Wickham Curran</i>
STORIES FROM IRELAND	366-384
The Four White Swans—The Mishaps of Handy Andy—The Greedy Shepherd— The Cobblers and the Cuckoo—The Merry Cobbler and his Coat	
MODERN SHORT STORIES	385-416
What Diffidence Did	<i>Augusta Huicll Seaman</i>
Storm-Bound Sparrows	<i>W. Lewis Fraser</i>
Harold's Chicken	<i>Emily V. Methven</i>
Mother's Wolf Story	<i>Everett McNeil</i>
How Cats Came to Purr	<i>John Bennett</i>
A Dutch Treat	<i>Amy B. Johnson</i>
Chickaree	<i>Anne O'Brien</i>



STORIES FROM ENGLAND

BRUNO'S STORY

(From "*Sylvie and Bruno*")

BY CHARLES L. DODGSON ("LEWIS CARROLL")

"ONCE there were a mouse and a crocodile and a man and a goat and a lion," said Bruno.

"And the mouse found a shoe, and it thought it were a mouse-trap. So it got right in, and it stayed in ever so long."

"Why did it stay in?"

"'Cause it thought it could n't get out again," Bruno explained. "It were a clever mouse. It knew it could n't get out of traps."

"But why did it go in, then?"

"No matter why!" said Bruno decisively; "and it jump, and it jump, and at last it got right out again. And it looked at the mark in the shoe. And the man's name were in it. So it knew it was n't its own shoe."

"So the mouse gave the man his shoe. And the man were welly glad, 'cause he had n't got but one shoe, and he were hopping to get the other."

"And the man took the goat out of the sack. . . . No, I know oo has n't heard of the sack before, and oo won't again. . . . And he said to the goat: 'Oo will walk about here till I comes back.' And he went and he tumbled into a deep hole. And the goat walked round and round. And it walked under the tree. And it wug its tail. And it looked up in the tree. And it sang a sad little song. Oo never heard such a sad little song!"

"It singed it right froo. I *sawed* it singing with its long beard."

"And when it had singed all the song, it ran away—for to get along to look for the man, oo know. And the crocodile got along after it—for to bite it, oo know. And the mouse got along after the crocodile."

"Was n't the crocodile running?"

"He was n't running," said Bruno, "and he was n't crawling. He went struggling along like a portmanteau. And he held his chin ever so high in the air——"

"What did he do that for?"

"'Cause he had n't got a toofache!" said Bruno. "Can't oo make out *nuffin* wizout I 'splain it? Why, if he 'd had a toofache, a course he 'd have held his head down—like this—and he 'd have put a lot of warm blankets round it!"

"Did he have any blankets?"

"Course he had blankets," said Bruno. "Does oo think crocodiles goes walks wisout blankets? And he frowned with his eyebrows. And the goat was welly frightened at his eyebrows."

"I 'd never be afraid of eyebrows."

"I should think oo *would*, though, if they 'd got a crocodile fastened to them, like these had!"

And so the man jump, and he jump, and at last he got right out of the hole.

"And he runned away—for to look for the goat, oo know. And he heard the lion grunting."

"And its mouth were like a large cupboard. And it had plenty of room in its mouth. And the lion runned after the man—for to eat him, oo know. And the mouse runned after the lion."

"And first he caught the crocodile, and then he did n't catch the lion. And when he 'd caught the crocodile, what does oo think he did—'cause he 'd got pincers in his pocket? Why, he wrenched out that crocodile's toof!"

"Which toof?"

"The toof he were going to bite the goat with, a course!"

"And what became of the man?"

"Well, the lion springed at him. But it came so slow, it were three weeks in the air——"

"Did the man wait for it all that time?"

"Course he did n't. He sold his house, and he packed up his things, while the lion were coming. And he went and he lived in another town. So the lion ate the wrong man."

THE GIANT'S SHOES

BY WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD

ONCE upon a time there was a large giant who lived in a small castle; at least he did n't all of him live there, but he managed things in this wise. From his earliest youth up, his legs had been of a surreptitiously small size, unsuited to the rest of his body; so he sat upon the southwest wall of the castle with his legs inside, and his right foot came out of the east gate, and his left foot out of the north gate, while his gloomy but spacious coat tails covered up the south and the west gates; and in this way the castle was defended against all comers, and was deemed impregnable by the military authorities. This, however, as we shall soon see, was not the case, for the giant's boots were inside as well as his legs, but, as he had neglected to put them on in the giddy days of his youth, he was never afterward able to do so, because there was not enough room. And in this bootless but compact manner he passed his time.

The giant slept for three weeks at a time, and two days after he woke his breakfast was brought to him, consisting of bright brown horses sprinkled on his bread and butter. Besides his boots, the giant had a pair of shoes, and in one of them his wife lived when she was at home; on other occasions she lived in the other shoe. She was a sensible, practical kind of woman, with two wooden legs and a clothes-horse; but in other respects not rich. The wooden legs were kept pointed at the end in order that, if the giant were dissatisfied with his breakfast, he might pick up any stray people that were within reach, using his wife as a fork. This annoyed the inhabitants of the district, so that they built their church in a southwestern direction from the castle behind the giant's back, that he might not be able to pick them up as they went in. But those who stayed outside to play pitch-and-toss were exposed to great danger and sufferings.

Now, in the village there were two brothers of altogether different tastes and dispositions, and talents, and peculiarities, and accomplishments,

and in this way they were discovered not to be the same person. The elder of them was most marvelously good at singing, and could sing the Old Hundredth an old hundred times without stopping. Whenever he did this, he stood on one leg and tied the other round his neck to avoid catching cold and spoiling his voice, but the neighbors fled. And he was also a rare hand at making guava dumplings out of three cats and a shoe-horn, which is an accomplishment seldom met with. But his brother was a more meager, magnanimous person, and his chief accomplishment was to eat a wagon-load of hay overnight, and wake up thatched in the morning.

The whole interest of this story depends upon the fact that the giant's wife's clothes-horse broke in consequence of a sudden thaw, being made of organ-pipes. So she took off her wooden legs and stuck them in the ground, tying a string from the top of one to the top of the other, and hung out her clothes to dry on that. Now, this was astutely remarked by the two brothers, who therefore went up in front of the giant after he had had his breakfast. The giant called out, "Fork! fork!" but his wife, trembling, hid herself in the more recondite toe of the second shoe. Then the singing brother began to sing, but he had not taken into account the pious disposition of the giant, who instantly joined in the psalm; and this caused the singing brother to burst his head off, but, as it was tied by the leg, he did not lose it altogether.

But the other brother, being well thatched on account of the quantity of hay he had eaten overnight, lay down between the great toe of the giant and the next, and wriggled. So the giant, being unable to bear tickling in the feet, kicked out in an orthopædal manner; whereupon the castle broke, and he fell backward, and was impaled upon the sharp steeple of the church. So they put a label on him on which was written: "Nudipes Gigantens."

That's all.

SIR GAMMER VANS

LAST Sunday morning at six o'clock in the evening, as I was sailing over the tops of the mountains in my little boat, I met two men on horseback riding on one mare: So I asked them: "Could they tell me whether the little old woman

was dead yet who was hanged last Saturday week for drowning herself in a shower of feathers?" They said they could not inform me positively, but if I went to Sir Gammer Vans he could tell me all about it.

"But how am I to know the house?" said I.

"Ho, 't is easy enough," said they, "for 't is a brick house built entirely of flints, standing alone by itself in the middle of sixty or seventy others just like it."

"Oh, nothing in the world is easier," said I.

"Nothing *can* be easier," said they: so I went on my way.

Now this Sir G. Vans was a giant, and a bottlemaker. And as all giants who *are* bottlemakers usually pop out of a little thumb-bottle from behind the door, so did Sir G. Vans.

"How d' ye do?" says he.

"Very well, I thank you," says I.

"Have some breakfast with me?"

"With all my heart," says I.

So he gave me a slice of beer, and a cup of cold veal; and there was a little dog under the table that picked up all the crumbs.

"Hang him," says I.

"No, don't hang him," says he; "for he killed a hare yesterday. And if you don't believe me, I 'll show you the hare alive in a basket."

So he took me into his garden to show me the curiosities. In one corner there was a fox hatching eagle's eggs; in another there was an iron

apple-tree, entirely covered with pears and lead; in the third there was the hare which the dog killed yesterday alive in the basket; and in the fourth there were twenty-four *hipper switches* threshing tobacco, and at the sight of me they threshed so hard that they drove the plug through the wall, and through a little dog that was passing by on the other side. I, hearing the dog howl, jumped over the wall; and turned it as neatly inside out as possible, when it ran away as if it had not an hour to live. Then he took me into the park to show me his deer; and I remembered that I had a warrant in my pocket to shoot venison for his majesty's dinner. So I set fire to my bow, poised my arrow, and shot among them. I broke seventeen ribs on one side, and twenty-one and a half on the other; but my arrow passed clean through without ever touching it, and the worst was I lost my arrow. However, I found it again in the hollow of a tree. I felt it; it felt clammy. I smelt it; it smelt honey. "Oh, ho," said I, "here 's a bees' nest," when out sprang a covey of partridges. I shot at them; some say I killed eighteen; but I am sure I killed thirty-six, besides a dead salmon which was flying over the bridge, of which I made the best apple-pie I ever tasted.

JOHNNY-CAKE

ONCE upon a time there was an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy. One morning the old woman made a Johnny-cake, and put it in the oven to bake. "You watch the Johnny-cake while your father and I go out to work in the garden," she said, so the old man and the old woman went out and began to hoe potatoes, and left the little boy to tend the oven. But he did n't watch it all the time, and all of a sudden he heard a noise, and he looked up and the oven door popped open, and out of the oven jumped Johnny-cake, and went rolling along end over end, toward the open door of the house. The little boy ran to shut the door, but Johnny-cake was too quick for him and rolled through the door, down the steps, and out into the road long before the little boy could catch him. The little boy ran after him as fast as he could clip it, crying out to his father and mother, who heard the uproar, and threw down their hoes and gave chase, too. But Johnny-cake outran all three a long way, and was soon out of sight, while they had to sit down, all out of breath, on a bank to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to two well-diggers, who looked up from their work and called out, "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said: "I 've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and I can outrun you, too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye? We 'll see about that," said they; and they threw down their picks and ran after him, too. But Johnny-cake soon outstripped soon they had to sit down by the roadside to rest.

On ran Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to two ditch-diggers who were digging a ditch. "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?" said they. He said: "I 've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and I can outrun you, too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye? We 'll see about that!" said they; and they threw down their spades, and ran after him, too. But Johnny-cake soon outstripped them also, and seeing they could never catch him, they gave up the chase and sat down to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a bear. The bear said: "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said: "I 've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and I can outrun you, too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye?" growled the bear. "We 'll see about that!" and trotted as fast as his legs

could carry him after Johnny-cake, who never stopped to look behind him. Before long the bear was left so far behind that he saw he might as well give up the hunt first as last, so he stretched himself out by the roadside to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a wolf. The wolf said: "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said: "I 've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and I can outrun you, too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye?" snarled the wolf. "We 'll see about that!" And he set into a gallop after Johnny-cake, who went on and on so fast that the wolf saw there was no hope of overtaking him, and he, too, lay down to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a fox that lay quietly in a corner of the fence. The fox called out in a sharp voice, but without getting up: "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said: "I 've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers,

and two ditch-diggers, a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you, too-o-o!"

The fox said: "I can't quite hear you, Johnny-cake. Won't you come a little closer?" turning his head a little to one side.

Johnny-cake stopped his race for the first time, and went a little closer, and called out in a very loud voice: "*I 've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you, too-o-o!*"

"Can't quite hear you; won't you come a little closer?" said the fox in a feeble voice, as he stretched out his neck toward Johnny-cake, and put one paw behind his ear.

Johnny-cake came up close, and leaning toward the fox screamed out: "I 'VE OUTRUN AN OLD MAN, AND AN OLD WOMAN, AND A LITTLE BOY, AND TWO WELL-DIGGERS, AND TWO DITCH-DIGGERS, AND A BEAR, AND A WOLF, AND I CAN OUTRUN YOU, TOO-O-O!"

"You can, can you?" yelped the fox, and he snapped up the Johnny-cake in his sharp teeth in the twinkling of an eye.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

The Cat and the Mouse
Played in the malt-house.

The Cat bit the Mouse's tail off.

"PRAY, puss," said the Mouse, "give me my long tail again."

"No," said the Cat, "I 'll not give you your tail again till you go to the cow and fetch me some milk."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and thus began:

"Pray, cow, give me some milk that I may give to the Cat, so she may give me my long tail again."

"No," said the cow, "I will give you no milk till you go to the farmer and get me some hay."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer, and thus began:

"Pray, farmer, give me some hay that I may give to the cow, so she may give me some milk that I may give to the Cat, so she may give me my long tail again."

"No," says the farmer, "I 'll give you no hay till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher, and thus began:

"Pray, butcher, give me some meat that I may give to the farmer, so he may give me some hay that I may give to the cow, so she may give me some milk that I may give to the Cat, so she may give me my long tail again."

"No," said the butcher, "I 'll give you no meat till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker, and thus began:

"Pray, baker, give me some bread that I may give to the butcher, so he may give me some meat that I may give to the farmer, so he may give me some hay that I may give to the cow, so she may give me some milk that I may give to the Cat, so she may give me my long tail again."

"Yes," said the baker, "I'll give you some bread, But if you eat my meal, I'll cut off your head."

The baker gave the Mouse bread, which she brought to the butcher; the butcher gave the Mouse meat, which she brought to the farmer; the farmer gave the Mouse hay, which she brought to the cow; the cow gave the Mouse milk, which she brought to the Cat; and the Cat gave to the Mouse her long tail again.



THE GOOSE GIRL.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



OH, I 'm a goose, and you 're a goose, and
we 're all geese together.
We wander over hill and dale, all in the
sweet June weather,
While wise folk stay indoors and pore

O'er dusty books for learning lore.
How glad I am—how glad you are—that
we 're birds of a feather:
That you 're a goose, and I 'm a goose,
and we 're all geese together!

FUN AND NONSENSE PICTURES FOR LITTLE FOLK—VII.

THE STORY OF THE FOUR LITTLE CHILDREN WHO WENT ROUND THE WORLD

(From "Nonsense Stories")

BY EDWARD LEAR

ONCE upon a time, a long while ago, there were four little people whose names were Violet, Slingsby, Guy, and Lionel; and they all thought they should like to see the world. So they bought a large boat to sail quite round the world by sea, and then they were to come back on the other side by land. The boat was painted blue with green spots, and the sail was yellow with red stripes; and, when they set off, they only took a small cat to steer and look after the boat, besides an elderly quangle-wangle, who had to cook the dinner and make the tea; for which purposes they took a large kettle.

For the first ten days they sailed on beautifully, and found plenty to eat, as there were lots of fish; and they had only to take them out of the sea with a long spoon, when the quangle-wangle instantly cooked them; and the pussy-cat was fed with the bones, with which she expressed herself pleased on the whole; so that all the party was very happy.

During the daytime Violet chiefly occupied herself in putting salt water into a churn, while her three brothers churned it violently in the hope that it would turn into butter, which it seldom, if ever, did; and in the evening they all retired into the tea-kettle, where they all managed to sleep very comfortably, while pussy and the quangle-wangle managed the boat.

After a time they saw some land at a distance; and, when they came to it, they found it was an island made of water quite surrounded by earth. Besides that, it was bordered by evanescent isthmuses, with a great gulf-stream running about all over it; so that it was perfectly beautiful, and contained only a single tree, five hundred and three feet high.

When they had landed, they walked about, but found, to their great surprise, that the island was quite full of veal-cutlets and chocolate-drops, and nothing else. So they all climbed up the single high tree to discover, if possible, if there were any people; but having remained on the top of the tree for a week, and not seeing anybody, they naturally concluded that there were no inhabitants; and accordingly, when they came down, they loaded the boat with two thousand veal-cutlets and a million of chocolate-drops; and these afforded them sustenance for more than

a month, during which time they pursued their voyage with the utmost delight and apathy.

After this they came to a shore where there were no less than sixty-five great red parrots with blue tails, sitting on a rail all of a row, and all fast asleep. And I am sorry to say that the pussy-cat and the quangle-wangle crept softly, and bit off the tail-feathers of all the sixty-five parrots, for which Violet reproved them both severely.

Notwithstanding which, she proceeded to insert all the feathers—two hundred and sixty in number—in her bonnet; thereby causing it to have a lovely and glittering appearance, highly prepossessing and efficacious.

The next thing that happened to them was in a narrow part of the sea, which was so entirely full of fishes that the boat could go on no farther; so they remained there about six weeks, till they had eaten nearly all the fishes, which were soles, and all ready cooked, and covered with shrimp-sauce, so that there was no trouble whatever. And as the few fishes who remained uneaten complained of the cold, as well as of the difficulty they had in getting any sleep on account of the extreme noise made by the arctic bears and the tropical turnspits, which frequented the neighborhood in great numbers, Violet most amiably knitted a small woolen frock for several of the fishes, and Slingsby administered some opium-drops to them; through which kindness they became quite warm, and slept soundly.

Then they came to a country which was wholly covered with immense orange-trees of a vast size, and quite full of fruit. So they all landed, taking with them the tea-kettle, intending to gather some of the oranges and place them in it. But, while they were busy about this, a most dreadfully high wind rose, and blew out most of the parrot-tail feathers from Violet's bonnet. That, however, was nothing compared with the calamity of the oranges falling down on their heads by millions and millions, which thumped and bumped and bumped and thumped them all so seriously that they were obliged to run as hard as they could for their lives; besides that, the sound of the oranges rattling on the tea-kettle was of the most fearful and amazing nature.

Nevertheless, they got safely to the boat, although considerably vexed and hurt; and the

quangle-wangle's right foot was so knocked about that he had to sit with his head in his slipper for at least a week.

This event made them all for a time rather melancholy, and perhaps they might never have become less so had not Lionel, with a most praiseworthy devotion and perseverance, continued to stand on one leg, and whistle to them in a loud and lively manner; which diverted the whole party so extremely that they gradually recovered their spirits, and agreed that, whenever they should reach home, they would subscribe toward a testimonial to Lionel, entirely made of gingerbread and raspberries, as an earnest token of their sincere and grateful infection.

After sailing on calmly for several more days they came to another country, where they were much pleased and surprised to see a countless multitude of white mice with red eyes, all sitting in a great circle, slowly eating custard-pudding with the most satisfactory and polite demeanor.

And as the four travelers were rather hungry, being tired of eating nothing but soles and oranges for so long a period, they held a council as to the propriety of asking the mice for some of their pudding in a humble and affecting manner, by which they could hardly be otherwise than gratified. It was agreed, therefore, that Guy should go and ask the mice, which he immediately did; and the result was, that they gave a walnut-shell only half full of custard diluted with water. Now, this displeased Guy, who said: "Out of such a lot of pudding as you have got, I must say, you might have spared a somewhat larger quantity." But no sooner had he finished speaking than the mice turned round at once, and sneezed at him in an appalling and vindictive manner (and it is impossible to imagine a more scroobious and unpleasant sound than that caused by the simultaneous sneezing of many millions of angry mice); so that Guy rushed back to the boat, having first shied his cap into the middle of the custard-pudding, by which means he completely spoiled the mice's dinner.

By and by the four children came to a country where there were no houses, but only an incredibly innumerable number of large bottles without corks, and of a dazzling and sweetly susceptible blue color. Each of these blue bottles contained a bluebottle fly; and all these interesting animals live continually together in the most copious and rural harmony; nor perhaps in many parts of the world is such perfect and abject happiness to be found. Violet and Slingsby and Guy and Lionel were greatly struck with this singular and instructive settlement; and, having previously asked permission of the bluebottle flies (which

was most courteously granted), the boat was drawn up to the shore, and they proceeded to make tea in front of the bottles; but, as they had no tea-leaves, they merely placed some pebbles in the hot water; and the quangle-wangle played some tunes over it on an accordion, by which, of course, tea was made directly, and of the very best quality.

The four children then entered into conversation with the bluebottle flies, who discoursed in a placid and genteel manner, though with a slightly buzzing accent, chiefly owing to the fact that they each held a small clothes-brush between their teeth, which naturally occasioned a fizzy, extraneous utterance.

"Why," said Violet, "would you kindly inform us, do you reside in bottles; and, if in bottles at all, why not, rather, in green or purple, or, indeed, in yellow bottles?"

To which questions a very aged bluebottle fly answered: "We found the bottles here all ready to live in; that is to say, our great-great-great-great-grandfathers did, so we occupied them at once. And, when the winter comes on, we turn the bottles upside down, and consequently rarely feel the cold at all; and you know very well that this could not be the case with bottles of any other color than blue."

"Of course it could not," said Slingsby. "But, if we may take the liberty of inquiring, on what do you chiefly subsist?"

"Mainly on oyster-patties," said the bluebottle fly; "and, when these are scarce, on raspberry vinegar and Russian leather boiled down to a jelly."

"How delicious!" said Guy.

To which Lionel added, "Huzz!" And all the bluebottle flies said, "Buzz!"

At this time an elderly fly said it was the hour for the evening song to be sung; and, on a signal being given, all the bluebottle flies began to buzz at once in a sumptuous and sonorous manner, the melodious and mucilaginous sounds echoing all over the waters, and resounding across the tumultuous tops of the transitory titmice upon the intervening and verdant mountains with a serene and sickly suavity only known to the truly virtuous. The moon was shining slobaciously from the star-bespangled sky, while her light irrigated the smooth and shiny sides and wings and backs of the bluebottle flies with a peculiar and trivial splendor, while all nature cheerfully responded to the cerulean and conspicuous circumstances.

In many long-after years the four little travelers looked back to that evening as one of the happiest in all their lives; and it was already past midnight when—the sail of the boat having been

set up by the quangle-wangle, the tea-kettle and churn placed in their respective positions, and the pussy-cat stationed at the helm—the children each took a last and affectionate farewell of the blue-bottle flies, who walked down in a body to the water's edge to see the travelers embark.

As a token of parting respect and esteem, Violet made a courtesy quite down to the ground, and stuck one of her few remaining parrot-tail feathers into the back hair of the most pleasing of the bluebottle flies; while Slingsby, Guy, and Lionel offered them three small boxes, containing, respectively, black pins, dried figs, and Epsom salts; and thus they left that happy shore forever.

Overcome by their feelings, the four little travelers instantly jumped into the tea-kettle and fell fast asleep. But all along the shore, for many hours, there was distinctly heard a sound of severely suppressed sobs, and of a vague multitude of living creatures using their pocket-handkerchiefs in a subdued simultaneous snuffle, lingering sadly along the walloping waves as the boat sailed farther and farther away from the land of the happy bluebottle flies.

Nothing particular occurred for some days after these events, except that, as the travelers were passing a low tract of sand, they perceived an unusual and gratifying spectacle, namely, a large number of crabs and crawfish—perhaps six or seven hundred—sitting by the waterside, and endeavoring to disentangle a vast heap of pale pink worsted, which they moistened at intervals with a fluid composed of lavender-water and white-wine negus.

"Can we be of any service to you, oh, crusty crabbies?" said the four children.

"Thank you kindly," said the crabs consecutively. "We are trying to make some worsted mittens, but do not know how."

On which Violet, who was perfectly acquainted with the art of mitten-making, said to the crabs, "Do your claws unscrew, or are they fixtures?"

"They are all made to unscrew," said the crabs; and forthwith they deposited a great pile of claws close to the boat, with which Violet uncombed all the pale pink worsted, and then made the loveliest mittens with it you can imagine. These the crabs, having resumed and screwed on their claws, placed cheerfully upon their wrists and walked away rapidly on their hind-legs, warbling songs with a silvery voice and in a minor key.

After this the four little people sailed on again till they came to a vast and wide plain of astonishing dimensions, on which nothing whatever could be discovered at first; but, as the travelers

walked onward, there appeared in the extreme and dim distance a single object, which on a nearer approach, and on an accurately cutaneous inspection, seemed to be somebody in a large white wig, sitting on an arm-chair made of sponge-cakes and oyster-shells. "It does not quite look like a human being," said Violet, doubtfully; nor could they make out what it really was till the quangle-wangle (who had previously been round the world) exclaimed softly in a loud voice, "It is the coöperative cauliflower!"

And so, in truth, it was; and they soon found that what they had taken for an immense wig was in reality the top of the cauliflower, and that he had no feet at all, being able to walk tolerably well with a fluctuating and graceful movement on a single cabbage-stalk—an accomplishment which naturally saved him the expense of stockings and shoes.

Presently, while the whole party from the boat was gazing at him with mingled affection and disgust, he suddenly arose, and, in a somewhat plumbdomphious manner, hurried off toward the setting sun—his steps supported by two superincumbent confidential cucumbers, and a large number of water-wagtails proceeding in advance of him by three and three in a row—till he finally disappeared on the brink of the western sky in a crystal cloud of sudorific sand.

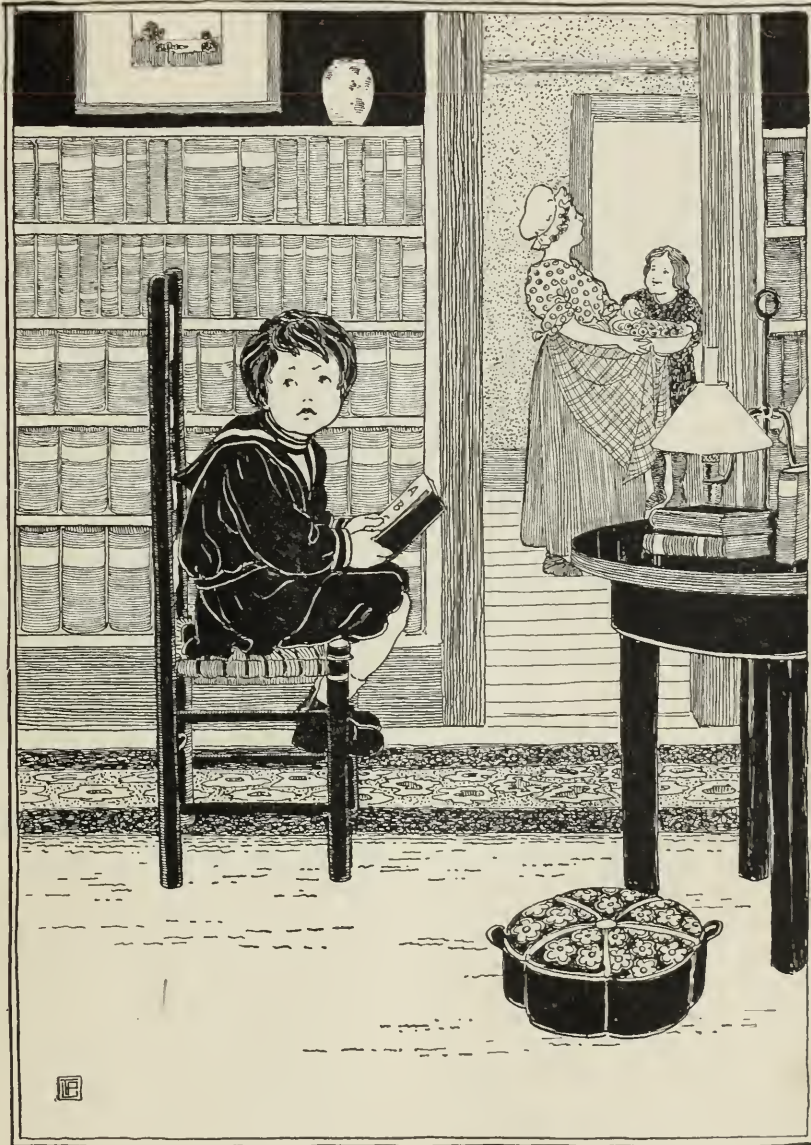
So remarkable a sight, of course, impressed the four children very deeply; and they returned immediately to their boat with a strong sense of undeveloped asthma and a great appetite.

Shortly after this the travelers were obliged to sail directly below some high overhanging rocks, from the top of one of which a particularly odious little boy, dressed in rose-colored knickerbockers, and with a pewter plate upon his head, threw an enormous pumpkin at the boat, by which it was instantly upset.

But this upsetting was of no consequence, because all the party knew how to swim very well; and, in fact, they preferred swimming about till after the moon rose, when, the water growing chilly, they sponge-taneously entered the boat. Meanwhile the quangle-wangle threw back the pumpkin with immense force, so that it hit the rocks where the malicious little boy in rose-colored knickerbockers was sitting, when, being quite full of lucifer-matches, the pumpkin exploded surreptitiously into a thousand bits; whereon the rocks instantly took fire, and the odious little boy became unpleasantly hotter and hotter and hotter, till his knickerbockers were turned quite green, and his nose was burned off.

Two or three days after this had happened they came to another place, where they found nothing

THE CRITIC.



If only more people would write fewer books
How well pleased I would be!
If all the authors would change into cooks
'T would suit me perfectly.



at all except some wide and deep pits full of mulberry jam. This is the property of the tiny, yellow-nosed apes who abound in these districts, and who store up the mulberry-jam for their food in winter, when they mix it with pellucid pale periwinkle-soup, and serve it out in Wedgwood china bowls, which grow freely all over that part of the country. Only one of the yellow-nosed apes was on the spot, and he was fast asleep; yet the four travelers and the quangle-wangle and pussy were so terrified by the violence and sanguinary sound of his snoring that they merely took a small cupful of the jam, and returned to reëmbark in their boat without delay.

What was their horror on seeing the boat (including the churn and the tea-kettle) in the mouth of an enormous seeze pyder, an aquatic and ferocious creature truly dreadful to behold, and, happily, only met with in those excessive longitudes! In a moment the beautiful boat was bitten into fifty-five thousand million hundred billion bits; and it instantly became quite clear that Violet, Slingsby, Guy, and Lionel could no longer preëminate their voyage by sea.

The four travelers were therefore obliged to resolve on pursuing their wanderings by land; and, very fortunately, there happened to pass by at that moment an elderly rhinoceros, on which they seized; and, all four mounting on his back—

the quangle-wangle sitting on his horn, and holding on by his ears, and the pussy-cat swinging at the end of his tail—they set off, having only four small beans and three pounds of mashed potatoes to last through their whole journey.

They were, however, able to catch numbers of the chickens and turkeys and other birds who incessantly alighted on the head of the rhinoceros for the purpose of gathering the seeds of the rhododendron plants which grew there; and these creatures they cooked in the most translucent and satisfactory manner by means of a fire lighted on the end of the rhinoceros's back. A crowd of kangaroos and gigantic cranes accompanied them, from feelings of curiosity and complacency; so that they were never at a loss for company, and went onward, as it were, in a sort of profuse and triumphant procession.

Thus in less than eighteen weeks they all arrived safely at home, where they were received by their admiring relatives with joy tempered with contempt, and where they finally resolved to carry out the rest of their traveling plans at some more favorable opportunity.

As for the rhinoceros, in token of their grateful adherence, they had him killed and stuffed directly, and then set him up outside the door of their father's house as a diaphanous door-scraper.

TOM TIT TOT

ONCE upon a time there was a woman, and she baked five pies. And when they came out of the oven, they were that overbaked the crusts were too hard to eat. So she says to her daughter:

"Darter," says she, "put you them there pies on the shelf, and leave 'em there a little, and they 'll come again." She meant, you know, the crust would get soft.

But the girl, she says to herself: "Well, if they 'll come again, I 'll eat 'em now." And she set to work and ate 'em all, first and last.

Well, come supper-time the woman said: "Go you, and get one o' them there pies. I dare say they 've come again now."

The girl went and she looked, and there was nothing but the dishes. So back she came, and says she: "Noo, they ain't come again."

"Not one of 'em?" says the mother.

"Not one of 'em," says she.

"Well, come again, or not come again," said the woman, "I 'll have one for supper."

"But you can't, if they ain't come," said the girl.

♪V—1

"But I can," says she. "Go you, and bring the best of 'em."

"Best or worst," says the girl, "I 've ate 'em all, and you can't have one till that 's come again."

Well, the woman she was done, and she took her spinning to the door to spin, and as she span she sang:

"My darter ha' ate five, five pies to-day.

My darter ha' ate five, five pies to-day."

The king was coming down the street, and he heard her sing, but what she sang he could n't make out, so he stopped and said:

"What was that you were singing, my good woman?"

The woman was ashamed to let him hear what her daughter had been doing, so she sang, instead of that:

"My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day.

My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day."

"Stars o' mine!" said the king, "I never heard tell of any one that could do that."

Then he said: "Look you here, I want a wife, and I 'll marry your daughter. But look you here," says he, "eleven months out of the year she shall have all she likes to eat, and all the gowns she likes to get, and all the company she likes to keep; but the last month of the year she 'll have to spin five skeins every day, and if she don't I shall kill her."

"All right," says the woman; for she thought what a grand marriage that was. And as for the five skeins, when the time came, there 'd be plenty of ways of getting out of it, and likeliest, he 'd have forgotten all about it.

Well, so they were married. And for eleven months the girl had all she liked to eat, and all the gowns she liked to get, and all the company she liked to keep.

But when the time was getting over, she began to think about the skeins and to wonder if he had 'em in mind. But not one word did he say about 'em, and she thought he 'd wholly forgotten 'em.

However, the last day of the last month he takes her to a room she 'd never set eyes on before. There was nothing in it but a spinning-wheel and a stool. And says he: "Now, my dear, here you 'll be shut in to-morrow with some victuals and some flax, and if you have n't spun five skeins by the night, your head 'll go off."

And away he went about his business.

Well, she was that frightened, she 'd always been such a gatless girl, that she did n't so much as know how to spin, and what was she to do to-morrow with no one to come nigh her to help her? She sat down on a stool in the kitchen, and law, how she did cry!

However, all of a sudden she heard a sort of a knocking low down on the floor. She upped and oped it, and what should she see but a small little black thing with a long tail, that look up at her right curious, and that said:

"What are you a-crying for?"

"What 's that to you?" says she.

"Never you mind," that said, "but tell me what you 're a-crying for."

"That won't do me no good if I do," says she.

"You don't know that," that said, and twirled that's tail round.

"Well," says she, "that won't do no harm, if that don't do no good," and she upped and told about the pies, and the skeins, and everything.

"This is what I 'll do," says the little black thing: "I 'll come to your window every morning and take the flax and bring it spun at night."

"What 's your pay?" says she.

That looked out of the corner of that's eyes, and that said: "I 'll give you three guesses every night to guess my name. and if you have n't

guessed it before the month 's up you shall be mine."

Well, she thought she 'd be sure to guess that's name before the month was up. "All right," says she, "I agree."

"All right," that says, and law! how that twirled that's tail.

Well, the next day, her husband took her into the room, and there was the flax and the day's food.

"Now, there 's the flax," says he, "and if that ain't spun up this night, off goes your head." And then he went out and locked the door.

He 'd hardly gone, when there was a knocking against the window.

She upped and she oped it, and there sure enough was the little old thing sitting on the ledge.

"Where 's the flax?" says he.

"Here it be," says she. And she gave it to him.

"Well, come the evening a knocking came again to the window. She upped and she oped it, and there was the little old thing with five skeins of flax on his arm.

"Here it be," says he, and he gave it to her.

"Now, what 's my name?" says he.

"What, is that Bill?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail.

"Is that Ned?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail.

"Well, is that Mark?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail harder, and away he flew.

Well, when her husband came in, there were the five skeins ready for him. "I see I sha' n't have to kill you to-night, my dear," says he; "you 'll have your food and your flax in the morning," says he, and away he goes.

Well, every day the flax and the food were brought, and every day that there little black impet used to come mornings and evenings. And all the day the girl sat trying to think of names to say to it when it came at night. But she never hit on the right one. And as it got toward the end of the month, the impet began to look so malicious, and that twirled that's tail faster and faster each time she gave a guess.

At last it came to the last day but one. The impet came at night along with the five skeins, and that said:

"What, ain't you got my name yet?"

"Is that Nicodemus?" says she.

"Noo, 't ain't," that says.

"Is that Sammee?" says she.

"Noo, 't ain't," that says.

"A-well, is that Methusalem?" says she.

"Noo, 't ain't that neither," that says.

Then that looks at her with that's eyes like a coal o' fire, and that says: "Woman, there 's only to-morrow night, and then you 'll be mine!" And away it flew.

Well, she felt that horrid. However, she heard the king coming along the passage. In he came, and when he sees the five skeins, he says, says he:

"Well, my dear," says he, "I don't see but what you 'll have your skeins ready to-morrow night as well, and as I reckon I sha' n't have to kill you, I 'll have supper in here to-night." So they brought supper, and another stool for him, and down the two sat.

Well, he had n't eaten but a mouthful or so when he stops and begins to laugh.

"What is it?" says she.

"A-why," says he, "I was out a-hunting to-day, and I got away to a place in the wood I 'd never seen before. And there was an old chalk-pit. And I heard a kind of a sort of humming. So I got off my hobby, and I went right quiet to the pit, and I looked down. Well, what should there be but the funniest little black thing you ever set eyes on. And what was that doing, but that had a little spinning-wheel, and that was spinning wonderful fast, and twirling that's tail. And as that span that sang:

"Nimmy nimmy not,
My name's Tom Tit Tot."

Well, when the girl heard this, she felt as if she could have jumped out of her skin for joy, but she did n't say a word.

Next day that there little thing looked so malicious when he came for the flax. And when night came, she heard that knocking against the window-panes. She oped the window, and that come right in on the ledge. That was grinning from ear to ear, and Oo! that's tail was twirling round so fast.

"What 's my name?" that says, as that gave her the skeins.

"Is that Solomon?" she says, pretending to be afeard.

"Noo, 't ain't," that says, and that came farther into the room.

"Well, is that Zebedee?" says she again.

"Noo, 't ain't," says the impet. And then that laughed and twirled that's tail till you could n't hardly see it.

"Take time, woman," that says; "next guess, and you 're mine." And that stretched out that's black hands at her.

Well, she backed a step or two, and she looked at it, and then she laughed out, and says she, pointing her finger at it:

"Nimmy nimmy not,
Your name's Tom Tit Tot."

Well, when that heard her, that gave an awful shriek, and away that flew into the dark, and she never saw it any more.

HOW TO BUILD A NEST

ONCE upon a time all the birds of the air came to the Magpie and asked her to teach them how to build nests, for the Magpie is the cleverest of all at building. So she put them all around her and began to show them how to do it. First of all she took some mud and made a sort of round cake with it.

"Oh, that 's how it 's done," said the thrush; and away it flew, and so that 's how thrushes build their nests.

Then the Magpie took some twigs and arranged them around in the mud.

"Now I know all about it," said the blackbird, and off he flew; and that 's how the blackbirds make their nests to this very day.

Then the Magpie put another layer of mud over the twigs.

"Oh, that 's quite obvious," said the wise owl, and away he flew; and owls have never made better nests since.

After this the Magpie took some twigs and twined them around the outside.

"The very thing!" said the sparrow, and off he went; so sparrows make rather slovenly nests to this day.

Well, then Madge Magpie took some feathers and stuff and lined the nest very comfortably with it.

"That suits me," cried the starling, and off he flew; and very comfortable nests have starlings.

So it went on, every bird taking away some knowledge of how to build nests, but none of them waiting to the end. Meanwhile Madge Magpie went on working and working without looking up till the only bird that remained was the turtle-dove, and that had n't paid any attention all along, but only kept on saying its silly cry: "Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o-o."

At last the Magpie heard this just as she was putting a twig across. So she said: "One 's enough."

But the turtle-dove kept on saying: "Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o-o."

Then the Magpie grew angry and said: "One 's enough, I tell you."

Still the turtle-dove cried: "Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o-o."

At last, and at last, the Magpie looked up and saw nobody near her but the silly turtle-dove, and then she grew very angry and refused to teach any more.

And that is why all the birds build their nests in different ways up to this day. Each one made off, you see, as soon as he thought he had learned the Magpie's secret, and each is perfectly contented with his own way.

LAZY JACK

ONCE upon a time there was a boy whose name was Jack, and he lived with his mother upon a dreary common. They were very poor, and the old woman got her living by spinning; but Jack was so lazy that he would do nothing but bask in the sun in the hot weather, and sit by the corner of the hearth in the winter-time. His mother could not persuade him to do anything for her, and was obliged at last to tell him that if he did not begin to work for his porridge, she would turn him out to get his living as he could.

This threat at length roused Jack, and he went out and hired himself for the day to a farmer for a penny; but as he was coming home, never having had any money before, he lost it in passing over a brook. "You stupid boy," said his mother, "you should have put it in your pocket." "I 'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The next day Jack went out again, and hired himself to a cowkeeper, who gave him a jar of milk for his day's work. Jack took the jar and put it into the large pocket of his jacket, spilling it all long before he got home. "Dear me!" said the old woman, "you should have carried it on your head." "I 'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The following day Jack hired himself again to a farmer, who agreed to give him a cream cheese for his services. In the evening Jack took the cheese and went home with it on his head. By the time he got home the cheese was completely spoilt, part of it being lost and part melted in his hair. "You stupid lout," said his mother, "you should have carried it very carefully in your hands." "I 'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The day after this Jack again went out, and hired himself to a baker, who would give him nothing for his work but a large tomcat. Jack took the cat, and began carrying it very carefully in his hands, but in a short time Pussy scratched him so much that he was compelled to let it go.

When he got home his mother said to him, "You silly fellow, you should have tied it with a string and dragged it along after you." "I 'll do so another time," said Jack.

The next day Jack hired himself to a butcher, who rewarded his labors with a handsome present of a shoulder of mutton. Jack took the mutton, tied it to a string, and trailed it along after him in the dirt, so that by the time he got home the meat was completely spoilt. His mother was this time quite out of patience with him, for the next day was Sunday, and she was obliged to content herself with cabbage for her dinner. "You ninnynhammer," said she to her son, "you should have carried it on your shoulder." "I 'll do so another time," replied Jack.

On the Monday Jack went once more, and hired himself to a cattle-keeper, who gave him a donkey for his trouble. Although Jack was very strong, he found some difficulty in hoisting the donkey on his shoulders, but at last he managed it, and began walking home with his prize. Now, it happened that in the course of his journey there lived a rich man with his only daughter, a beautiful girl, but unfortunately deaf and dumb. She had never laughed in her life, and the doctors said she would never recover till somebody made her laugh. Many tried without success, and at last the father, in despair, offered to marry her to the first man who could make her laugh. This young lady happened to be looking out of the window when Jack was passing with the donkey on his shoulders, the legs sticking up in the air, and the sight was so comical and strange, that she burst out into a great fit of laughter and immediately recovered her speech and hearing. Her father was overjoyed, and fulfilled his promise by marrying her to Jack, who was thus made a rich man for life. They lived in a large house, and Jack's mother lived with them in great happiness until she died.

STORIES FOR GIRLS

BETTY AND THE BEAR

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

"MEASURE juice and add one pound of sugar to each pint. Boil from five to eight minutes. Put a few drops on a piece of ice, and if the jelly separates slightly from the water, it is boiled enough."

"There—I've done all that," said Betty, "and if the ice test is sure, this jelly will certainly jell."

"Skim a second time, and put in tumblers—that's easy enough. Oh, if this currant jelly turns out anything like as good as Aunt Sarah's, won't I be a proud girl when Mother comes home! It'll be the best surprise I ever gave her, to have the jelly-making off her hands for the season. I believe it's going to more than fill all the tumblers—dear me! what else can I use? Oh, well, these yellow bowls in the dresser will turn it out all right, and so will these old cups without any handles."

Betty rinsed them out, washed them in spite of their evident cleanliness, and poured the last of the jelly into them with her capable seventeen-year-old hands. Grandmother Forsyth had had just such hands, the family traditions ran, and had been able to do anything with them, from embroidering on India muslin to upholstering the parlor furniture. Betty had her grandmother's name, too, and the little locket and chain that Grandmother Forsyth had worn as a girl was around her neck, though hidden somewhat by the comprehensive cooking-apron that covered her from head to foot. With her curly brown hair and her big hazel eyes, Betty looked, in that enveloping apron, like a little girl, not old enough to be attempting currant jelly. But that is where

appearances were deceptive. Betty, all by herself, had been keeping house for two weeks, while her mother was away at Aunt Sarah's, and had made a brilliant success of it. "Harry and Esther have n't even had a cold," she reflected, with pride, as she looked at her array of tumblers, lucent in the sun, "and Father says my rolls are as good as Mother's. I'd better not be too proud, though, or my jelly won't jell!" She stirred around the little kitchen, cleaning up, and getting things in order; for Harry and Esther would be home from school soon for lunch, with youthful appetites.

Suddenly she heard a queer noise from the front porch—a tremendously heavy step, it seemed, and then a rattling of the screen door. She went out into the entry to see what it could be—and stood transfixed. In the heart of a city suburb and civilization, at noon, there stood a bear—a real, live bear, looking in at her, and prying cautiously at the wire door with nose and paw. It looked to Betty the very largest bear she had ever seen, but she did not hesitate a moment. The screen door was bolted with a light bolt that might break. Betty ran forward, closed the inner door, and locked it. That would hold. But suppose the bear tried the windows? Could it really be a bear? Betty went tiptoe into the parlor and peeped out to see if it were not a hallucination. No—there was the bear, large, brown, shapeless, terrifying. He had concluded that he could not get in that way, and was now moving inquiringly toward the windows. Nothing but a little glass and wire were there to keep him out, for the out-

side shutters were fastened back, and Betty dared not reach out to fasten them in.

The bear looked at Betty. Betty looked at the bear. In the animal's little red eyes there really seemed no active ill nature. Betty tried to remember all she had ever read about bears. Perhaps he was trying to get in, in order to get something to eat. Bears liked sweet things—here a great light burst on Betty's mind, and she turned and ran to the kitchen, snatched up a bowl of still warm and liquid jelly, poured it into the long-handled dipper, rushed back into the parlor, lifted the window farthest from the bear a little, and pushed out the dipper. The bear snuffed, shuffled nearer, eyed the dipper curiously, tried the jelly with his nose like a dog, and began to lap it greedily, his little eyes closing with delight. Aunt Sarah's recipe suited his taste to a T.

A porch chair, with a stout wooden seat, was nearly underneath the window, at one side. Betty cautiously and slowly lowered the dipper so that it rested on the seat, and then left the bear to enjoy it, while she went back and emptied two more bowls into a long-handled saucepan. Opening the parlor window gingerly again, she poked this, too, under Bruin's nose, and left it on the chair, for him to gobble in at his ease. Then she rushed to the telephone, and called up the police station. "Is the chief of police there?" she asked.

"He 's out. Who 's calling?"

"1608 Washington Street, Betty Forsyth. Please send a policeman right away. There 's a large bear on our front porch, and—"

"What?"

"A large bear! A *bear*. B-e-a-r," spelled Betty, desperately.

"Did you say a bear, miss? Why, it must be a dog—a big dog. It can't be a bear!" The policeman's voice sounded stolidly incredulous.

"But it is a bear, and he 's eating all my currant jelly! Please, please send a policeman right away!" cried Betty.

"All right, miss."

The policeman at the station desk hung up the receiver and whistled softly to himself.

"The dog-catcher 's what she wants. Just scared out of her head with one of them Great Danes, most likely. Hello!" as the telephone rang again. "Yes, this is the police station. No, the chief 's out. *Bear*—looking for a bear? (Great Scott, has this town gone raving crazy?) Oh—yes—you 're the Zoo, are you? Well, your bear is sitting up this very minute at 1608 Washington Street, eating currant jelly. There 's a young lady there scared considerable. Yes—I 'm sending her two policemen. You 'd better get the park guard to go over, too. It 's a big bear,

is n't it? She said so. Oh, it 's Buster, is it? Well, well, I would n't care to have Buster come up on my front porch when I was n't expecting him. Yes—I 'll hurry up the policemen, and tell them to take ropes and not to shoot unless they have to. So long."

Meanwhile Betty was hastily removing more currant jelly to the parlor. The bear was grunting amiably over his pan, and licking them clean. While he was thus peacefully occupied with one, Betty gently put out another. Then she sped back to the telephone, and called up the school. Harry and Esther must not come home to meet the bear. But alas! they had both started; and Betty went back to the parlor, to find that they, and a group of fascinated street boys, were now pressing against the fence, open-eyed, watching the proceedings on the porch.

"Don't come any nearer!" called Betty, from the window where the bear was not. "Run away, both of you. The bear might hurt you before you could get away!"

"Sho!" said one of the street boys. "We 've fastened the gate. He can't get out 'less he climbs over. And he ain't goin' to move so long as you give him more jelly. I know him—he 's ole Buster, out of the Zoo, and he 's an awful cross bear when he gets mad. Better keep feedin' him."

At this juncture the two policemen appeared on bicycles. "Hi! look at the ropes! Goin' to lasso ole Buster!" cried the boys, dancing in glee. By this time a crowd had collected as if by magic, and the two policemen, entering the gate, were cheered on by a dozen excited advisers.

"Go right in, and tie him. He 's eating so fast he 'll never notice." "Throw the lasso from the next porch!" "Make a barricade of chairs so 's he can't get away!"

But the policemen lingered outside the gate. Buster looked extremely large. His temper was known to be uncertain. Neither of them was an expert with the lasso, and neither of them cared to tie a rope around the bear's neck with his own hands. It is hard to say what would have been done if the park guard had not arrived just at this moment. He took one look at the situation, opened the gate, walked in, and hurried past the porch round to the kitchen. The bear hardly noticed him, having just commenced his sixth bowl of jelly.

The guard knocked at the kitchen door, and Betty opened it in a trice. "Got anything that 'll hold enough jelly to get Buster all the way back to the Zoo?" said the young man. "Something that 'll hold about a quart, with a handle?"

Betty took down a deep, long-handled double boiler from the hook above the sink.



"WHILE HE WAS THUS PEACEFULLY OCCUPIED WITH ONE, BETTY GENTLY PUT OUT ANOTHER."

"That 'll do," said the guard. "Fill it full—my, it's a shame to waste good jelly on Buster, but the Zoo 'll pay for it." He started off round the house, and halted by the side of the porch, holding the boiler out toward the still unsatisfied Buster, who turned, sniffed, and started toward the luscious lure. The park guard let him take one gulp, then made for the gate, and the bear fol-

guard slowed down permanently, and marched in with the boiler held behind him and Buster following like a dog, lapping out of it, and so absorbed that he was led in this fashion into his cage, and the door securely closed on him. Aunt Sarah's jelly had shown itself equal to its reputation before it even had time to jell.

As for Betty, she cleaned up the porch, got



"IT WAS AN EXCITING SCENE, AND IT KEPT UP ALL THE WAY TO THE ZOO."

lowed instantly. The crowd scattered like chaff, and out into the middle of the road went man and bear, at ever-increasing speed. The policemen jumped on their bicycles and followed; the crowd ran behind. It was an exciting scene, and it kept up all the way to the Zoo. Occasionally Buster pressed the guard too close, and then he was given a taste of jelly and another record dash made before he could get into his stride again. Finally, when the chase had enlivened three streets, the Boulevard, and the park entrance, the

lunch for Harry and Esther, and counted up and covered her remaining jelly-tumblers with trembling fingers. There were only one dozen left—Buster had taken the rest. That evening a well-satisfied bear curled up snugly in his den; and a proud father held forth to the neighbors who crowded the porch, on how his daughter Betty, like her Grandmother Forsyth before her, was equal to anything, even escaped bears; while the jelly, jelled to perfection, became the witness, for the rest of the year, to this true story.

HER CLASS-DAY GOWN

BY SARA WARE BASSETT

"WHY, Mildred North!" cried Edith Whitman, grasping her friend's hand, and drawing her from the surging crowd of the busy shopping street into a secluded corner of a nearby entrance. "What are you doing in all this rush?"

Mildred exclaimed with delighted surprise:

"Why, Edith—you? Is n't this fun! Where are you going?"

"Buying all my new Class-Day things," answered Edith. "Gown, hat, shoes, parasol, everything! It's such fun to be really going," she added, with all the enthusiasm and joyousness which a girl of eighteen always feels over her first Class-Day.

"That's just what I'm doing," broke in Mildred. "You know I did n't expect to have a new gown—Mother thought my muslin would do perfectly well. We've been economizing a little," she went on brightly, "because it's Bob's Class-Day, and of course we longed for him to have everything as he wished it. It's 'once in a lifetime,' Father says."

"Yes, and Bob has done so well," rejoined Edith; "of course you are going to everything."

"Oh, yes, Hall, Stadium, and four spreads—won't it be fine? Now if it's only pleasant!" and she cast a troubled glance at the sky. "Here it is two weeks before the date for Class-Day, and they laugh at me so at home because Father says that already I wail if there is a cloud, even if it's no bigger than a mosquito."

Edith laughed merrily.

"But the gown?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," Mildred answered. "Well, you see we invited Uncle Robert Hooper, Mother's bachelor brother, on from New York for Class-Day. Bob is named for him, and he was a Harvard man, too. He wrote to say he was ill, or he would surely come, and he said he was awfully proud of Bob; saw the *cum laude* in the paper. So he sent Bob a check for fifty dollars to buy something by which to remember the day. Later I guess he happened to think of me, for in a few days a check for the same amount came for me, and with it a letter saying it was a pity I was n't a boy too, to show the Hooper *grit* as Bob had, but that he hoped I'd show it some other way. It sounded rather dubious, for he never has liked girls." Mildred laughed a pretty, defiant little laugh.

"And so you are going to have the new gown

after all," cried Edith eagerly. "How perfectly lovely!"

"Yes, is n't it?" and Mildred gave her friend's arm a sympathetic little squeeze; "I wish you would come with me while I choose it."

"I should love to, my dear, but I have a list of errands miles in length, and I must not," answered Edith, affectionately, "I must fly this minute. Be sure to tell Bob how perfectly splendid we all think he is."

"Yes, I will—we're awfully proud of him, too. Do come over soon and tell me all about your new gown," and Mildred nodded a good-by, calling as a parting farewell: "Don't you hope it won't rain?"

"Don't speak of it," laughed Edith, as she was swept off in the swirl of the crowd.

Mildred turned and entered the big shop, in the doorway of which they had been standing, and sank down before the glove counter.

"White suede gloves, please, elbow length," she said to the salesgirl, nonchalantly tossing over a counterful before her.

The girl turned and opened a drawer, and while looking through its contents, she spoke to another girl beside her. Mildred caught the words: "and so I've got to give up our vacation. I do not mind so much, but little sister Florence is heartbroken. She has never been into the real country in all her life, and never spent a night out of the city. I promised she should go this summer, and the poor little thing needs it, too. I can get on myself."

She found the gloves for which she had been searching and brought them to the counter, and while she fitted and worked them on with patient care Mildred looked up and examined the pale, tired face. The purchase was concluded, and while she waited for her change, she tapped her fingers nervously on the edge of the counter and furtively studied the girl. It flitted through her mind, that she was about her own age, but that her girlishness was entirely gone, and she was a worn, pensive woman.

When the change came, Mildred took it automatically and walked thoughtfully to the distant part of the shop where the white gowns were sold. Such a profusion of filmy fabrics were displayed, that they cast into delighted bewilderment the group of girls before them. Four or five eager faces were already bending

over the dainty assortment, and a merry chatter of discussion came from two pretty girls near the end of the counter.

Mildred handled the fascinating varieties absently. In some indefinable way, their very delicacy and uselessness jarred upon her. Two or three times she took them up and put them down again, and at last she rose and walked with definite purpose back to the glove counter.



"WHILE THE GIRL FITTED THEM ON, MILDRED LOOKED UP AT THE PALE, TIRED FACE."

The girl who had waited upon her came forward with a faint smile of recognition and Mildred sat down on the revolving stool and burst out abruptly:

"I did n't mean to listen, but I could n't help hearing what you said about your vacation and about Florence. Won't you tell me about it? I really wish you would."

A flush of surprise colored the cheek of the girl behind the counter, and she faltered, touched by the note of interest and sympathy in Mildred's voice.

"Why, you see, my mother has been ill," she said, with a simple dignity. "There are just three of us, and it has taken all the money we

could save for doctor's bills, and so our vacation has gone into that." She smiled bravely.

Mildred put her hand on her purse, but the girl went on with a proud little gesture:

"It 's all paid up, and one of our friends, a lady who trades here, has asked mother out to her country honie for all summer, so you see we are very well off, after all."

"But your own vacation?" Mildred persisted, impressed by the girl's unselfishness.

"Oh, yes, we 've got to give that up. I don't so much mind," a little sigh escaped her lips, "but Florence has never been away. She is sixteen. We were going to a Vacation House in New Hampshire for two whole weeks, but perhaps we can go next year."

"How much would it cost to go?" inquired Mildred, her eyes shining with a sudden thought that had just popped into her head.

The girl looked honestly into the flushed face of the kindly customer.

"We could do it for sixteen dollars—fares and all," she said.

Mildred rose quickly and put out her hand with hasty determination: "Here is twenty-five dollars. I do not need it—it was given me to use as I liked. I want you and Florence to have your trip to New Hampshire just as you planned, and please spend the rest for the little things you may need," and before the astonished girl could recover herself, Mildred was gone.

So it was the old muslin that went to Class-Day, and while the whole family wondered and speculated they were obliged to admit among themselves, that Mildred had never looked prettier nor seemed more radiantly happy.

"THE fellows did n't seem to mind Millie's old clothes," laughed Bob, teasingly, as they discussed the great event one evening several weeks later. "I say, Mildred," he went on, "what are you going to do with your money?"

"Nothing," said Mildred, laconically. "It 's all spent; I bought new gloves, white shoes and stockings, ribbons and—and—"

"You did n't blow it all in on those—I know that," pursued Bob, decisively.

"Bob," said his mother, "do not be inquisitive; remember it was Mildred's to spend as she chose." Still the mother looked a trifle anxiously at her daughter, not a little mystified by her unusual silence.

"Miss Jennie and Florence Ridley to see Miss Mildred," said the maid entering and making the announcement to Mildred.

"To see me?" exclaimed Mildred in surprise. "Why, I know no such people! Well, you 'll

have to show them in here. Father has guests in the library."

The maid returned, ushering in two plainly but neatly dressed girls, the younger of whom ran eagerly forward, regardless of the others in the room; and seizing both of Mildred's hands, looked up into her face and said:

"I'm Florence—we found out who you were—they knew at the store—and we just *had* to come. We got home to-day. Oh! it was beautiful! We never can thank you enough,—never," a little sob choked the child.

Gradually it all came out, and Mildred, her mother, and Bob listened to enthusiastic tales of "real mountains," "all the milk you wanted," "berries you could truly pick yourself," and the joyous overflow of the little sixteen-year-old's first glimpse of a country vacation. It was a long story, but the ring of perfect delight, and the freshness of the childish wonder, held them all spellbound.

"Florence has gained nine pounds, and I six," said Jennie, with a quiet echo of pleasure in her voice. "We never had such a good time in all our lives."

She rose to go, and timidly put both her hands into Mildred's. There was no need to say she was rested. The cheeks had a faint color, and the dark circles were quite gone from her eyes which fairly shone with health.

Mildred moved to the door and wished them good night, with promises to come to see them, and then returned to the room, her eyes glowing with happiness.

Her mother rose and kissed the brown hair, and then went into the library without a word.

Bob fidgeted. He was evidently ill at ease. "I say, Mildred," he broke out at last, "that made me feel like a perfect cad. Here I spent every cent of my money for books for myself. I'd give anything to have had the pleasure



"THE YOUNGER OF THE GIRLS RAN EAGERLY FORWARD, REGARDLESS OF THE OTHERS IN THE ROOM."

you've had out of yours. I guess if Uncle Robert knew, he'd say that you did n't need to be a boy, and that there are some other things in the world lots better than the 'Hooper grit'!"

MISS DOROTHEA'S RECITAL.

BY ELIZABETH PRICE

"DEAR MISS DOROTHEA: Enclosed find check in payment for Mamie's lessons to date. I will not engage another term for her, as, to be quite frank, we have decided to put her under Miss Dickinson's instruction for a while. I assure you this is not because of any dissatisfaction with you; but a child enjoys variety, and as most of Mamie's young friends are in Miss Dickinson's classes, she naturally desires to follow them.

"Trusting this will be satisfactory, and will not in any way inconvenience you, I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"MARION BRIDGES."

Miss Dorothea read it through. "I would n't have thought it of Marion," she said aloud; "she knows my circumstances better than most people, because her father managed my property before I lost it. And Mamie has made excellent progress, if I do say it.

"But there, Dorothea Downs, you are not to get crusty and faultfinding. Miss Dickinson is young, and fresh from the conservatory, and it would be strange if she had n't learned things worth knowing of which you never dreamed.

"I don't blame people for wanting the very best for their children. Of course it is a little hard to be set aside, here where I was the unquestioned musical authority for so long; and I don't quite see how I am to manage on such a very tiny income." The brave voice broke and a tear splashed on the square piano Miss Downs was dusting. She wiped it off carefully, then suddenly knelt and laid her cheek lovingly against the yellowing keys.

"We've had happy times together, have n't we?" she asked shakily. "But we're growing old and we've both gone out of fashion. There does n't seem to be any place where we are really needed any more."

The patient lips quivered and the sweet face worked convulsively, but the weakness was soon conquered. "Never mind. We have always been cared for, and I have faith to believe we always will be, precious old compan-

ion," and Miss Dorothea dropped a soft kiss on the keys, which tinkled to the pressure as if in reply.

"Where's Miss Dor?" called a girlish voice through the open window.

"Right here, deary. Good morning. Honeysuckles? Yes, and welcome. What are you decorating for? Some entertainment going on?"

"Yes, Miss Dor, and nobody in Greenville has such coral honeysuckles as yours. I just had to have some. You know Miss Dickinson is going to give her first pupils' recital this evening, and I'm helping the girls decorate her studio.

"Yes, I am to play. She invited me out of compliment to my chums who are her pupils, I suppose. Only think of playing to little old Greenville on a really, truly grand piano! Is n't it exciting?"

"It will be very interesting, deary. I wish you great success." Miss Downs looked pale and tired, and Alice took the scissors from her with gentle force. "Let me cut them—do," she pleaded. "You sit down there and tell me which branches I may have. "You're coming to the recital, are n't you?"

Miss Downs's slender shoulders straightened with quiet dignity. "I was n't invited, deary," she said.

"Oh, Miss Dor, that was a dreadful mistake! I know Miss Dickinson would want you, and I simply cannot be refused. Why, you taught me my notes and the names of the keys, and you have n't heard me play since I went away to school two years ago."

"True, deary. You'll have to come up and play for me some day when you're not too busy."

"I'll come any time you say. Just tell me when I won't be interrupting you."

Miss Downs's pale face reddened. "I am at leisure—almost any time," she stammered. Alice fixed her eyes on the honeysuckles.

"It shall be soon, then," she promised gayly.

Miss Downs scanned the graceful figure, the pure girlish face with its wealth of waving hair, and the dimpled, busy hands. "They have n't spoiled you at boarding-school, have they, deary?" she asked with a kind smile.

"Mercy, I hope not! They've been trying

dropping into a hammock. "I have something important to talk about.

"Mama, I went to see dear old Miss Dor this morning.

"When I got there the front door was open, and I slipped up quietly, thinking I'd rush in



to do the reverse, but I don't know how well they've succeeded. I'm coming up soon for a long, lovely visit, remember. Good by," and with a kiss Alice was gone.

The girls who were decorating Miss Dickinson's studio separated as the noon whistles blew, and Alice Robbins hurried home. "Oh, mama, I'm so glad you are alone," she exclaimed,

and surprise her with a hug and kiss like I used to do. She was kneeling beside her piano, her face on the keys, her eyes shut, and tears streaming down.

"Of course I slipped away, and went elsewhere for some roses, and on my way back I stopped again. I chattered thoughtlessly on about the recital and Miss Dickinson and her

big class, never thinking what it meant to Miss Dor. I could shake myself this minute to think how stupid I was. Presently Miss Dor got so pale she frightened me, though she never let on—just kept as brave as could be. You may be sure I let the subject drop then.

"When I got back among the girls I asked unconcernedly about Miss Dor's class, and several of them laughed or shrugged their shoulders, and said things about her not being up-to-date, and such nonsense. So I've put all the evidence together, and I am sure that sweet old darling is in trouble. I positively don't believe she's got a scholar to her name!"

"Oh, daughter, you must be mistaken. Miss Dorothea has always had a large class," and Mrs. Robbins looked anxious.

"But Miss Dickinson has n't always been here, and you know, mama, how people in a small town flock after new things. Since Judge McDowell has moved out from the city, people seem to think they have to follow his example just as far as they possibly can. His older daughters have been studying at the conservatory where Miss Dickinson graduated, and everybody takes it for granted they'll study with her now, and that gives her an influence at once, because the McDowells are extremely rich."

"Not a girl I know is taking of Miss Dor, though I mean to begin straight away if you are willing, and I know you are."

"This is a serious matter, daughter, though I hope you are mistaken. Greenville owes too much to Miss Downs to let her be neglected."

"That's what I thought, and I've made a little plan that I believe will bring things around. Let's give Miss Dor a recital of her own?" and Alice nodded mysteriously.

"We'll call it an *alumnæ* recital, and only pupils of long ago shall take part. There are you and Mrs. Bridges and Mrs. Townsend, and Mr. Thomas and Professor Hedges and Miss Mathews—oh, there'll be oceans of program. And you'll all play things she taught you, and show people what her thorough instruction has meant, and how it has lasted.

"It must be on her birthday, which will give a good excuse for the festivities; and we can have it here, and have a gorgeous time."

Mrs. Robbins looked thoughtful. "It seems as if it might be attempted, daughter. We shall see."

Two weeks later Miss Downs received another missive. Slowly she opened it and read:

"Your presence is requested at a Piano Recital to be given by the *Alumnæ* of Miss Dorothea Downs's Music Class—"

So far she read; then gasped and rubbed her eyes. And then Alice burst in and clasped her in her arms.

"It's a really, truly one, darling Miss Dor—a birthday surprise from your old pupils, who love you; and it's to-night,—we would n't let you know until the birthday itself,—and it's at our house, and you're to come to supper and wear your very same beautiful bombazine you used to wear at concerts and things; and everybody sends bushels of love and wishes you many happy returns!"

Greenville, once reminded of its obligation, handsomely acknowledged it. The spacious parlors were crowded, the porch was full, and even the lawn held appreciative listeners, as one by one the musicians who owed their entire musical education to Miss Dorothea played the favorite pieces she had taught them.

Then Miss Downs herself, looking like a picture with her shining eyes and smiling lips, went to the piano amid deafening applause; and when she had finished and turned away, there were loving hands held out on every side and murmured words that made her happy for days.

The speeches were almost the best of all. Professor Hedges proposed the toast, "Our Pioneer Musician," and then responded to it in gallant style, followed by Mr. Thomas, who fairly outdid himself, and Mr. Robbins, who made the hit of the evening.

It was late when the company broke up. They gathered about Miss Dor with congratulations and good wishes, until somebody thrust a fat purse into her hand, saying, "A birthday gift from your loving friends," when they melted away as if by magic, leaving her to sob out her joy on Mrs. Robbins's shoulder, while Alice sniffed sympathetically by.

But the end was not even then. So pleased was Judge McDowell with the evening's pro-

gram that he engaged Miss Dor to take entire charge of his family's musical training.

"I don't care for furbelows," he said. "Teach

tage nestles in a bower of coral honeysuckle, you'd see a sweet, white-haired teacher sitting at her old piano, her arm about the last and young-



Guiding awkward little fingers

them to make their music mean something, as yours does, and I'll gladly pay you conservatory prices."

If you should visit Greenville, and should follow the long street to where a tiny old cot-

est of the McDowell pupils,—or, perhaps, some one else from those the McDowell influence has secured,—guiding awkward little fingers in tuneful tasks, or counting happily through some dear, old-fashioned melody.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

BY RHODES CAMPBELL

PERHAPS every boy and girl reader of ours has read in Grimm's fairy book the old tale of "The Sleeping Beauty"; but I doubt if one of them knows that nowadays there are sleeping beauties, too, and that they often wait years before they wake up, and that sometimes they are asleep all their lives!

Frances Copeland was a fortunate girl. She had love, care, wealth, beauty; yet she went about every day just as much asleep as that girl of long ago. She did not know she was asleep; she would have been very angry if any one had told her that she had never waked up really in all her thirteen years!

Her parents overwhelmed the child with every luxury and care. They could not bear to punish or correct her; they gave her everything she wished for as far as they were able. All their thoughts centered on her. And then came a pause in this worship: Mrs. Copeland was very ill, and the doctor ordered her at once to Germany.

"How lovely!" said Frances to her father. "I've always wanted to go abroad. Inez Fairchild is always crowing over being three months in Paris, but when I've been a year in Germany she can't say a word!"

Mr. Copeland looked very uneasy and troubled. "My dear, we must—ahem—the doctor says that we must leave you behind. He says that your mother must have absolute quiet."

"But I sha'n't be left behind," declared Frances. "Where could I stay?"

"Your mother has a dear old friend who has consented to take you into her family—" her father paused. But we pass over all the objections, remonstrances, and pleading that followed on the part of Frances.

In the course of a few days the little girl, under the care of a friend, was set down at the station of Fairfax, a little town in Ohio.

"Dear me!" thought Frances, looking about; "I did n't know it was this bad. Such a small town when I've been used to a city! I don't believe there ever was a girl so cruelly treated! And no one to meet me!"—but here her thoughts were interrupted by a girl near her own age wearing a gay Roman silk toboggan toque.

She came straight toward Frances: "We

are a little late," she said, putting out her hand and clasping the girl's reluctant one warmly; "but Jack lost his rubbers, and glove and cap, and we did have such a time! I am Elsie McKenzie, and I know you're Frances Copeland," she went on; "and Jack is somewhere. Here he comes. He will see to your trunk. Jack, why don't you hurry?"

Frances saw a large, overgrown boy with a smiling, freckled face coming toward her.

"Where's your check?" he asked. "And do you want to walk or ride?"

"I might as well walk in such a small place as this," Frances replied, ungraciously. And as they turned down the first large street she thought: "I don't know what Mamma was thinking of to send me here. She said that she would n't trust me to any one on earth but Adelaide McKenzie; but she has n't seen her for years, and I know it's going to be too dreary for words."

After walking four or five blocks they entered the gate of the little McKenzie home. The sight of the small and not very attractive cottage back in the yard was a surprise to Frances. "I never dreamed they were so poor," she thought; "why, Mamma's maid lives in as nice a place as this. Think of a year here! I shall write to Papa at once." The front door opened, and a tall and very handsome woman came out on the porch to meet her. Her warm greeting and motherly face thawed the ice forming about Frances' whole being, and she managed to smile.

She drew her within, where in the living-room a bright open fire burned. A tall girl not unlike the mother came forward: "This is Faith," and, a head peeping out from his sister's gown, she added, "this is Dick."

"Elsie, take Frances to her room, and Jack can carry the suit case. As I wrote your mother, my dear, I cannot take any one as a formal guest. You must be one of us, and take us as we are. I shall love you dearly for your mother's sake."

The cordial words of the mother followed Frances up the stairs; but she forgot them in the dismay of finding her room so small and simply furnished. "I wish they could see mine," she thought, as Elsie asked to help her. At home she would have thrown herself down

in a frenzy of despair and anger, but strangers were some restraint.

"Please leave me alone," she cried; "I must be alone." And Elsie with a troubled face slipped out of the door and closed it.

The supper was to Frances a long drawn-out torment. She felt homesick, abused, and full of a dull resentment. She wondered where the father was, and then she heard Faith say to her mother in a low voice: "Father



"BUT I SHAN'T BE LEFT BEHIND," DECLARED FRANCES."

says he would like his supper sent in to-night," and she saw a tray carried to another room. Could it be that he was very ill?

The table with its thriving fern for a centerpiece, its fresh linen and tasteful china, its few pieces of handsome silver, its appetizing food, the laughter and fun from the children, were attractive and homelike, but Frances, comparing it all with the luxuries of her own home, and with her eyes dulled by the sleep of which she was unconscious, saw only the dark side of life.

The next day, being Saturday, was a busy one for the McKenzies. To Frances the day

proved a series of shocks. They kept no maid at all; their father was almost blind; they were *very poor*!

The girl felt like a cat in a strange garret. She heard laughter in the kitchen and ventured out there. Faith, enveloped in a big gingham apron, was rolling out bread and rolls; Elsie, her sleeves rolled up, was washing dishes; and Jack was wiping them.

"Come in," called Faith, as she saw Frances hesitating in the doorway. "We have to be our own maids. I'm afraid it's lonely for you." Frances came over to the table where Elsie and Jack were. "Do you like to do it?" she asked curiously.

"It's Paradise to me," said Jack, with a queer grimace, while Elsie shrugged her shoulders: "I can't say I love it," she said, "but we're so glad to do our share to help along. It's such fun to think we're big enough to send Mother in to Daddy to read to him, and be able to do the Saturday work ourselves. We've only learned since—since—Daddy's trouble, and since Greta left. Only Faith knew some things before, so we're real proud that we're of some account and not dead-weights on Mother's hands."

To her utter astonishment it was after eleven before she knew it. Then Mrs. McKenzie came in. "I shall turn out my good fairies now," she said. "I want to get dinner alone. I have such pleasant things to think about from my reading; and your father has some new ideas for his article. Now run off, and play till dinner." She drove them before her, laughing. When Frances went to her room she found it in perfect order. "I wonder if Elsie did it. Perhaps I might make my bed myself," she thought.

In the afternoon Elsie's friends came to see Frances and they had such a pleasant afternoon that when Frances went to bed that night, she thought: "I believe I won't write Father to take me away yet; but I never knew such people before."

One day came invitations for Jack, Elsie, and Frances to go to a party at Elsie's particular friend's—Janice Vernon's.

Frances, coming into the hall unexpectedly, found Elsie talking to Jack, her usually sunny face downcast and decidedly cloudy.

Once she would have passed on, but she felt a sudden and novel pain at seeing Elsie, who was always thinking of her comfort, in trouble herself.

"It's nothing," declared Elsie; but Jack blurted out: "It's her shoes. She has n't any

to wear to the party but those, and they 're pretty bad."

"Why, get some others. Don't they have nice shoes here?" Frances asked, in surprise.

"Oh yes; but shoes cost money," said Jack, in spite of Elsie's frowns.

"Oh!" Frances stopped short. She ran back to her room. She took out her purse. Then she put it back. "Elsie would n't like money: what can I do?" she thought anxiously. It was so new to her to think of others. She ran to her trunk and took out three pairs of slippers. "The very thing!" she thought, catching up a pair of soft brown ones. "They will match her brown dress," she said aloud, and ran to the hall. "Do take these," she said, "I 've several pairs." She held out the slippers. Elsie's face flushed. "You 're very kind," she said, "but Mother does n't like us to borrow."

"Then keep them," said Frances.

"What are you to keep?" Mrs. McKenzie's voice startled them. She stood in the door smiling, while Frances explained.

"I think we shall have to break my rule this time, Elsie," she said; "Frances is so kind, and the slippers are so pretty."

Elsie followed her mother into the kitchen and shut the door. "Mother, I don't want Frances' slippers. I 'd rather stay at home. Jack told her I had n't any, and she is so—"

"Kind," supplied her mother.

"Well, she is now, but she says such horrid things; she fairly flings her riches in your face. She thinks poor people are n't like her. She—"

The mother drew the excited child toward her. "Don't let us be rude and ungrateful just because we 're poor in money, Elsie," she said. "You 've done a great deal for Frances, let her do something for you. She meant it kindly, and it seems to me it would be foolish and very unkind to refuse her loan of the slippers and stay at home and let her go without you to the party. There is a pride that is wrong."

Elsie ran out of the kitchen and up the back stairs to the little room she shared with Faith. Later, her mother was n't surprised to hear her say to Frances: "Thank you so much for the slippers, Frances; if it was n't for you I 'd lose the party." And Frances went off to her room that Saturday to dress with a new, warm feeling in her heart.

Weeks and months passed and Frances was conscious of an unusual stir and subdued ex-

citement throughout the little house. She came upon Jack and Elsie in earnest consultation on the back stairs: she found Faith and her mother in the kitchen talking earnestly; yet at sight of her they changed the conversation. Frances felt suddenly shut out and aloof. It hurt her. It was Elsie who caught sight of her expression one day and followed her into her room.

"We 're in a big secret for Daddy," she said at once. "We did n't want to bother you with it. You see the time is very near for Daddy's operation. It costs a lot, and we have n't much. We 've tried to do without and work at home; but the sum has n't grown enough yet. So Jack has been selling papers out of school, and Faith has taken orders for fancy work, and I 've been so anxious to work, and now Mother is going to help me make candy to sell to the hotel guests and other folks. It 's only a little, but I want to help."

"And so do I," said Frances eagerly. "Why can't I write to Papa to send a lot of money, then you won't have to work?"

"Oh no!" said Elsie; then she added gently: "It is so kind, but Daddy is so proud he would n't like it. He hopes he won't have to borrow of any one, ever. But if we earn it, it 's different."

"Then I shall earn something, too," said Frances with a lump in her throat. "You seem to think I don't care because I 've money, but I do. You said you 'd make me one of you, and you don't."

"Why, Frances! of course we do. I did n't think you 'd be interested—"

"No, you think I 'm cold and horrid. Well, I can earn, too. I 'm going to do something for your father, you see."

Never before in all her life had Frances been so determined to have her way; but what could she do? They would n't take money, except her board; and how in the world should she earn money? She lay awake a whole hour for two nights wondering what she could do to even add a dollar to the precious pile in Elsie's stocking. And then the inspiration came. Like a flash she remembered that Mrs. Blair, a busy mother of five children, had declared that if she could just get some one to make buttonholes for her, she would gladly pay well for the work. Now, since coming to Fairfax, Frances, with Elsie, had taken lessons of Mrs. McKenzie on Saturdays, in buttonhole making and darning, and where Elsie made great eyes of the holes and darned well, Frances' but-

tonholes were things of beauty and her darns very ordinary. But would she have the courage to ask for the work? And would she give up hours of the precious Saturdays to do it? The Frances of eight months before would not have even given the project a thought, but this was a different girl. This new Frances, trembling in the knees, and with a voice rather shaky, rang the Blairs' door-bell that very day. But instead of a stern repulse she found a woman eager and ready, and she came away with a big bundle of children's clothing in her arms.

It was hard work to go off Saturdays to her room and work, but, as she said, it was n't any harder than for Elsie. And when at the end of the four weeks she laid four dollars

extra sum from an article of Mr. McKenzie's, there was enough for the operation at Cincinnati.

It would take too long to tell of its success, the triumphant return of the husband and father, the joy of the household.

All too soon came the day when Frances was to join her parents in New York. She realized with fresh surprise what a wrench the leaving would cost her.

"I shall get ahead of them for once," she thought; and for several days before, she was preparing gifts to be hidden in drawers and closets to be found after her departure. She found the most exciting diversion in planning these surprises. The new book which Elsie wanted, the inexpensive but pretty copy of



"FRANCES HEARD LAUGHTER IN THE KITCHEN, AND VENTURED OUT THERE."

in Elsie's hand, I doubt if Frances Copeland was ever so happy in all her life before!

With Mrs. McKenzie's added sum from the furnishing of home-made eatables, and an

Burne-Jones's "Hope" for Mrs. McKenzie, and roller-skates for the boys, and for Faith a collar—her own work.

And as the train rolled out of the station

Jack said to Elsie: "Well, she 's a pretty nice girl, after all. I like her; yet I thought when she came, she was a little snob!"

Later on, Frances was pouring forth her experiences to her father and mother with such an unusual enthusiasm that they looked at her in amazement.

"I never knew people like the McKenzies! Why, Father, they have n't any money, yet nobody can pity them. They have so much besides. I can't tell what I mean; but they

that we can all go there next summer and take a house. I 'd like it better than Newport."

"Why, Frances," said her father in an amazed voice, "you seem—"

"Wakened up, Father, that 's the way I feel. I did n't know much before—I don't know much now, but I 'm learning. Elsie says I ought to be the happiest girl with so much, and I 'm going to be. Let us hurry home and begin. I want to show you, Mamma, and Mrs. McKenzie that I *do*



"'THE VERY THING!' SHE THOUGHT, CATCHING UP A PAIR OF
SOFT BROWN SLIPPERS."

have. I felt that I did n't amount to much. Elsie is so happy, and spunky, and sweet; and Jack is blunt, but he 's kind, and so straight; and Faith is so pretty, yet not a bit vain, and so smart, but not from books; and Dick is cunning, though he is such a mischief and tries me so; and Mr. McKenzie is a real hero. But I don't wonder, Mamma, that you love Mrs. McKenzie. She 's the best of all. I wanted so much to see you both, but I just cried when I left them. And, oh, Papa, do promise me

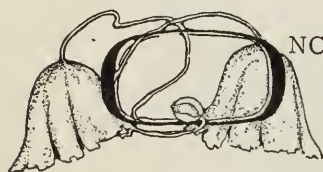
amount to something after all! And oh, I can't wait to tell you that I can make brown bread, and buttonholes and beds, and—*and—gingerbread*," said Frances, her eyes shining, her face aglow.

Ah, the Sleeping Beauty was indeed awakening! The Prince to rouse her dormant soul was a love and interest for others, and the fact that outside of self is a world of care, trouble, and joy, which even a girl may lessen or increase!



THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF THE FEARLESS HEART

BY B. J. DASKAM



ONCE upon a time the great, yellow stork carried a baby Princess to the Queen of that country which lies next to fairyland.

All throughout the kingdom the bells rang, the people shouted, and the King declared a holiday for a whole year. But the Queen was very anxious, for she knew that the fairies are a queer lot, and their borders were very close, indeed.

"We must be very careful to slight none of them at the christening," she said, "for goodness knows what they might do, if we did!"

So the wise-men drew up the lists, and when the day for the christening arrived, the fairies were all there, and everything went as smoothly as a frosted cake.

But the Queen said to the Lady-in-waiting:

"The first fairy godmother gave her nothing but a kiss! I don't call that much of a gift!"

"Sh!" whispered the Lady-in-waiting. "The fairies hear everything!"

And indeed, the fairy heard her well enough, and very angry she was about it, too. For she was so old that she knew all about it, from beginning to end, and she was sure that the Wizard with Three Dragons was sitting in the Black Forest, watching the whole matter in his crystal globe. So she had whispered her gift—which was nothing more nor less than a Fearless Heart—into the ear of the Little Princess. But the Queen thought she had only kissed her.

So, when the clock was on the hour of four (which, as every one knows, is the end of christenings and fairy gifts) the first godmother went up to the golden cradle.

"Since my first gift was not satisfactory to every one," she said, angrily, "I will give the Little Princess another. And that is, that when the time comes she shall marry the Prince of the Black Heart!"

Then the clock struck four, while the Queen wept on the bosom of the Lady-in-waiting.

And that was the end of the christening.

Then the King called the wise-men together, and for forty days and nights they read the books and studied the stars.

In the end, they laid out a Garden, with a wall so high that the sun could not shine over it until noon, and so broad that it was a day's journey for a swift horse to cross it. One tiny door there was: but the first gate was of iron, and five-and-twenty men-at-arms stood before it, day and night, with drawn swords; the second gate was of beaten copper, and before that were fifty archers, with arrows on the string; the third gate was of triple brass, and before it a hundred knights, in full armor, rode without ceasing.

Into the Garden went the Little Princess, and the Queen, and all her ladies; but no man might pass the gates, save the King himself. And there the Princess dwelt until her seventeenth birthday, without seeing any more of the world than the inside of the wall.

Now it happened that, some time before, a young Prince had ridden out of the west and set about his travels. For the wise-man on the hill had come to him and said:

"In the kingdom which lies next to fairyland dwells a Little Princess who has a Fearless Heart. There is a wall which will not be easy to climb, but the Princess is more beautiful than anything else in the world!"

And that was enough for the Prince, so he

her
ed, for, ye
nything in
dear," sai



THE LONESOME PRINCESS
From a painting by Maxfield Parrish

...ting.
...stening.
...men together
...they read

girded on his sword, and set out, singing as he went for pure lightness of heart.

But it is not so easy to find fairyland as it is to eat a ripe apple, and the Prince could have told you that, before he was through. For in some places it is so broad that it takes in the whole world, and in others so narrow that a flea could cross it in two jumps. So that some people never leave it all their lives long, but others cross at a single step, and never see it at all.

Finally, the Prince came to the place where all roads meet, and they were as much alike as the hairs on a dog's back. But it was all one to him, so he rode straight ahead and lost himself in fairyland.

When the first fairy godmother saw him, she laughed to herself and flew away, straight over his head, to the wall around the Garden. But you may be sure that she did not trouble the guards at the triple gates: for, if one has wings, what is the use of stairs? So over the wall she flew to the room where the Little Princess lay sleeping.

You may readily believe that the Princess was astonished when she awoke to find the fairy beside her bed, but she was not in the least alarmed, for, you see, she did not know that there was anything in the world to be afraid of.

"My dear," said the old lady, "I am your first fairy godmother."

"How do you do, Godmother?" said the Princess, and she sat up in bed and courtesied. Which is a very difficult trick, indeed, and it is not every Princess who can do it.

Her godmother was so delighted that she leaned over and kissed her.

"That is the second time I have kissed you," she said. "When I go, I will kiss you again, and you had better save the three of them, for they will be useful when you go out into the world. And, my dear, it is high time that you were going out."

Then the Little Princess was overjoyed, but she only nodded her head wisely and said:

"I know, the world is as big as the whole Garden, and wider than the wall. But I can never go out, for the gates are always locked."

"If you do not go now," said the fairy, "you will have to go later, and that might not be so well. And you should not argue with me, for I am older than you will ever be, and your godmother, besides. Now kiss me, for I must be going."

So she flew away, about her other affairs, for she was a very busy old lady indeed.

In the morning the Princess went to breakfast with the King and the Queen.

"Mother," she said, "it is high time that I went out into the world!"

The Queen was so startled that she dropped her egg on the floor and the King was red as a beet with anger.

"Tut! Tut!" he shouted. "What nonsense is this?"

"My fairy godmother was here last night," said the Princess, "and she told me all about it. I will go this morning, please, if I may."

"Nonsense!" roared the King.

"You will do no such thing!" wailed the Queen.

"There could have been no one here," said the King, "for the gates were all locked."

"Who told you that you had a fairy godmother?" asked the Queen.

And there was an end of that.

But that night, after the Princess had said her prayers and crept into bed, she heard her godmother calling to her from the Garden, so she slipped on her cloak and stole out into the moonlight. There was no one to be seen, so she pattered along in her little bare feet until she came to the gate in the wall.

While she was hesitating whether or not to run back to her little white bed, the gates of triple brass opened as easily as if her godmother had oiled them, and the Little Princess passed through the copper gates, and the iron gate, and out into fairyland.

But if you ask me why she saw the guards at the gates no more than they saw her, I can only tell you that I do not know, and you will have to be satisfied with that.

As for the Princess, she was as happy as a duck in a puddle. As she danced along through the forests, the flowers broke from their stems to join her, the trees dropped golden fruit into her very hands, and the little brook which runs through fairyland left its course, and followed her, singing.

And all the while, her godmother was coming down behind her, close at hand, to see that she came to no harm; but the Princess did not know that.

At last she came to the place where the Prince from the west lay sleeping. He was dreaming that he had climbed the wall and had found the Princess, so that he smiled in his sleep and she knelt above him, wondering, for she had never seen a man before, save her father, the King, and the Prince was very fair. So she bent closer and closer, until her breath was on his cheek, and as he opened his eyes, she kissed him.

As for the Prince, he thought that he was still asleep, till he saw that she was many times

more beautiful than in his dreams, and he knew that he had found her at last.

"You are more beautiful than anything else in the world," he said, "and I love you better than my life!"

"And I love you with all my heart!" said the Little Princess.

"Will you marry me," asked the Prince, "and live with me forever and ever?"

"That I will," said the Princess, "and gladly, if my father, the King, and my mother, the Queen, will let me leave the Garden."

And she told the Prince all about the wall with the triple gates.

The Prince saw that it would be no easy task to win the consent of the King and the Queen, so nothing would do but that he must travel back to the west and return with a proper retinue behind him.

So he bade the Princess good-by and rode bravely off toward the west.

The Princess went slowly back through fairyland, till she came to the wall, just as the sun was breaking in the east. As every one knows, White Magic is not of very much use in the daytime, outside of fairyland, and if you ask why this is not so at christenings, I will send you to Peter Knowall, who keeps the Big Red Book.

So the guards at the triple gates saw the Princess, and they raised such a hub-bub, that the King and the Queen rushed out to see what all the noise was about. You can easily believe that they were in a great way when they saw the Little Princess, who they thought was safe asleep in her bed.

They lost no time in bundling her through the gates, and then they fell to kissing her, and scolding her, and shaking her, and hugging her, all in the same breath.

But the Princess said, "I have been out into the world, and I am going to marry the Prince!"

Then perhaps there was not a great to-do about the Garden!

They bullied and coaxed and scolded and wept, but the Princess only said,

"I love him with all my heart and when the time comes I will go to him, if I have to beg my way from door to door!"

At that the King flew into a towering rage.

"Very well, Miss!" he shouted. "But when you go, you may stay forever! I will cut your name off the records, and any one who speaks it will be beheaded, if it is the High Lord Chancellor, himself!"

Then it was the turn of the Princess to weep, for she loved her parents dearly, but she could not promise to forget the Prince.

So matters went from pence to ha'pennies, as the saying goes, till finally the Princess could bear it no longer, so she found her cloak and stole down to the triple gates.

Everything went very much as it had before, save that there was no Prince asleep under the tree where she had first found him. Then the Princess would have turned back, but the little brook which followed at her heel had swollen out into a broad, deep river, and there was nothing to do but go ahead, till she came to a cottage among the trees, and before the door sat an old, old woman, spinning gold thread out of moonlight. And by that any one could have told that she was a fairy, but the Princess thought it was always done that way in the world.

"Oh, Mother," she cried, "how shall I find my way out of the forest?"

But the old woman went on spinning, and the Princess thought that she had never seen anything fly so fast as the shuttle.

"Where were you wanting to go?" she asked.

"I am searching for the Prince from the west," said the Princess sadly. "Can you tell me where to find him?"

The fairy shook her head and went on with her spinning, so fast that you could not see the shuttle at all.

But the Princess begged so prettily that finally she said,

"If I were looking for a Prince, I would follow my nose until I came to the Black Forest, and then I would ask the Wizard with Three Dragons, who knows all about it, and more, too! That is, unless I thought that I would be afraid in the Black Forest."

"What is afraid?" asked the Little Princess. "I do not know that."

And no more she did, so the fairy laughed, for she saw trouble coming for the Wizard. She stopped her wheel with a click, but for all her fast spinning, there was only enough gold thread to go around the second finger of the Princess's left hand.

As for the Princess, she thanked the old lady very kindly, and set bravely off toward the Black Forest.

But the Wizard with Three Dragons only laughed as he gazed into his crystal globe, for in it he could see everything that was happening in any place in the world, and I do not need Jacob Wise-man to tell me that a globe like that is worth having!

Now, when the Prince had left the Princess in fairyland, he lost no time in riding back to the west. The old King, his father, was overjoyed when he heard of the Little Princess, and he

MY PICNIC

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

I AM afraid that that title will make you think, gentle reader, that the picnic of which I am about to tell you is the only one to which I ever went. That is far from the truth. No, indeed, it was n't the only one—and I eleven years old the ninth of September! The fact is, I have been going on picnics as long as I can remember, big picnics and little picnics, nice picnics and stupid picnics, picnics on the seashore, and picnics in the woods, and picnics upon the tiptops of mountains. I dare say no child was ever fortunater in the picnic line than I have been. But the picnic I am now about to tell you of was the very nicest one I ever had and that is why I shall think of it as *my picnic* as long as I live and breathe. Another reason for calling it *my picnic* is that I was the only one at it. Except, of course, Rob Roy and little Gamboge. But they don't come in till later, as you will soon see.

In the first place, I had better tell you about my ancestry and so forth, and then that will be over with. You are not a bit anxiously, gentle reader, than I am to get at the picnic part. But I must explain a little, first.

My father is an artist and paints the most beautiful pictures in the world. Some of them we sell, but we have a great many left. He is the jolliest father you ever heard of, too, and perfectly splendid at corn roasts and things. Probably he would have been at this very picnic if he had n't been so busy painting a picture of Mother standing in the red sumacs that grow along the top of our bluff.

You see, what I am about to relate took place on Turtle-Back Island, where we spent all the summer, last year, and all the fall up to Thanksgiving week.

It's a lovely place, and we liked it all the time, but the very best was after all the Summer People had gone away and we had every bit of the island to ourselves. The day the last family ex-

cept ours went away, we stood on the bluff, Father and Mother and I, and watched the steamer out of sight around the other end of the island; and then we all joined hands and had a dance of delight,



"I OPENED MY LUNCH BASKET AND GAVE HIM A SANDWICH."

and Father shouted just as loud as he could that poem of Robinson Crusoe's about:

"I am monarch of all I survey
My right there is none to dispute!"

Finally Mother got all out of breath dancing and laughing, and she had to be fanned with Father's hat while I found her hairpins.

I see I forgot to describe Mother when I was telling about my ancestry. She is something like other mothers, but nicer; and she knows the names of all the butterflies and birds on Turtle-Back Island—spangled fritillaries and tufted titmouses and all those hard ones.

I think I have now got nearly to the picnic part.

It was upon the thirtieth day of September that the last of the Summer People went away, and after that we were all alone and never saw a soul for a whole month and most of another one, except

old Uncle Johnnie MacDonald, who came over from the mainland every day in his sail-boat to bring us milk and mail and things, because the steamer had stopped running. Mother let me



"ONCE I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF FAIRIES."

wander anywhere I wanted to, because there was no one to molest or make me afraid. That is how it happened that one beautiful morning in October I asked her if I might take my lunch in a basket and go around by the beach clear to the other side of the island where the big mansions are that they call "cottages" but that are n't. Mother said I might go, but that it was a pretty long walk and she was afraid I would get tired. I told her I knew I should n't, and so she packed my little basket full of lunch and covered it with a napkin. I did n't once watch to see what she was putting in, because I wanted it for a surprise. Then I went down the steps cut in the bluff and started north along the beach, and Father and Mother stood up above in the red sumacs and waved their hands and called good-by.

The lake was blue as blue and all sparkly with whitecaps, and the little waves made so much noise among the rocks that I would n't have known I was singing except for the feeling in my throat. By and by I came to the place where the beach gets broad and sandy, and the beach-grass is taller than my head. There are great beautiful clumps of it there, and they wave in the wind like plumes. When I got to the first of the big cottages, I climbed up some stairs so I could see it better. Of course it was all shut up tight, and it looked sort of funny and lonesome. I had n't meant to go in, but as I was walking

slowly by I noticed some nasturtiums in blossom by the piazza, and I thought I'd better pick a few for Mother, since there was no one there to enjoy them. So I went in and was picking the flowers, when all of a sudden I heard footsteps pattering around the corner of the porch. At first I was a little frightened, but in just a minute I was n't, for there before my face and eyes stood my own dear, darling Rob Roy. Of course I did n't know then that it was Rob Roy, but I did know right off that he would n't dream of biting me. He just stood looking at me and wagged his tail in a sort of slow, droopy way, and after a while he began to make soft little whines, and I knew he was trying to tell me all about it. I put my arms around his shaggy old neck and hugged him hard, and told him he did n't need to try to explain. I understood perfectly how it happened. We've been to a great many summer resorts, Father and Mother and I, and we know all too well how wicked lots of the Summer People are about going home in the fall and leaving their pets behind. They always say: "Oh, they'll find a home! Some one will take them in!" And once in a while some one does, but just as often some one does n't. It's the poor kitties that are the worst sufferers, and it almost breaks my heart to think how many little birds they have to eat to keep from starving.

I might as well tell you right here, gentle reader, that afterward we learned that Rob Roy's family had forgotten all about him till they had got started away on the boat, and that all they did when they remembered was to send word to Uncle Johnnie MacDonald that if he ever saw a black-and-tan collie dog when he was at Turtle-Back, to take it over to the mainland and give it to any one who would have it. They told him the dog was n't thoroughbred and they did n't care anything about it. Perhaps it is just as well for me not to dwell too long on what *we* think of such people. It might spoil the story of my picnic.

We had n't known each other more than twenty-five seconds before we understood, Rob Roy and I, that we belonged to each other. I told him that he was to be my dog and that I'd take care of him, and the minute I said that he looked at my lunch basket. Poor dear, I had n't thought before that he must be almost starved! It was more than a week since the last of the Summer People had gone away, and he could n't have had anything to eat since except the few scraps he could pick up and the dead fish on the beach, of which he is still, I grieve to state, fonder than we could wish. I suppose he formed the habit during those dreadful days of hunger before I

rescued him. Of course I opened my lunch basket at once and gave him a sandwich. It had cold chicken in it and looked *very* good. The poor dog enjoyed it so much that I gave him another and another and another. There were only four, but I filled him up fairly well on cookies and sponge-cake and hard-boiled eggs.

came. If you keep on long enough you get to the place you started from. We walked slowly along the beach for quite a way. Rob Roy was hunting for dead fish, and I was looking up at the big cottages along the bluff. We had just passed the last of them when I suddenly noticed that I was a little tired. I thought I would sit



"IT WAS AN ANXIOUS MOMENT WHEN HE APPROACHED!"

There was n't anything else but a bottle of milk, and I had n't anything to pour that into, so I had to tell him that he must wait till we got home for more. He was very nice about it, licked up the last cooky crumb from the piazza floor, and followed close after me as I went back down the steps to the beach.

We decided to go on around the point and home that way. That is a nice thing about an island: you don't have to go back the way you

down for a minute under a willow-tree and take a drink of milk from my bottle. Gentle reader, it was while I was in the very act of uncovering my lunch basket again that I heard a mysterious sound. It seemed to come from the thick bushes that grew all over the bluff, which was n't very steep right there.

"Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—"

What *could* it be?

Once I should have thought of fairies, but I

—well, I would n't for the world have the fairies think I did n't *love* them just as much, and of course there are times yet when I just *do* believe in them. There was that day last winter, at "Peter Pan," you know.

"Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—"

The sound came nearer and nearer. I fairly held my breath. And then, all at once, out from under the bushes popped my little Gamboge—my dearest, sweetest, loveliest yellow kitten that ever wore a bell around its precious neck! Of course I did n't know then that it was Gamboge. (It was Father who suggested his name and Mother who suggested Rob Roy's.) But I knew he was to be my kitten, just the way I 'd known Rob was my dog.

Gentle reader, can you imagine a person cruel enough to abandon a poor little helpless yellow kitten to its fate on a desert island? I wish I could think the same family that left Rob Roy had left the kitten. That would be better than to feel that dear old Turtle-Back has to have *two* families so "outrageous and undesirable," as Father said.

I fear, however, that Rob and Gamboge had never met till this eventful day. If they had been old acquaintances I feel sure that dear, kind Rob would never have done the dreadful thing he did do when he came back from his last dead fish and found me cuddling and comforting Gamboge under the willow. For before I knew what he was doing, Rob came bouncing at the kitten with great barks, and poor little Gamboge, scared half out of his wits, had jumped out of my arms and was flying across the beach with his tail as big as an Angora's. Of course Rob Roy went after him, helter-skelter, and I could n't do anything but stand and scream at Rob to come back, which he did n't. (I have always thought that if I had had a name to call him then, he would have minded me, but all I could call him was "Sir," and of course he did n't mind that.) Little Gamboge, in his blind terror, ran right down to the water's edge, and before my horror-stricken gaze up came a good-sized wave and washed him right off his paws and out into the deep. Rob Roy plunged after, and in a minute had the kitten in

his mouth. At first I was too terrified to speak, but suddenly I had an inspiration, and I began to call: "Bring it here, Sir! Bring it here! Good dog, bring it to me, Sir!" And, if you 'll believe it, Rob Roy brought that kitten straight to me and let me take it out of his mouth. There he stood, looking up at it and wagging his tail, and I think he thought I would throw it in again for him to fetch.

Rob Roy, you know, had been bringing me sticks to throw in all the time we had been on the beach together. I think it is needless to say that his cruel desire was not gratified.

I had to be very stern after that with Rob. I made him lie down on the beach while I took little Gamboge back to the willow shade, dried his soaked yellow fur on my dress, and soothed his fears. Then I found a clean clam-shell and poured some of the milk into it. He lapped it up so hungrily that, if you could have seen him, it would have made you feel the way I do, gentle reader, about those Summer People that left him. I filled the clam-shell again and again, till he 'd had every bit there was in the bottle, and then he cuddled down in my lap and began to purr.

I felt that the moment had arrived for him and Rob Roy to become friends, so I got a firm though gentle grip on Gamboge, around his body, behind the front legs (they scratch least when you hold them that way), and then I called Rob, who had gone off on another fish-hunt.

It was an anxious moment when he approached. However, the kitten seemed braver for the nourishment it had taken. In fact, I doubt if he *could* have run very far. That was a very good-sized bottle of milk. And as soon as Rob really understood that I did n't want him to hurt the kitten, he behaved himself very well. At the end of about half an hour they would sniff noses without barking or spitting, and I felt that the worst was over. And my hands had got only a few little scratches.

The rest of the way home seemed longer than I had expected, for I was quite tired and a good deal hungry. But, O gentle reader, it had been such a *happy* picnic!



OLD-FASHIONED STORIES

THE TWELVE HUNTSMEN

HUNDREDS of thousands of years ago a prince met a fair maiden as he traveled through the Enchanted Land. The prince loved the maiden dearly, and she loved him as much as he loved her.

"Will you marry me?" asked the prince one day.

"Indeed I will," said the maiden, "for there is no one in all the world I love so well."

Then all was as merry as merry could be. The maiden danced and sang, and the prince laughed aloud for joy.

But one day, as they were together, a messenger arrived hot and breathless. He came from the prince's father, who was King of a neighboring kingdom.

"His Majesty is dying," said the messenger, "and he would speak with you, my lord."

"Alas," said the prince to the maiden, "I must leave you, and remain with my father until his death. Then I shall be king and I will come for you and you shall be my queen. Till then, good-by. This ring I give you as a keepsake. Once more, farewell."

The maiden drew the ring on her finger, and, with a sad heart, watched the prince ride off.

The King had but a short time to live when his son arrived at the palace. "Ah," said the dying man, "how glad I am that you are come. There is one promise I wish you to make ere I die. Then I shall close my eyes in peace."

"Surely, dear father, I will promise what you ask. There is nothing I would not do to let you rest at ease."

Then said the dying King, "Promise that you will marry the bride whom I have chosen for you," and he named a princess well known to the prince.

Without thinking of anything but to ease his father's mind, the prince said, "I promise." The King smiled gladly as he heard the words, and closed his eyes in peace.

The prince was now proclaimed King, and the

time soon came when he must go to the bride his father had chosen for him, and ask, "Will you marry me?" This he did, and the princess answered, "Indeed I will."

Now the maiden who had first promised to marry the prince heard of this, and it nearly broke her heart. Each day she grew paler and thinner, until her father at last said: "Wherefore, my child, do you look so sad? Ask what you will, and I shall do my utmost to give it you."

For a moment his daughter thought. Then she said: "Dear father, find for me eleven maidens exactly like myself. Let them be fair, and tall, and slim, with curly golden hair."

"I shall do my best," said her father; and he had a search made far and wide throughout the Enchanted Land until the eleven maidens were found. Each was fair, and tall, and slim, and there was not one whose golden hair did not curl.

The maiden was pleased indeed, and she next ordered twelve huntsmen's dresses to be made of green cloth, trimmed with beaver fur; also twelve green caps each with a pheasant's feather. Then to each of the maidens she gave a dress and hat, commanding her to wear them, while the twelfth she wore herself.

The twelve huntsmen then set out on horseback to the court of the King, who, when a prince, had promised to marry their leader.

So well was the maiden disguised by the hunting-dress, that the King did not recognize her. She asked if he were in need of huntsmen, and if he would take her and her companions into his service.

Never had a finer troop been seen, and the King said he would gladly engage them. So they entered his service, and lived at the palace, and were treated with all kindness and respect.

Now among the King's favorites at court was a lion. To possess this lion was as good as to have a magician, for he knew all secret things.

One evening the lion said to the King: "You

imagine you engaged twelve young huntsmen not long ago, do you not?"

"I did," said the King.

"Pray excuse me, if I contradict you," said the lion, "but I assure you, you are mistaken. They were not huntsmen whom you engaged, but twelve maidens."

"Nonsense," said the King, "absurd, ridiculous!"

"Again I would crave forgiveness if I offend," said the lion, "but those whom you believe to be huntsmen are, in truth, twelve fair maidens."

"Prove what you say, if you would have me believe it," said the King.

"To-morrow, then, summon the twelve to the royal chamber. On the floor let peas be scattered. Then, as the huntsmen advance toward you, you will see them trip and slide as maidens. If they are men they will walk with a firm tread."

"Most wise Lion!" said the King, and he ordered it to be done as the royal beast had said.

But in the palace was a servant who already loved the fair young huntsmen, and when he heard of the trap that was to be laid, he went straight to them and said, "The lion is going to prove to the King that you are maidens." Then he told them how he would seek to do this, and said, "Do your best to walk with a firm tread."

Next morning the King ordered the twelve huntsmen to be called, and as they walked across the royal chamber, it was with so firm a tread that not a single pea moved.

After they had left, the King turned to the lion and said, "You have spoken falsely. They walked as other men."

But the lion said: "They must have been warned, or they would have tripped and slidden as maidens. I will yet prove to you that I speak the truth. To-morrow, summon the twelve to the royal chamber. Let twelve spinning-wheels be placed there. Then, as the huntsmen advance toward you, you will see each cast longing looks at the spinning-wheels, which, if they were men, you must grant they would not do."

The King was pleased that the huntsmen should again be put to the test, for the lion was a wise beast and had never before been proved wrong.

But again the kind servant warned the disguised maidens, and they resolved not even to glance in the direction of the spinning-wheels.

Next morning the King ordered the twelve huntsmen to be called, and as they walked across the royal chamber there was not one of them but looked straight into the eyes of the King. It seemed as though they had not known that the spinning-wheels were there.

After they had gone the King turned to the lion, and again he said, "You have spoken falsely." Then he told the royal beast that the twelve huntsmen had not even glanced in the direction of the spinning-wheels.

"They must have been warned," repeated the lion, but the King believed him no longer.

So the huntsmen stayed with the King and went out a-hunting with him, and the more he saw of them the more he liked them.

One day, while they were in the forest, news was brought that the princess whom the King was to marry was on her way to meet the hunting-party.

When the true bride heard it, she grew white as a lily, and, staggering, fell backward. Fortunately, the trunk of a tree supported her until the King, wondering what had happened to his dear huntsman, ran to the spot and pulled off her glove.

Looking at the white hand, what was his surprise to see upon the middle finger the ring he had given to the maiden he loved. Then he looked into her face and recognized her, and in a flash he understood that she had come to court as a huntsman, only to be near him. The King was so touched that he kissed her white cheeks till they grew rosy, and her blue eyes opened in wonder. "You shall be my queen," he said, "and none in all the wide world shall separate us."

Then he sent a messenger to the princess who was coming to meet him, saying he was sorry he must ask her to return home, as the maiden that he loved and was going to marry was with him in the forest.

And the next day the bells pealed loud and far, and at the royal wedding the lion was an honored guest, because it had at last been proved that he spoke the truth.

THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had twelve daughters, each more beautiful than the other. The twelve princesses slept in a large hall, each in a little bed of her own. After they were snugly settled for the night, their father, the

King, used to bolt the door on the outside. He then felt sure that his daughters would be safe until he withdrew the bolt next morning.

But one day when the King unbolted the hall door, and peeped in as usual, he saw twelve

worn-out pairs of little slippers lying about the floor.

"What! shoes wanted again," he exclaimed, and after breakfast a messenger was sent to order a new pair for each of the princesses.

But the next morning the new shoes were worn out, how no one knew.

This went on and on until the King made up his mind to put an end to the mystery. The shoes, he felt sure, were danced to pieces, and he sent a herald to offer a reward to any one who should discover where the princesses held their night-frolic.

"He who succeeds, shall choose one of my daughters to be his wife," said the King, "and he shall reign after my death; but he who fails, after three nights' trial, shall be put to death."

Soon a prince arrived at the palace, and said he was willing to risk his life in the attempt to win one of the beautiful princesses.

When night came, he was given a bedroom next the hall in which the royal sisters slept. His door was left ajar and his bed placed so that from it he could watch the door of the hall. The escape of the princesses he would also watch, and he would follow them in their flight, discover their secret haunt, and marry the fairest.

This is what the prince meant to do, but before long he was fast asleep. And while he slept, the princesses danced and danced, for, in the morning, the soles of their slippers were once more riddled with holes.

The next night the prince made up his mind that stay awake he would, but again he must have fallen fast asleep, for in the morning twelve pairs of little worn-out slippers lay scattered about the floor of the hall.

The third night, in fear and trembling, the prince began his night watch. But try as he might, he could not keep his eyes open, and when in the morning the little slippers were as usual found riddled with holes, the King had no mercy on the prince who could not keep awake, and his head was at once cut off.

After his death, many princes came from far and near, each willing to risk everything in the attempt to win the fairest of these fair princesses. But each failed, and each in his turn was beheaded.

Now a poor soldier, who had been wounded in the wars, was on his way home to the town where the twelve princesses lived. One morning he met an old witch.

"You can no longer serve your country," she said. "What will you do?"

"With your help, good mother, I mean to rule it," replied the soldier; for he had heard of the

mystery at the palace, and of the reward the King offered to him who should solve it.

"That need not be difficult," said the witch. "Listen to me. Go straightway to the palace. There you will be led before the throne. Tell the King that you would win the fairest of his fair daughters for your wife. His Majesty will welcome you gladly, and when night falls, you will be shown to a little bedroom. From the time you enter it, remember these three things. Firstly, refuse to drink the wine which will be offered you; secondly, pretend to fall fast asleep; thirdly, wear this when you wish to be invisible." So saying, the old dame gave him a cloak and disappeared.

Straightway, the soldier went to the palace, and was led before the throne. "I would win the fairest of your fair daughters for my wife," said he, bowing low before the King.

So anxious was his Majesty to discover the secret haunt of his daughters, that he gladly welcomed the poor soldier, and ordered that he should be dressed in scarlet and gold.

When bedtime came, the soldier was shown his little room, from which he could see the door of the sleeping-hall. No sooner had he been left alone than in glided a fair princess bearing in her hand a silver goblet.

"I bring you sweet wine. Drink," she said.

The soldier took the cup and pretended to swallow, but he really let the wine trickle down into a sponge which he had fastened beneath his chin.

The princess then left him, and he went to bed and pretended to fall asleep. So well did he pretend, that before long his snores were heard by the princesses in their sleeping-hall.

"Listen," said the eldest, and they all sat up in bed and laughed and laughed till the room shook.

"If ever we were safe, we are safe to-night," they thought, as they sprang from their little white beds, and ran to and fro, opening cupboards, boxes, and cases, and taking from them dainty dresses, and ribbons, and laces and jewels.

Gaily they decked themselves before the mirror, bubbling over with mischief and merriment at the thought that once more they should enjoy their night-frolic. Only the youngest sister was quiet.

"I don't know why," she said, "but I feel so strange—as if something were going to happen."

"You are a little goose," answered the eldest, "you are always afraid. Why! I need not have put a sleeping powder in the soldier's wine. He would have slept without it. Now, are you all ready?"

The twelve princesses then stood on tiptoe at the hall door, and peered into the little room

where the soldier lay, seemingly sound asleep. Yes, they were quite safe once more.

Back they went into the hall. The eldest princess tapped upon her bed. Immediately it sank into the earth, and, through the opening it had made, the princesses went down one by one.

The soldier who, peeping, had seen twelve little heads peer out of the hall door, at once threw his invisible cloak around him, and followed the princesses into the hall, unseen. He was just in time to reach the youngest, as she disappeared through the opening in the floor. Halfway down he trod upon her frock.

"Oh, what was that?" screamed the little princess, terrified. "Some one is tramping on my dress."

"Nonsense, be quiet," said the eldest, "it must have caught on a hook." Then they all went down, down, until they reached a beautiful avenue of silver trees.

Thought the soldier, "I must take away a remembrance of the place to show the King," and he broke off a twig.

"Oh, did you hear that crackling sound?" cried the youngest princess. "I told you something was going to happen."

"Baby!" replied the eldest. "The sound was a salute."

Next they came to an avenue where the trees were golden. Here the soldier again broke off a twig, and again was heard the crackling sound.

"A salute, I told you," said the eldest princess to her terrified little sister.

Further on they reached an avenue of trees that glittered with diamonds. When the soldier once more broke off a twig, the youngest princess screamed with fright, but her sisters only went on faster and faster, and she had to follow in fear and trembling.

At last they came to a great lake. Close to the shore lay twelve little boats, and in each boat stood a handsome prince, one hand upon an oar, the other outstretched to welcome a princess.

Soon the little boats rowed off, a prince and a princess in each, the soldier, still wearing his invisible cloak, sitting by the youngest sister.

"I wonder," said the prince who rowed her, "why the boat is so heavy to-day. I have to pull with all my strength, and yet can hardly get along."

"I am sure I do not know," answered the princess. "I dare say it is the hot weather."

On the opposite shore of the lake stood a castle. Its bright lights beckoned to the twelve little boats that rowed toward it. Drums beat, and trumpets sounded a welcome. Very merrily did the sisters reach the little pier. They sprang from the boats,

and ran up the castle steps and into the gay ball-room. And there they danced and danced, but never saw or guessed that the soldier with the invisible cloak danced among them. When a princess lifted a wine-cup to her lips and found it empty, she felt frightened, but she little thought that the unseen soldier had drained it. On and on they danced until three o'clock, but then the sisters had to stop, for all their little slippers were riddled with holes. And in the early gray morning the princes rowed them back across the lake, while the soldier seated himself this time beside the eldest princess.

When they reached the bank, the sisters wandered up the sloping shore, while the princes called after them, "Good-by, fair daughters of the King, to-night once more shall we await you here."

And all the princesses turned, and, waving their white hands, cried sleepily, "Farewell, farewell."

Little did the sisters dream as they loitered homeward, that the soldier ran past them, reached the castle, and climbed the staircase that led to his little bedroom. When, slowly and wearily, they reached the door of the hall where they slept, they heard loud snores coming from his room. "Ah, safe once more!" they exclaimed, and they undid their silk gowns, and their ribbons and jewels, and kicked off their little worn-out shoes. Then each went to her white bed, and in less than a minute was sound asleep.

The next morning the soldier told nothing of his wonderful adventure, for he thought he would like again to follow the princesses in their wanderings. And this he did a second and a third time, and each night the twelve sisters danced until their slippers were riddled with holes. The third night the soldier carried off a goblet, as a sign that he had visited the castle across the lake.

When next day he was brought before the King, to tell where the twelve dancing princesses held their night-frolic, the soldier took with him the twig with its silver leaves, the twig with its leaves of gold, and the twig whose leaves were of diamonds. He took, too, the goblet.

"If you would live, young man," said the King, "answer me this: How comes it that my daughters' slippers morning after morning are danced into holes? Tell me, where have the princesses spent the three last nights?"

"With twelve princes in an underground castle," was the unexpected reply.

And when the soldier told his story, and held up the three twigs and the goblet to prove the truth of what he said, the King sent for his daughters.

In the twelve sisters tripped, with no pity in their hearts for "the old snorer," as they called the soldier; but when their eyes fell upon the twigs and the goblet they all turned white as lilies, for they knew that their secret night-frolics were now at an end for ever.

"Tell your tale," said the King to the soldier. But before he could speak, the princesses wrung their hands, crying, "Alack! alack!" and their

father knew that at last he had discovered their secret.

Then turning to the soldier, the King said: "You have indeed won your prize. Which of my daughters do you choose as your wife?"

"I am no longer young," replied the soldier. "Let me marry the eldest princess."

So that very day the wedding bells pealed loud and far, and a few years later the old soldier and his bride were proclaimed King and Queen.

EDWY AND THE ECHO

It was in the time of good Queen Anne, when none of the trees in the great forest of Norwood, near London, had begun to be cut down, that a very rich gentleman and lady lived in that neighborhood. Their name was Lawley, and they had a fine old house and large garden with a wall all round it. The woods were so close to this garden that some of the high trees spread their branches over the top of the wall.

Now this lady and gentleman were very proud and very grand. They despised all people poorer than themselves, and there were none whom they despised more than the gypsies, who lived in the forest round about them.

There was no place in all England then so full of gypsies as the forest of Norwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawley had been married many years without having children. At length they had a son, whom they called Edwy. They could not make enough of their only child or dress him too finely.

When he was just old enough to run about without help, he used to wear his trousers inlaid with the finest lace, with golden studs and laced robings. He had a plume of feathers in his cap, which was of velvet, with a button of gold to fasten it up in front under the feathers. He looked so fine that whoever saw him with the servants who attended him used to say, "Whose child is that?"

He was a pretty boy, too, and when his first sorrow came he was still too young to have learned any proud ways.

No one is so rich as to be above the reach of trouble, and when at last it came to Mr. and Mrs. Lawley it was all the more terrible.

One day the proud parents had been away some hours visiting a friend a few miles distant. On their return Edwy was nowhere to be found. His waiting-maid was gone, and had taken away his finest clothes. At least, these also were missing.

The poor father and mother were almost beside

themselves with grief. All the gentlemen and magistrates round about helped in the search and tried to discover who had stolen him. But it was all in vain. Of course the gypsies were suspected and well examined, but nothing could be made of it.

Nor was it ever found out how the child had been carried off. But carried off he had been by the gypsies, and taken away to a country among hills between Worcester and Hereford.

In that country was a valley with a river running deep at the bottom. There were many trees and bushes, rocks and caves and holes there. Indeed, it was the best possible place for the haunt of wild people.

To this place the gypsies carried the little boy, and there they kept him all the following winter, warm in a hut with some of their own children.

They stripped him of his velvet and feathers and lace and golden clasps and studs, and clothed him in rags and daubed his fair skin with mud. But they fed him well, and after a little while he was quite happy and contented.

Perhaps the cunning gypsies hoped that during the long months of winter the child would quite forget the few words he had learned to speak distinctly in his father's house. They thought he would forget to call himself Edwy, or to cry, "Oh, mamma, mamma, papa, papa! come to little Edwy!" as he so often did. They taught him that his name was not Edwy, but Jack, or Tom, or some such name. And they made him say "mam" and "dad" and call himself the gypsy boy, born in a barn.

But after he had learned all these words, whenever anything hurt or frightened him, he would cry again, "Mamma, papa, come to Edwy!"

The gypsies could not take him out with them while there was a danger of his crying like that. So he never went with them on their rounds of begging and buying rags and telling fortunes,

Instead, he was left in the hut, in the valley, with some big girl or old woman to look after him.

It happened one day, in the month of May, that Edwy was left as usual in the hut. He had been up before sunrise to breakfast with those who were going out for their day's begging and stealing. After they had left, he had fallen asleep on a bed of dry leaves. Only one old woman, who was too lame to tramp, was left with him.

He slept long, and when he awoke he sat up on his bed of leaves and looked about him to see who was with him. He saw no one within the hut, and no one at the doorway.

Little children do not like to be quite alone. Edwy listened to hear if there were any voices outside, but he heard nothing but the rush of a waterfall close by, and the distant cry of sheep and lambs. The next thing the little one did was to get up and go out at the door of the hut.

The hut was built of rude rafters in the front of a cave or hole in the rock. It was low down in the glen, at the edge of the brook, a little below the waterfall. When the child came out he looked anxiously for somebody, and was more and more frightened when he could find no one at all.

The old woman must have been close at hand although out of sight, but she was deaf, and did not hear the noise made by the child when he came out of the hut.

Edwy did not remember how long he stood by the brook, but this is certain, that the longer he felt himself to be alone the more frightened he became. Then he began to fancy terrible things. At the top of the rock from which the waters fell there was a huge old yew-tree, or rather bush, which hung forward over the fall. It looked very black in comparison with the tender green of the other trees, and the white, glittering spray of the water.

Edwy looked at it and fancied that it moved. His eye was deceived by the dancing motion of the water. While he looked and looked, some great black bird came out from the midst of it, uttering a harsh, croaking sound.

The little boy could bear no more. He turned away from the terrible bush and the terrible bird, and ran down the valley, leaving hut and all behind. And, as he ran, he cried, as he always did when hurt or frightened, "Papa, mamma! oh, come! oh, come to Edwy!"

He ran and ran while his little bare feet were bruised with pebbles, and his legs torn with briars. Very soon he came to where the valley became narrower and the rocks and banks higher on either side. The brook ran along between, and a

path went in a line with the brook; but this path was only used by the gypsies and a few poor cottagers, and was but a lonely road.

As Edwy ran he still cried, "Mamma, mamma, papa, papa! oh, come! oh, come to Edwy!" And he kept up this cry from time to time, till his young voice began to be returned in a sort of hollow murmur.

When first he noticed this, he was even more frightened than before. He stood and looked round. Then he turned with his back toward the hut and ran and ran again until he got deeper in among the rocks. Then he stopped again, for the high black banks frightened him still more, and setting up his young voice he called again as he had done before.

He had scarcely finished his cry, when a voice seemed to answer him. It said, "Come, come to Edwy!" It said it once, it said it twice, it said it a third time. But it seemed each time more distant.

The child looked up and down, and all around, and in his terror he cried more loudly, "Oh, papa, mamma! come, come to poor Edwy!"

It was an echo, the echo of the rocks which repeated the words of the child. The more loudly he spoke, the more perfect was the echo. But he could only catch the last few words, and this time he only heard, "Poor, poor Edwy!"

Edwy still dimly remembered a far-away happy home, and kind parents, and now he believed that what the echo said came from them. They were calling to him, and saying, "Poor, poor Edwy!" But where could they be? Were they in the caves, or at the top of the rocks, or in the blue bright heavens?

He looked at the rocks and the sky, and down among the reeds and sedges and alders by the side of the brook, but he could find no one.

After a while he called again, and called louder still.

"Come, come," was the cry again, "Edwy is lost! lost! lost!"

Echo repeated the last words as before, "Lost! lost! lost!" and now the voice sounded from behind him, for he had moved round a corner of a rock.

The child heard the voice behind, and turned and ran that way. Then he stopped and heard it again in the opposite direction. Next he shrieked from fear, and echo returned the shriek, finishing up with broken sounds which to Edwy's ears seemed as if some one a long way off was mocking him. His terror was now at its highest, and he did not know what to do, or where to go. Turning round, he began once more to run down the valley, and every step took him nearer the

THE ROAD.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



SOMEWHERE there 's a long white road
That ends nowhere at all.
It leads from winter into spring,
From summer through the fall.

Somewhere the grass is fresh and green,
And gentle breezes blow.
Somewhere the wind is sharp and keen,
And the fields are white with snow.

mouth of the glen and the entrance to the great highroad.

And who had been driving along that road, in a fine carriage with four horses, but Edwy's own papa and mamma!

Mr. and Mrs. Lawley had given up all hopes of finding their little boy near Norwood, and they had set out in their coach to go all over the country in search of him. They had come the day before to a town near to the place where the gypsies had kept Edwy all the winter. There they had made many inquiries, and asked about the gypsies who were to be found in that country. But people were afraid of the gypsies, and did not like to say anything which might bring trouble upon themselves.

The poor father and mother, therefore, could get no news there, and the next morning they came across the country, and along the road into which the gypsies' valley opened.

Wherever these unhappy parents saw a wild country full of woods, they thought, if possible, more than ever of their lost child, and Mrs. Lawley would begin to weep. Indeed, she had done little else since she lost her boy.

The travelers first caught sight of the gypsies' valley as the coach arrived at the top of a high hill. The descent on the other side was so steep that it was thought right to put a drag on the wheels.

Mr. Lawley suggested that they should get out and walk down the hill, so the coach stopped and every one got down from it. Mr. Lawley walked first, followed closely by his servant William, and Mrs. Lawley came after, leaning on the arm of her favorite little maid Barbara.

"Oh, Barbara!" said Mrs. Lawley, when the others were gone forward, "when I remember all the pretty ways of my boy, and think of his lovely face and gentle temper, and of the way in which I lost him, my heart is ready to break."

"Oh, dear mistress," answered the little maid, "who knows but that our grief may soon be at an end and we may find him yet and all will be well."

Mr. Lawley walked on before with the servant. He too was thinking of his boy as he looked up the wild lonely valley. He saw a raven rise from the wood and heard its croaking noise—it was perhaps the same black bird that had frightened Edwy.

William remarked to his master that there was a sound of falling water and that there must be brooks running into the valley. Mr. Lawley, however, was too sad to talk to his servant. He could only say, "I don't doubt it," and then they both walked on in silence.

They came to the bottom of the valley even before the carriage got there. They found that the brook crossed the road in that place, and that the road was carried over it by a little stone bridge.

Mr. Lawley stopped upon the bridge. He leaned on the low wall, and looked upon the dark mouth of the glen, William stood a little behind him.

William was young, and his sense of hearing was very quick. As he stood there he thought he heard a voice, but the rattling of the coach-wheels over the stony road prevented his hearing it distinctly. He heard the cry again, but the coach was coming nearer, and made it still more difficult for him to catch the sound.

His master was surprised the next moment to see him jump over the low parapet of the bridge and run up the narrow path which led to the glen.

It was the voice of Edwy and the answering echo which William had heard. He had got just far enough away from the sound of the coach-wheels at the moment when the echo returned poor little Edwy's wildest shriek.

The sound was fearful and unnatural, but William was not easily put out. He looked back to his master, and his look made Mr. Lawley at once leave the bridge and follow him, though hardly knowing why.

They both went up the glen, the man being some way in front of his master. Another cry and another answering echo again reached the ear of William. The young man once more looked round at his master and ran on. The last cry had been heard by Mr. Lawley, who followed as quickly as he could. But, as the valley turned and turned among the rocks, he soon lost sight of his servant.

Very soon Mr. Lawley came to the very place where the echo had most astonished Edwy, because the sound had seemed to come from opposite sides. Here he heard the cry again, and heard it distinctly. It was the voice of a child crying, "No! no! no! papa! mamma! Oh, come! oh, come!" and then a fearful shriek or laugh of some wild woman's voice.

Mr. Lawley rushed on, winding in and out between the rocks. Different voices, all repeated in strange confusion by the echoes, rang in his ears. But amid all these sounds he thought only of that one sad cry, "Papa! mamma! Oh, come! oh, come!"

Suddenly he came out to where he saw his servant again, and with him an old woman who looked like a witch. She held the hand of a little ragged child very firmly, though the baby strug-

gled hard to get free, crying, "Papa! mamma! Oh, come! oh, come!"

William was talking earnestly to the woman, and had got hold of the other hand of the child.

Mr. Lawley rushed on, trembling with hope and fear. Could this boy be his Edwy? William had entered his service since he had lost his child and could not therefore know the boy. He himself could not be sure—so strange, so altered did the baby look.

But Edwy knew his own papa in a moment. He could not run to meet him, for he was tightly held by the gypsy, but he cried, "Oh, papa! papa is come to Edwy!"

The old woman knew Mr. Lawley, and saw that the child knew him. She had been trying to persuade William that the boy was her grandchild. But it was no use now. She let the child's hand go, and, while he was flying to his father's arms, she disappeared into some well-known hole or hollow in the neighboring rocks.

Who can describe the feelings of the father when he felt the arms of his long-lost boy clinging round his neck, and the little heart beating against his own? Or who could say what the mother felt when she saw her husband come out from the mouth of the valley, bearing in his arms the little ragged child? Could this be her own baby, her Edwy? She could hardly be sure of her happiness till the boy held out his arms to her and cried, "Mamma! mamma!"

Before they got into the coach the happy parents knelt down upon the grass to thank God for his goodness. There was no pride now in their hearts and they never forgot the lesson they had learned.

In their beautiful home at Norwood they were soon as much loved and respected as they had been feared and disliked. Even the gypsies in time became their faithful friends, and Edwy was as safe in the forest as in his own garden at home.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A VINEGAR-BOTTLE

THERE was once upon a time a little old woman who lived in a vinegar-bottle. One day, as she was sweeping out her house, she found a silver coin, and she thought she should like to buy a fish.

So off she went to the place where the fishermen were casting their nets. When she got there the nets had just been drawn up, and there was only one little fish in them. So the fishermen let her have that for her silver piece.

But, as she was carrying it home, the little fish opened its mouth and said: "Pray, good woman, throw me into the water again. I am but a very little fish, and I shall make you a very poor supper. Pray, good woman, throw me into the water again!"

So the little old woman had pity on the little fish, and threw it into the water.

But hardly had she done so before the water began to bubble and a little fairy stood beside her. "My good woman," she said, "I am the little fish you threw into the water, and, as you were so kind to me when I was in trouble, I promise to give you anything that you wish for."

Then the little old woman thanked the fairy very much, but said she did not want for anything. She lived in a nice little vinegar-bottle with a ladder to go up and down, and had all she wished for.

"Well," said the fairy, "if at any time you want anything, you have only to come to the

waterside and call 'Fairy, fairy,' and I shall appear, to answer you."

So the little old woman went home, and she lay awake all night trying to think of something she wanted. And the next morning she went to the waterside and called "Fairy, fairy"; and the water bubbled, and the little fairy stood beside her.

"What do you want, good woman?" she said.

And the little old woman answered: "You were so kind, ma'am, as to promise that you would give me anything I wished for, because I threw you into the water when you were but a little fish. Now, if you please, ma'am, I should like a little cottage. For you must know I live in a vinegar-bottle, and I find it very tiresome to have to go up and down a ladder every time I go in and out of my house."

"Go home and you shall have one," said the fairy.

So the little old woman went home, and there she found a nice whitewashed cottage, with roses climbing round the windows.

She was very happy, and thought she would never want anything more; but after a while she grew discontented again.

So back she went to the waterside and called "Fairy, fairy"; and the water bubbled, and the little fairy stood beside her.

"What do you want, good woman?" she said.

And the little old woman answered: "You have been very kind, ma'am, in giving me a house, and now, if you please, ma'am, I would like some new furniture. For the furniture I had in the vinegar-bottle looks very shabby now that it is in the pretty little cottage."

"Go home and you shall have some," said the fairy.

So the little old woman went home, and there she found her cottage filled with nice new furniture, a stool and table, a neat little four-post bed with blue-and-white checked curtains, and an armchair covered with flowered chintz.

She was very happy, and thought she would never want anything more; but after a while she grew discontented again.

So back she went to the waterside and called "Fairy, fairy"; and the water bubbled, and the little fairy stood beside her.

"What do you want, good woman?" she said.

And the little old woman answered: "You have been very kind, ma'am, in giving me a house and furniture, and now, if you please, ma'am, I would like some new clothes. For I find that the clothes I wore in the vinegar-bottle are not nearly good enough for the mistress of such a pretty little cottage."

Then the fairy said, "Go home and you shall have some."

So the little old woman went home, and there she found all her old clothes changed to new ones. There was a silk dress and a flowered apron, and a grand lace cap and high-heeled shoes.

Well, she was very happy, and she thought she should never want anything more; but after a while she grew discontented again.

So back she went to the waterside and called "Fairy, fairy"; and the water bubbled, and the little fairy stood beside her.

"What do you want, good woman?" she said.

And the little old woman answered: "You have been very kind, ma'am, in giving me a house and furniture and clothes; and now, if you please, I should like a maid. For I find when I have to do the work of the house that my new clothes get very dirty."

Then the fairy said, "Go home and you shall have one."

So the little old woman went home, and there she found at the door a neat little maid with a broom in her hand, all ready to sweep the floor.

This made her very happy, and she thought she would never want anything more; but after a while she grew discontented again.

So back she went to the waterside and called "Fairy, fairy"; and the water bubbled, and the little fairy stood beside her.

"What do you want, good woman?" she said.

And the little old woman answered: "You have been very kind, ma'am, in giving me a house and furniture, and clothes, and a maid; and now, if you please, I should like a pony. For when I go out walking my new clothes get very much splashed with the mud."

Then the fairy said, "Go home and you shall have one."

So the little old woman went home, and there she saw at the door a little pony all ready bridled and saddled for her to ride.

She was very happy, and thought she would never want anything more; but after a while she grew discontented again.

So back she went to the waterside and called "Fairy, fairy"; and the water bubbled, and the little fairy stood beside her.

"What do you want, my good woman?" she said.

And the little old woman answered: "You have been very kind, ma'am, in giving me a house and furniture, and clothes, and a maid, and a pony; and now, if you please, ma'am, I should like a covered cart. For I find that my new clothes get quite as muddy riding as walking."

Then the fairy said, "Go home and you will find one."

So the little old woman went home, and there she found her pony harnessed into a nice little covered cart.

She had hardly seen the cart, when back she ran to the waterside, calling "Fairy, fairy"; and the water bubbled, and the little fairy stood beside her.

"What do you want, good woman?" said she.

And the little old woman answered: "You have been very kind, ma'am, in giving me a house and furniture, and clothes, and a maid, and a pony and a cart; but now, if you please, ma'am, I should like a coach and six. For it is like all the farmers' wives to ride about in a cart."

Then the fairy said: "Oh, you discontented little old woman! The more I give you, the more you want. Go back to your vinegar-bottle."

So the little old woman went home, and she found everything gone—her cart, and her pony, and her maid, and her clothes, and her furniture, and her house. Nothing remained but the little old vinegar-bottle, with the ladder to get up the side.

THE SNOW QUEEN

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy called Kay. And there was a little girl. Her name was Gerda.

They were not brother and sister, this little boy and girl, but they lived in tiny attics next door to one another.

When they were not playing together, Gerda spent her time peeping at Kay, through one of the little panes in her window. And Kay peeped back at Gerda.

Outside each attic was a tiny balcony, just big enough to hold two little stools and a window-box. Often Gerda would step out of her attic window into the balcony, carrying with her a three-legged wooden stool. Then she would climb over the low wall that separated her from Kay.

And there in Kay's balcony the two children would sit and play together, or tell fairy tales, or tend the flowers that bloomed so gaily in the window-box.

At other times it was Kay who would bound over the low wall into Gerda's balcony, and there, too, the little boy and girl were as happy as though they had been in Fairyland.

In each little window-box grew a rose-bush, and the bloom and the scent of the red roses they bore gave Kay and Gerda more delight than you can imagine; and all her life long a red rose remained little Gerda's favorite flower.

But it was not always summer-time, and when cold, frosty winter came, and the Snow Queen sailed down on the large white snowflakes from a gray sky, then no flowers bloomed in the window-boxes. And the balcony was so slippery that the children dared not venture to step out of their attic windows, but had to run down one long flight of stairs and up another to be able to play together.

Sometimes, though, Kay stayed in his own little room and Gerda stayed in hers, gazing and gazing at the lovely pictures of castles, and mountains, and sea, and flowers that the Snow Queen had drawn on the window-panes as she passed.

But now that the little panes of glass were covered with pictures, how could Kay and Gerda peep at each other from the attic windows?

Ah, they had a plan, and a very good plan, too. Kay would heat a penny on the stove, and then press it against the window-pane, and so make little round peep-holes. Then he would put his eye to one of these little rounds and—what did he see? A bright black eye peeping from Gerda's at-

tic, for she, too, had heated a penny and made peep-holes in her window.

It was in winter, too, when the children could not play together on the balcony, that Gerda's grandmother told them stories of the Snow Queen.

One night, as Kay was undressing to go to bed, he climbed on a chair and peeped out of one of his little round holes, and there, on the edge of the window-box, were a few big snowflakes. And as the little boy watched them, the biggest grew bigger and bigger, until it grew into a white lady of glittering, dazzling ice. Her eyes shone like two bright stars.

"It must be the Snow Queen," thought Kay, and at that moment the white lady nodded to him, and waved her hand, and as he jumped from his chair, he fancied she flew past the window. "It must be the Snow Queen." Would he ever see her again?

At last the white winter melted away and green spring burst upon the earth. Then once more summer—warm, bright, beautiful summer.

It was at five o'clock, one sunny afternoon, that Kay and Gerda sat together on their little stools in the balcony, looking at a picture-book.

"Oh!" cried Kay suddenly, "oh, there is something sharp in my eye, and I have such a pain in my heart!"

Gerda put her arms round Kay's neck and looked into his eye.

"I can see nothing, Kay dear."

"Oh! it is gone now," said the boy, and they turned again to the picture-book.

But something had flown into Kay's eye, and it was not gone; a little bit had reached his heart, and it was still there. Listen, and I will tell you what had happened.

There was about this time a most marvelous mirror in the world. It belonged to the worst hobgoblin that ever lived, and had been made by his wicked little demons.

Those who looked into this mirror saw reflected there all the mean and ugly people and things in the world, and not one beautiful sight could they see. And the thoughts of those who looked into this mirror became as mean and ugly as the people and things they saw.

This delighted the hobgoblin, who ordered his little demons to carry the mirror all over the world and to do as much mischief with it as they could.

But one day, when they had traveled far, the mirror slipped from the hands of the little imps, and fell to earth, shivered into hundreds of thousands of millions of bits. Then it did more harm

than ever, for the tiny pieces, some no bigger than a grain of sand, were blown all over the world, and often flew in people's eyes, and sometimes even found their way into their hearts.

And when a big person or a child had a little bit of this magic mirror in his eye, he saw only what was mean and ugly; and if the tiniest grain of the glass reached his heart, alas! alas! it froze all the kindness and gentleness and love that was there, and the heart became like a lump of ice.

This is what had happened to poor little Kay. One tiny bit of the magic mirror had flown into his eye; another had entered his heart.

"How horrid you look, Gerda. Why are you crying? And oh, see the worm in that rose. Roses are ugly, and so are window-boxes." And Kay kicked the window-box, and knocked two roses from the rose-bush.

"Kay dear, what is the matter?" asked Gerda.

The little boy did not answer, but broke off another rose, and then, without saying good-by, stepped in at his own window, leaving Gerda alone.

The next time the little girl brought out the picture-book, Kay tore the leaves, and when the grandmother told them a story, he interrupted her and made ugly faces. And he would tread on Gerda's toes and pull her hair, and make faces at her, too.

"How cruel little Kay grows," said his friends; for he mocked the old people and ill-treated those who were weak. And all through the blue summer and the yellow autumn Kay teased little Gerda, or left her that he might play with the bigger children in the town.

But it was when winter came, and the big white snowflakes once more fell from a gray sky, that Gerda felt loneliest, for Kay now drew on his thick gloves, slung his little sledge across his back, and marched off alone. "I am going to ride in the square," he shouted in her ear as he passed. But Gerda could not answer; she could only think of the winters that had gone, when she and Kay always sat side by side in that same little sledge. How happy they had been! Oh, why, why had he not taken her with him?

Kay walked briskly to the square, and there he watched the bolder of the boys tie their sledges to the farmers' carts. With what glee they felt themselves being drawn over the snow-covered ground! When they reached the town gates they would jump out, unfasten their sledges, and return to the square to begin the fun all over again.

Kay was thinking how much he would like to tie his little sledge behind a cart, when a big sledge, painted white, drove by. In it sat some

one muffled in a white fur coat and cap. Twice the sledge drove round the square.

As it passed Kay the second time, he quickly fastened on his little sledge behind, and in a moment found himself flying through the streets. What fun! On and on through snowdrifts, bounding over ditches, rushing down hills, faster and faster they flew.

Little Kay grew frightened. Twice he tried to unfasten the string that tied his sledge to the other, but both times the white driver turned round and nodded to him to sit still. At last they had driven through the town gates. The snow fell so heavily that it blinded him. Now he could not see where they were going, and Kay grew more frightened still. He tried to say his prayers, but could only remember the multiplication table. Bigger and bigger grew the snowflakes, till they seemed like large white birds. Then, suddenly, the sledge stopped. The driver stood up. She was a tall lady, dazzlingly white. Her eyes shone like two stars. She was the Snow Queen.

"It is cold," said the white lady; "come into my sledge. Now, creep inside my furs."

Kay did as he was told, but he felt as if he had fallen into a snowdrift.

"You are still cold," said the Snow Queen, and she kissed his forehead. Her lips were like ice, and Kay shivered and felt the old pain at his heart. But only for a minute, for the Snow Queen kissed him again, and then he forgot the pain, and he forgot Gerda, and he forgot his grandmother and his old home, and had not a thought for anything or any one but the Snow Queen.

He had no fear of her now, no, not although they flew up and up on a dark cloud, away over woods and lakes, over rivers, islands, and seas. No, he was not afraid, although the cold wind whistled around them, and beneath the wild wolves howled. Kay did not care.

Above them the moon shone bright and clear. All night long the boy would gaze at it and the twinkling stars, but by day he slept at the feet of the Snow Queen.

But what of little Gerda?

Poor child, she watched and she waited and she wondered, but Kay did not come, and nobody could tell her where he was. The boys had seen him drive out of the town gates behind a big sledge painted white. But no one had heard of him since.

Little Gerda cried bitterly. Perhaps Kay was drowned in the river. Oh, what a long, cold winter that was! But spring came at last, bright

TWINS.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



HERE 's a baby! Here 's another!
A sister and her infant brother.

Which is which 't is hard to tell,
But "mother" knows them very well.



FUN AND NONSENSE PICTURES FOR LITTLE FOLK—X.

spring with its golden sunshine and its singing birds.

"Kay is dead," said Gerda.

"Kay dead? It is not true," said the sunshine.

"Kay dead? We do not believe it," twittered the swallows.

And neither did little Gerda believe it.

"I will put on my new red shoes," said the child one morning, "and go to the river and ask it about Kay." So she put on her little red shoes, and kissed her old grandmother who was still asleep, and wandered alone, out beyond the town gates, and down to the river-bank.

"Have you taken my little playfellow?" she asked. "I will give you these if you will bring him back to me," and she flung her little shoes into the river.

They fell close to the bank and the little waves tossed them back on to the dry pebbles at her feet. "We do not want you, we will keep Kay," they seemed to say.

"Perhaps I did not throw them far enough," thought Gerda; and, stepping into a boat that lay among the rushes, she flung the red shoes with all her might into the middle of the river.

But the boat was not fastened and it glided out from among the rushes. Soon it was drifting faster and faster down the river. The little shoes floated behind.

"Perhaps I am going to little Kay," thought Gerda, as she was carried farther and farther down the river. How pretty it was! Trees waved and flowers nodded on its banks. Sheep grazed and cattle browsed, but not one soul, big or little, was to be seen.

After a long time Gerda came to a cherry-garden which stretched down to the river-bank. At the end of this garden stood a tiny cottage with a thatched roof, and with red, blue, and yellow glass windows.

On either side of the door stood a wooden soldier. Gerda thought the soldiers were alive, and shouted to them.

The wooden soldiers, of course, did not hear, but an old, old woman, who lived in the tiny house, wondered who it could be that called. She hobbled out, leaning on her hooked stick. On her head she wore a big sun-hat, and on it were painted beautiful flowers.

"You poor child," said the old, old woman, walking straight into the river, and catching hold of the boat with her hooked stick; "you poor dear!" And she pulled the boat ashore and lifted out little Gerda on to the green grass.

Gerda was delighted to be on dry land again, but she was a little bit afraid of the old, old

woman, who now asked her who she was and where she came from.

"I am looking for Kay, little Kay. Have you seen him?" began Gerda, and she went on to tell the old, old woman the whole story of her playmate and his strange disappearance. When she had finished, she asked again, "Have you seen him?"

"No," said the old, old woman, "but I expect him. Come in," and she took little Gerda by the hand. "Come to my house and taste my cherries." And when they had gone into the cottage, the old, old woman locked the door. Then she gave Gerda a plate of the most delicious cherries, and while the little girl ate them, the old, old woman combed her hair with a golden comb.

Now this old, old woman was a witch, and the comb was a magic comb, for as soon as it touched her hair, Gerda forgot all about Kay. And this was just what the witch wished, for she was a lonely old woman, and would have liked Gerda to become her own little girl and stay with her always.

Gerda did enjoy the red cherries, and, while she was still eating them, the old, old woman stole out to the garden and waved her hooked stick over the rose-bushes and they quickly sank beneath the brown earth. For Gerda had told her how fond Kay had once been of their little rose-bushes in the balcony, and the witch was afraid the sight of roses would remind the little girl of her lost playmate. But now that the roses had vanished, Gerda might come into the garden.

How the child danced for joy past the lilies and bluebells, how she suddenly fell on her knees to smell the pinks and mignonette, and then danced off again, in and out among the sunflowers and hollyhocks!

Gerda was perfectly happy now, and played among the flowers until the sun sank behind the cherry-trees. Then the old, old woman again took her by the hand, and led her to the little house. And she undressed her and put her into a little bed of white violets, and there the little girl dreamed sweet dreams.

The next day and the next again and for many more Gerda played among the flowers in the garden.

One morning, as the old woman sat near, Gerda looked at her hat with the wonderful painted flowers. Prettiest of all was a rose.

"A rose! Why, surely I have seen none in the garden," thought Gerda, and she danced off in search.

But she could find none, and in her disappointment hot tears fell. And they fell on the very spot where the roses had grown, and as soon as

the warm drops moistened the earth, the rose-bushes sprang up.

"You are beautiful, beautiful," she said; but in a moment the tears fell again, for she thought of the rose-bushes in the balcony, and she remembered Kay.

"Oh Kay, dear, dear Kay, is he dead?" she asked the roses.

"No, he is not dead," they answered, "for we have been beneath the brown earth, and he is not there."

"Then where, oh, where is he?" and she went from flower to flower whispering, "Have you seen little Kay?"

But the flowers stood in the sunshine, dreaming their own dreams, and these they told the little maiden gladly, but of Kay they could not tell her, for they knew nothing.

Then the little girl ran down the garden path until she came to the garden gate. She pressed the rusty latch. The gate flew open, and Gerda ran out on her little bare feet into the green fields. And she ran, and she ran, until she could run no longer. Then she sat down on a big stone to rest.

"Why, it must be autumn," she said sorrowfully, as she looked around. And little Gerda felt sorry that she had stayed so long in the magic garden, where it was always summer.

"Why have I not been seeking little Kay?" she asked herself, and she jumped up and trudged along, on and on, out into the great wide world.

At last the cold white winter came again, and still little Gerda was wandering alone through the wide world, for she had not found little Kay.

"Caw, caw," said a big raven that hopped on the stone in front of her. "Caw, caw."

"Have you seen little Kay?" asked Gerda, and she told the bird her sad story.

"It may have been Kay," said the raven, "I cannot tell. But if it was, he will have forgotten you now that he lives with the princess."

"Does he live with a princess?" asked Gerda.

"Yes, he does. If you care to listen, I will tell you how it came about. In this kingdom lives a princess so clever that she has read all the newspapers in the world, and forgotten them again. Last winter she made up her mind to marry. Her husband, she said, must speak well. He must know the proper thing to say, and say it prettily. Otherwise she would not marry. I assure you what I say is perfectly true, for I have a tame sweetheart who lives at court, and she told me the whole story."

"One day it was published in the newspapers that any handsome young man might go to the

palace to speak to the princess. The one who spoke most prettily and answered most wisely should be chosen as her husband. What a stir there was! Young men flocked to the palace in crowds, chattering as they came. But when they saw the great staircase, and the soldiers in their silver uniform, and the grand ladies in velvet and lace, they could only talk in whispers. And when they were led before the beautiful princess, who was seated on a pearl as big as a spinning-wheel, they were silent. She spoke to them, but they could think of nothing to say, so they repeated her last words over and over again. The princess did not like that, and she——"

"But Kay, little Kay, did he come?" interrupted Gerda.

"You are in too great a hurry," said the raven; "I am just coming to that. On the third day came a boy with sparkling eyes and golden hair, but his clothes were shabby. He——"

"Oh, that would be Kay. Dear, dear Kay, I have found him at last."

"He had a knapsack on his back, and——"

"No, it must have been a sledge," again interrupted Gerda.

"I said he had a knapsack on his back, and he wore boots that creaked, but——"

"Oh, then it must be Kay, for he had new boots. I heard them creak through our attic wall when——"

"Little girl, do not interrupt, but listen to me. He wore boots that creaked, but even that did not frighten him. He creaked up the great staircase, he passed the soldiers in silver uniform, he bowed to the ladies in velvet and lace, and still he was quite at his ease. And when he was led before the beautiful princess who was seated on a pearl as big as a spinning-wheel, he answered so prettily and spoke so wisely that she chose him as her husband."

"Indeed, indeed it was Kay," said little Gerda. "He was so clever. He could do arithmetic up to long division. Oh, take me to him."

"I will see what can be done," said the raven. "I will talk about it to my tame sweetheart. She will certainly be able to advise us. Wait here by the stile," and the raven wagged his head and flew off.

It was growing dark before he returned. "Here is a roll my tame sweetheart sent you. 'The little maiden must be hungry,' she said. As for your going to the palace with those bare feet—the thing is impossible. The soldiers in silver uniform would not let you go up the great stair. But do not cry. My sweetheart knows a little back staircase. She will take you to the prince and princess. Follow me."

On tiptoe little Gerda followed the raven, as he hopped across the snow-covered field and up the long avenue that led to the palace garden. And in the garden they waited silently until the last light had gone out. Then they turned along the bare walk that led to the back door. It stood wide open.

Oh, how little Gerda's heart beat, as on the tips of her little bare toes she followed the raven up the dimly lighted back staircase!

On the landing at the top burned a small lamp. Beside it stood the tame sweetheart.

Gerda curtsied as her grandmother had taught her.

"He," said the tame sweetheart, nodding to the raven of the field, "he has told me your story. It has made me sad. But if you carry the lamp, I will lead the way, and then we shall see——"

"We shall see little Kay," murmured Gerda.

"Hush! we shall see what we shall see," said the tame sweetheart.

Through room after room Gerda followed her strange guide, her heart thumping and thumping so loudly that she was afraid some one in the palace would hear it and wake.

At last they came to a room in which stood two little beds, one white and one red. The tame sweetheart nodded to the little girl.

Poor Gerda! she was trembling all over, as she peeped at the little head that rested on the pillow of the white bed.

Oh! that was the princess.

Gerda turned to the little red bed. The prince was lying on his face, but the hair, surely it was Kay's hair. She drew down the little red coverlet until she saw a brown neck. Yes! it was Kay's neck, she felt sure.

"Kay, Kay, it is I, little Gerda, wake, wake."

And the prince awoke. He turned his head. He opened his eyes—and—alas! alas! it was not little Kay.

Then Gerda cried and cried as if her heart would break. She cried until she awoke the princess, who started up bewildered.

"Who are you, little girl, and where do you come from, and what do you want?"

"Oh, I want Kay, little Kay, do you know where he is?" And Gerda told the princess all her story, and of what the ravens had done to help her.

"Poor little child," said the princess, "how sad you must feel!"

"And how tired," said the prince, and he jumped out of his little red bed, and made Gerda lie down.

The little girl was grateful indeed. She folded her hands and was soon fast asleep.

And Gerda dreamed of Kay. She saw him sitting in his little sledge, and it was dragged by angels. But it was only a dream, and, when she awoke, her little playmate was as far away as ever.

The ravens were now very happy, for the princess said that, although they must never again lead any one to the palace by the back staircase, this time they should be rewarded. They should for the rest of their lives live together in the palace garden, and be known as the court ravens, and be fed from the royal kitchen.

When little Gerda awoke from her dreams, she saw the sunbeams stealing across her bed. It was time to get up.

The court ladies dressed the little girl in silk and velvet, and the prince and princess asked her to stay with them at the palace. But Gerda begged for a little carriage, and a horse, and a pair of boots, that she might again go out into the great wide world to seek little Kay.

So they gave her a pair of boots and a muff, and when she was dressed, there before the door stood a carriage of pure gold. The prince himself helped Gerda to step in, and the princess waved to her as she drove off.

But although Gerda was now a grand little girl, she was very lonely. The coachman and footman in the scarlet and gold livery did not speak a word. She was glad when the field raven flew to the carriage and perched by her side. He explained that his wife, for he was now married, would have come also, but she had eaten too much breakfast and was not well. But at the end of three miles the raven said good-by, and flapping his shiny black wings, flew into an elm. There he watched the golden carriage till it could no longer be seen.

Poor Gerda was lonely as ever! There were gingernuts and sugar-biscuits and fruit in the carriage, but these could not comfort the little girl.

When would she find Kay?

In a dark forest lived a band of wild robbers. Among them was an old robber-woman, with shaggy eyebrows and no teeth. She had one little daughter.

"Look, look! what is that?" cried the little robber-girl one afternoon, as something like a moving torch gleamed through the forest. It was Gerda's golden carriage. The robbers rushed toward it, drove away the coachman and the footman, and dragged out the little girl.

"How plump she is! You will taste nice, my dear," the old woman said to Gerda, as she drew out her long, sharp knife. It glittered horribly.

"Now, just stand still, so, and—oh! stop, I say, stop," screamed the old woman, for at that moment her daughter sprang upon her back and bit her ear. And there she hung like some savage little animal. "Oh, my ear, my ear, you bad, wicked child!" But the woman did not now try to kill Gerda.

Then the robber-child said, "Little girl, I want you myself, and I want to ride beside you." So together they stepped into the golden carriage and drove deep into the wood. "No one will hurt you now, unless I get angry with you," said the robber-girl, putting her arm round Gerda. "Are you a princess?"

"No," said Gerda, and she told the robber-girl all her story. "Have you seen little Kay?" she ended.

"Never," said the robber-girl, "never." Then she looked at Gerda and added, "No one shall kill you even if I am angry with you. I shall do it myself." And she dried Gerda's eyes. "Now this is nice," and she lay back, her red hands in Gerda's warm, soft muff.

At last the carriage stopped at a robber's castle. It was a ruin. The robber-girl led Gerda into a large, old hall and gave her a basin of hot soup. "You shall sleep there to-night," she said, "with me and my pets."

Gerda looked where the robber-girl pointed, and saw that in one corner of the room straw was scattered on the stone floor.

"Yes, you shall see my pets. Come, lie down now."

And little Gerda and the robber-girl lay down together on their straw bed. Above, perched on poles, were doves.

"Mine, all mine," said the little robber-girl. Jumping up, she seized the dove nearest her by the feet and shook it till its wings flapped. Then she slung it against Gerda's face. "Kiss it," she said. "Yes, all mine; and look," she went on, "he is mine, too;" and she caught by the horn a reindeer that was tied to the wall. He had a bright brass collar round his neck. "We have to keep him tied or he would run away. I tickle him every night with my sharp knife, and then he is afraid;" and the girl drew from a hole in the wall a long knife, and gently ran it across the reindeer's neck. The poor animal kicked, but the little robber-girl laughed, and then again lay down on her bed of straw.

"But," said Gerda, with terror in her eyes, "you are not going to sleep with that long, sharp knife in your hand?"

"Yes, I always do," replied the robber-girl; "one never knows what may happen. But tell me

again all about Kay, and about your journey through the wide world."

And Gerda told all her story over again. Then the little robber-girl put one arm round Gerda's neck, and with her long knife in the other, she fell sound asleep.

But Gerda could not sleep. How could she, with that sharp knife close beside her? She would try not to think of it. She would listen to the doves. "Coo, coo," they said. Then they came nearer.

"We have seen little Kay," they whispered. "He floated by above our nest in the Snow Queen's sledge. She blew upon us as she passed, and her icy breath killed many of us."

"But where was little Kay going? Where does the Snow Queen live?" asked Gerda.

"The reindeer can tell you everything," said the doves.

"Yes," said the reindeer, "I can tell you. Little Kay was going to the Snow Queen's palace, a splendid palace of glittering ice, away in Lapland."

"Oh, Kay, little Kay!" sighed Gerda.

"Lie still, or I shall stick my knife into you," said the little robber-girl.

And little Gerda lay still, but she did not sleep. In the morning she told the robber-girl what the doves and the reindeer had said.

The little robber-girl looked very solemn and thoughtful. Then she nodded her head importantly. At last she spoke, not to Gerda, but to the reindeer.

"I should like to keep you here always, tied by your brass collar to that wall. Then I should still tickle you with my knife, and have the fun of seeing you kick and struggle. But never mind. Do you know where Lapland is?"

Lapland! of course the reindeer knew. Had he not been born there? Had he not played in its snow-covered fields? As the reindeer thought of his happy childhood, his eyes danced.

"Would you like to go back to your old home?" asked the robber-girl.

The reindeer leaped into the air for joy.

"Very well, I will soon untie your chain. Mother is still asleep. Come along, Gerda. Now, I am going to put this little girl on your back, and you are to carry her safely to the Snow Queen's palace. She must find her little play-fellow." And the robber-girl lifted Gerda up and tied her on the reindeer's back, having first put a little cushion beneath her. "I must keep your muff, Gerda, but you can have mother's big, black mittens. Come, put your hands in. Oh, they do look ugly."

"I am going to Kay, little Kay," and Gerda cried for joy.

"There is nothing to whimper about," said the robber-girl. "Look! here are two loaves and a ham." Then she opened wide the door, loosened the reindeer's chain, and said, "Now run."

And the reindeer darted through the open door, Gerda waving her blackmittened hands, and the little robber-girl calling after the reindeer, "Take care of my little girl."

On and on they sped, over briers and bushes, through fields and forests and swamps. The wolves howled and the ravens screamed. But Gerda was happy. She was going to Kay.

The loaves and the ham were finished, and Gerda and the reindeer were in Lapland.

They stopped in front of a little hut. Its roof sloped down almost to the ground, and the door was so low that to get into the hut one had to creep on hands and knees. How the reindeer squeezed through I cannot tell, but there he was in the little hut, telling an old Lapp woman who was frying fish over a lamp, first his own story and then the sad story of Gerda and little Kay.

"Oh, you poor creatures," said the Lapp woman, "the Snow Queen is not in Lapland at present. She is hundreds of miles away at her palace in Finland. But I will give you a note to a Finn woman, and she will direct you better than I can." And the Lapp woman wrote a letter on a dried fish, as she had no paper.

Then, when Gerda had warmed herself by the lamp, the Lapp woman tied her on to the reindeer again, and they squeezed through the little door and were once more out in the wide world.

On and on they sped through the long night, while the blue northern lights flickered in the sky overhead, and the crisp snow crackled beneath their feet.

At last they reached Finland and knocked on the Finn woman's chimney, for she had no door at all. Then they squeezed down the chimney and found themselves in a very hot little room.

The old woman at once loosened Gerda's things, and took off her mittens and boots. Then she put ice on the reindeer's head. Now that her visitors were more comfortable she could look at the letter they brought. She read it three times and then put it in the fish-pot, for this old woman never wasted anything.

There was silence for five minutes, and then the reindeer again told his story first, and afterward the sad story of Gerda and little Kay.

Once more there was silence for five minutes, and then the Finn woman whispered to the reindeer. This is what she whispered: "Yes, little

Kay is with the Snow Queen, and thinks himself the happiest boy in the world. But that is because a little bit of the magic mirror is still in his eye, and another tiny grain remains in his heart. Until they come out, he can never be the old Kay. As long as they are there, the Snow Queen will have him in her power."

"But cannot you give Gerda power to overcome the Snow Queen?" whispered the reindeer.

"I cannot give her greater power than she has already. Her own loving heart has won the help of bird and beast and robber-girl, and it is that loving heart that will conquer the Snow Queen. But this you can do. Carry little Gerda to the palace garden. It is only two miles from here. You will see a bush covered with red berries. Leave Gerda there and hurry back to me."

Off sped the reindeer.

"Oh, my boots and my mittens!" cried Gerda.

But the reindeer would not stop. On he rushed through the snow until he came to the bush with the red berries. There he put Gerda down and kissed her, while tears trickled down his face. Then off he bounded, leaving the little girl standing barefoot on the crisp snow.

Gerda stepped forward. Huge snowflakes were coming to meet her. They did not fall from the sky. No, they were marching along the ground. And what strange shapes they took! Some looked like white hedgehogs, some like polar bears. They were the Snow Queen's soldiers.

Gerda grew frightened. But she did not run away. She folded her hands and closed her eyes. "Our Father which art in heaven," she began, but she could get no further. The cold was so great that she could not go on. She opened her eyes, and there, surrounding her, was a legion of bright little angels. They had been formed from her breath, as she prayed, "Our Father which art in heaven." And the bright little angels shivered into a hundred pieces the snowflake army, and Gerda walked on fearlessly toward the palace of the Snow Queen.

Little Kay sits alone in the great ice hall. He does not know that he is blue with cold, for the Snow Queen has kissed away the icy shiverings and left his heart with no more feeling than a lump of ice.

And this morning she has flown off to visit the countries of the south, where the grapes and the lemons grow.

"It is all so blue there," she had said, "I must go and cast my veil of white across their hills and meadows." And away she flew.

So Kay sits in the great ice hall alone. Chips of ice are his only playthings, and now he leaves

them on the ice-floor and goes to the window to gaze at the snowdrifts in the palace garden. Great gusts of wind swirl the snow past the windows. Kay can see nothing. He turns again to his ice toys.

Outside, little Gerda struggles through the biting wind, then, saying her morning prayer, she enters the vast hall. At a glance she sees the lonely boy. In a twinkling she knows it is Kay. Her little bare feet carry her like wings across the ice floor. Her arms are round his neck.

"Kay, dear, dear Kay!"

But Kay does not move. He is still and cold as the palace walls.

Little Gerda bursts into tears, hot, scalding tears. Her arms are yet round Kay's neck, and her tears fall upon his heart of ice. They thaw it. They reach the grain of glass, and it melts away.

And now Kay's tears fall hot and fast, and as they pour, the tiny bit of glass passes out of his eye, and he sees, he knows, his long-lost playmate.

"Little Gerda, little Gerda!" he cries, "where have you been, where have you been, where are we now?" and he shivers as he looks round the vast cold hall.

But Gerda kisses his white cheeks, and they grow rosy; she kisses his eyes, and they shine like stars; she kisses his hands and feet, and he is strong and glad.

Hand in hand they wander out of the ice palace. The winds hush, the sun bursts forth. They talk of their grandmother, of their rose-trees.

The reindeer has come back, and with him there waits another reindeer. They stand by the bush with the red berries.

The children bound on to their backs, and are carried first to the hut of the Finn woman, and then on to Lapland. The Lapp woman has new clothes ready for them, and brings out her sledge. Once more Kay and Gerda are sitting side by

side. The Lapp woman drives, and the two reindeer follow. On and on they speed through the white-robed land. But now they leave it behind. The earth wears her mantle of green.

"Good-by," they say to the kind Lapp woman; "good-by" to the gentle reindeer.

Together the children enter a forest. How strange and how sweet the song of the birds!

A young girl on horseback comes galloping toward them. She wears a scarlet cap, and has pistols in her belt. It is the robber-girl.

"So you have found little Kay."

Gerda smiles a radiant smile, and asks for the prince and princess.

"They are traveling far away."

"And the raven?"

"Oh, the raven is dead. But tell me what you have been doing, and where you found little Kay."

The three children sit down under a fir-tree, and Gerda tells of her journey through Lapland and Finland, and how at last she had found little Kay in the palace of the Snow Queen.

"Snip, snap, snorra!" shouts the robber-girl, which is her way of saying "Hurrah!" Then, promising that if ever she is near their town, she will pay them a visit, off she gallops into the wide world.

On wander the two children, on and on. At last they see the tall towers of the old town where they had lived together. Soon they come to the narrow street they remember so well. They climb the long, long stair, and burst into the little attic.

The rose-bush is in bloom, and the sun pours in upon the old grandmother, who reads her Bible by the open window.

Kay and Gerda take their two little stools and sit down one on either side of her, and listen to the words from the Good Book. As they listen, a great peace steals into their souls.

And outside it is summer—warm, bright, beautiful summer.



STORIES FOR LITTLE BOYS

MISCHIEF

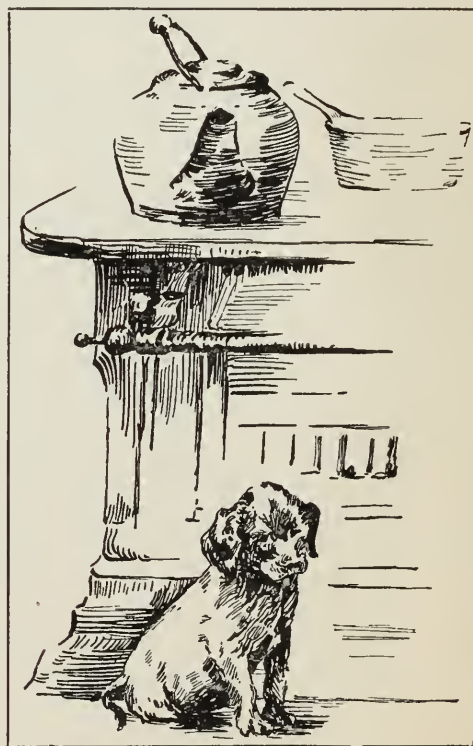
BY ROSAMOND UPHAM

MISCHIEF was a cunning little fellow from the very first day that I saw him. Such a round, plump little body, such short, clumsy legs, and such a roguish face; just the one of all his nine brothers and sisters about whom to write a story, and so you shall hear of his preparations for the long journey upon which he went when he was two months old.

His playmates were sent away, one by one, until at last he was left all alone, with only the mastiff Rex for a companion, and a most forlorn little pup he was, running about all day long, trying to keep up with his new protector.

One morning in January, the weather being very severe, Mischief was taken into the kitchen to live, and a happier dog than he could not be imagined, trotting about after the cook and housemaid from morning until

And of course, Mischief knew about it. How could he help it, when the whole household were so sorry to have him go? And accord-



night, chasing the cats, stealing towels and brushes—in fact, attending to all the mischief that came in his way.

One day, about two weeks after he came into the house to live, a letter came from Milwaukee saying that he, too, must be sent off.

ingly he began to make ready for the long journey he was so soon to take.

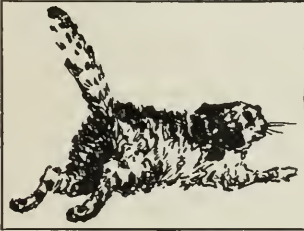
As he sat by the range, evidently trying to make up his mind what to take with him, his first thought was of the old coat he had had as a bed; so he crossed the room, took the coat

in his mouth, and with his paws scratched it up into a bundle.

Then he thought of his milk-dish. Of course he must take that, for how could he drink from any other dish than the shiny one



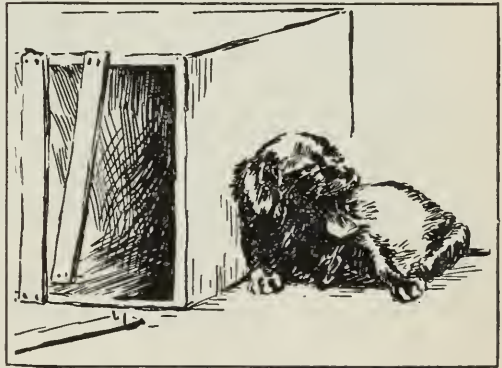
given him by the cook two weeks before? So he took that between his teeth and put it beside the coat. And the stove-hook, why not take that? No one seemed to be using it just at the moment. And a gelatin-box that had just been emptied, would it not be nice to pack his new collar in?



So he ran tumbling across the floor for the box, and back again for the string, when just then a pair of mittens caught his eye, and in

this cold weather the mittens would be a comfort on so long a journey, so they were added to the collection under the table. And Mischief was just thinking he was about ready to start, when the very thing he most dreaded to leave behind him ran across the floor—the little yellow kitten; why could she not go with him, and then the journey would not seem so long? Accordingly, he ran after her, caught her by the neck, and tried to put her down with his other baggage; but the kitten could not understand what Mischief meant, and scratched and spit in a way that plainly said she would not accompany him.

Poor Mischief lay down in despair, and,



after his hard morning's work, took a long nap, only waking in time for his dinner. The next day he was put into a warm box, carried to the station, and after a three days' journey arrived in Milwaukee, happy, well, and delighted with his new master, apparently quite forgetting his little mistress whom he left in her New Hampshire home.





"'WHAT 'S ALL THAT FOR?' WAS RED'S FIRST QUESTION."

THE SILVERTON REVOLUTION

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS

"COME ON, Red! We're waiting. Come on; hurry!"

Red put his head over the edge of the hammock in an exasperating, slow way, and demanded, "Why? where? what?"

"Because if we don't hurry we won't get done before dark; up to the top of Clover Hill; to pile up stuff for the biggest bonfire Silverton has ever seen."

"Good-by. Let me sleep. We've more than two weeks before the Fourth. And, anyhow, I can't seem to get up any enthusiasm for bonfires with the thermometer climbing like a monkey."

"Oh, Red, come along; the fellows want you."

After an exaggerated snore had failed to convince Tom that he was n't going, Red sat up and reflected for a moment. Then he took his cap and strolled slowly toward the hill.

But he protested that the walk was too long; he complained that they had not rigged a cable-car to carry them to the top of the hill; he groaned

over the heat, and in short acted like anything but a boy out for a frolic. When he reached the top of the hill, he sat down on a box and watched the others working for a while.

"Come on and help!" the indignant boys demanded.

"You fellows come over here for a minute, first," he returned, and as usual the boys did exactly what Red suggested.

"What's all that for?" was his first question.

"For a great big Fourth of July bonfire. We'll light it at midnight of the third, and we'll bring our fire-crackers and cannon along, and a few tin horns for emphasis, and I'll bet no one within a mile of the hill sleeps again that night. It will light up the country for miles around, and will make a dandy celebration."

This was the explanation given him by the half-dozen boys.

"Well, after what I saw last year, all this looks

like a little kid's celebration to me," said Red, calmly. "I've outgrown that sort of thing."

"Where you were last year," cried Tom. "Why, Red Elsmore, you were in a *city*, where they did n't have any Fourth of July. And you made a rumpus about going, too. You said you would n't have a bit of fun, that there would n't be so much as a fire-cracker exploded in the whole place."

"Yes, I remember how you said you wished you could stay with us until after the Fourth. You were sure you could n't have a bit of fun," said Don, with great emphasis.

"Was I?" smiled Red. "Well, that was one of the few times in my long and checkered career when I have been mistaken. I had the time of my life. And fire-crackers! Why, I was associated with a bunch of twenty of the biggest ones you ever saw."

"How big were they?"

"Oh, about five feet long."

"Oh, come out of your dream, Red. They don't make them that big, you know. Why, when they blew up they would smash all the houses!"

"Well, these did n't blow up. Not that I know of. But I had more fun that day than I ever had in all the other Fourths of my life put together."

"Well, tell us about it," they said.

So Red told.

"I did say before I went that they would n't have any Fourth of July there. Well, they had the real thing. It was n't just an imported Chinese celebration, with a lot of noise. They had an American kind. I went to stay with my cousin. His class were going into the parade, and they said I might go too. And how do you suppose we dressed? Why, as giant fire-crackers. I tell you we made a hit, and we took a prize—but I'm getting ahead of my story. I had heard quite a lot about how they got up the parade because my Aunt Maud was on a committee that was helping to manage things. They just asked all the schools, and Sunday-schools, and societies to send their young folk in marching bodies, or on floats. There was no one in the parade that was over twenty, except the bands and the policemen. You could put on funny clothes, or you could dress up as historical characters. Those that were to march together drilled for a fortnight, so that they would keep step well, and then on the morning of the parade they went to the square together, and the marshals gave them their place in the parade. We marched out to a big park and past a reviewing stand where the prizes were awarded. We "fire-crackers" had a place near the beginning, so when we got to the park, I had a chance to stop and see most of the parade come in. I was glad of it, seeing I came from a be-

nighted town where the fellows still shoot fire-crackers instead of having a parade. I knew I'd have to tell you all about it, and explain to you how behind the times we are, out here.

"Well, there were marching bodies of 'Uncle Sams,' and 'George Washingtons,' and some boys on ponies were 'Paul Reveres,' though they could n't go fast. There was one lot of fellows dressed like backwoodsmen, and there were soldiers, and sailors, and Indians, and farmers, and some Scotch boys came as 'Highlanders,' but they carried the good old Stars and Stripes. The girls were 'Columbias,' and 'Priscillas,' and 'Martha Washingtons,' and Quakers, and Puritans, and 'Pocahontases,' and fairies, and a lot more I don't remember. But the floats—fellows, you should have seen them! There was one showing the signing of the Declaration, and with John Hancock, and Franklin, and all those old fellows represented by boys in costume. And they had the First Thanksgiving, and the ringing of the Liberty Bell, and Washington's Farewell, and a Colonial home with the spinning-wheel, and all sorts of old-fashioned things. An Italian society sent a float showing Columbus before the council, doing his egg trick. And I tell you that was a great one."

When Red paused for breath, some one said: "Well, our little town can't have a parade like that."

"Yes, we can!" said Red. "And the managers there said it would be a lot more interesting in smaller places. People would know each other, and they could get together afterward for a sort of a picnic in a grove. Of course, our parade can't be as long as theirs, but what there is of it can be just as good."

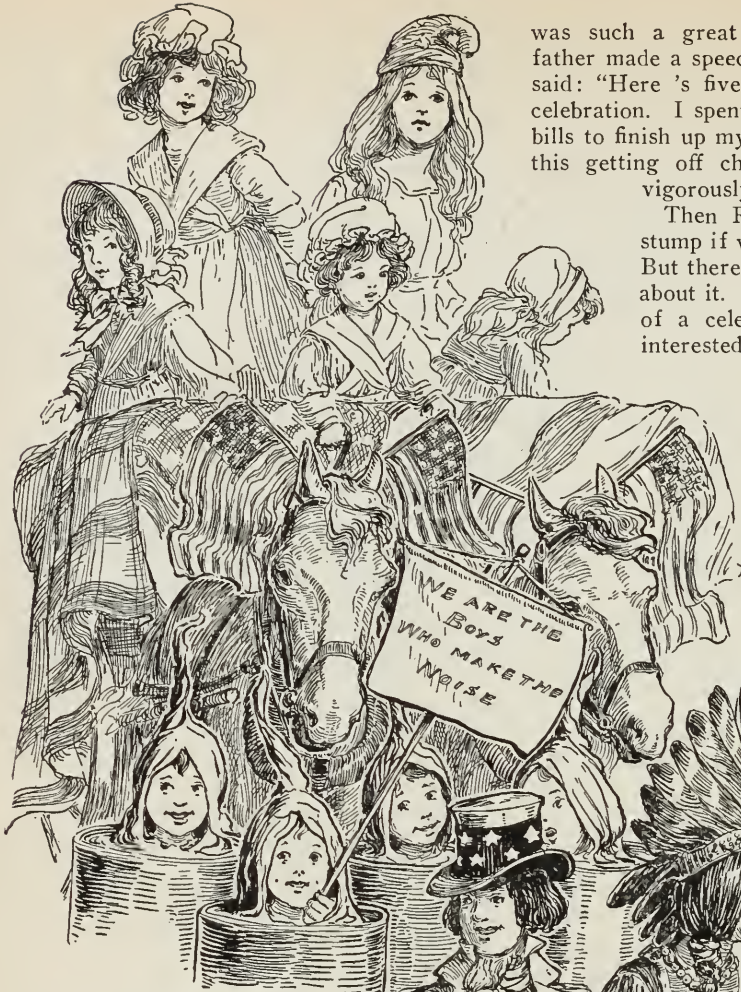
"But it will cost a lot," said another objector.

"Not a lot," said Red. "We can all put our fireworks money in, and the grown-up folks will help us. You'll see."

"Let's do it!" said Tom, rather unexpectedly.

Red evidently forgot that the thermometer was climbing. He suddenly sat upright, and began dividing the boys off, in committees, to see various people, and find out if they would help. And he ordered all the boys to report on his side porch that very evening, as the time was so short. "There'll be fresh cookies—the kind that Mother makes"—I'll guarantee that, and lots of lemonade," said Red in conclusion. And the new Fourth of July committees started out.

When they met that night, discouragement was written over most of the faces. Red wisely passed the refreshments before he began to talk. There were three or four mothers and one solitary father present. When they began their re-



THE SILVERTON PARADE.

ports it seemed that everybody to whom they applied had told them it was too late for this year. The one merchant who had a large stock of fireworks was indignant that they should consider anything that might lessen his sales; but the grocers, on the other hand, would be glad to see fireworks permanently banished from Silvertown.

The mothers, when they spoke, wished the thing might be done,—they would so like to see a better celebration of the Fourth,—but they did not know *how* it could be done. It

was such a great undertaking. The solitary father made a speech that was to the point. He said: "Here 's five dollars to help out in your celebration. I spent twenty last year in doctor's bills to finish up my boy's celebrating, and I call this getting off cheap." They applauded him vigorously.

Then Red began: "We 'd be up a stump if we had to start this ourselves. But there is a lady here who knows all about it. Last year she wanted this kind of a celebration, but no one seemed interested. Now she can use the plans she made, and tell us what to do, and we 'll turn in and do it. I ask to hear from Mrs. Wayne, please."

The person who stepped forward was a wealthy woman who made her summer home in Silvertown. The town people did not know her very well, but all who did know her admired and loved her. As soon as she began to speak in a confident, neighborly way, every one felt that a real Fourth of July was assured.

"First, I want a secretary," she said; "some one who doesn't

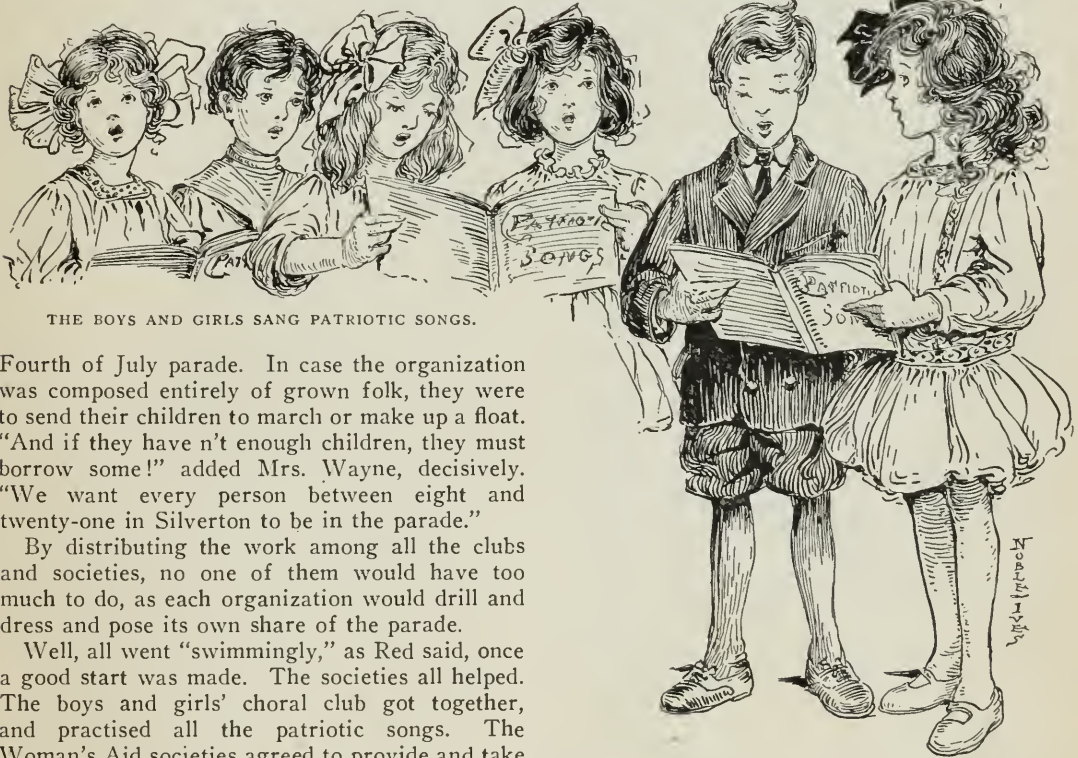


mind a lot of writing." The boys all called for "Shorty," and, of course, it was the tallest boy in the crowd who blushing made his way to the little table beside Mrs. Wayne.

"Now," she said, "I want you to make out a list of all the organizations in the town. I want the names of organized classes in the Sunday-schools, of the literary societies, the boys' and girls' clubs, the lodges, and we want the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and the W. C. T. U. in the list."

All the committees helped prepare the list. Then Mrs. Wayne portioned it off among them. The head of each organization was to be visited the very next morning, and was to be asked to send either a marching body or a float for the

was twice as long, and "ten times as beautiful," as people had expected. There was a fire-cracker brigade such as Red had told about. There were jolly "Uncle Sams," and Indians, and cow-boys, and backwoodsmen, and lovely "Libertys," and demure Puritans and Quakers. When they reached the grove, the choral society sang its songs, and everybody joined in the familiar airs. Then Ellen Chambers recited Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, turning at the right point to the group of veterans who represented Silverton's branch of the Grand Army of the Republic. Red had been chosen to read the Declaration, and the old words seemed to grow again in the memory as his earnest voice brought out all their eloquence and meaning.



THE BOYS AND GIRLS SANG PATRIOTIC SONGS.

Fourth of July parade. In case the organization was composed entirely of grown folk, they were to send their children to march or make up a float. "And if they have n't enough children, they must borrow some!" added Mrs. Wayne, decisively. "We want every person between eight and twenty-one in Silverton to be in the parade."

By distributing the work among all the clubs and societies, no one of them would have too much to do, as each organization would drill and dress and pose its own share of the parade.

Well, all went "swimmingly," as Red said, once a good start was made. The societies all helped. The boys and girls' choral club got together, and practised all the patriotic songs. The Woman's Aid societies agreed to provide and take charge of the picnic in the beautiful grove at the edge of the town. They had collected enough money to pay the band, but in a burst of generosity, it volunteered its services. The farmers willingly contributed their wagons for the floats. So the money bought quantities of flags, and gay parasols, and ice-cream for everybody.

The morning of the Fourth dawned clear and fine. With a capable marshal to direct the various groups and floats to their places, the parade formed on the town square without confusion. It

With the young folk in mind, Judge Allen made his speech short and simple. When he said he hoped the old destructive Fourth was gone forever, and that a real American celebration such as they were enjoying would henceforth be the order, the people cheered until the woods rang.

It was a happy day. There was fun every minute from the time the first eager child woke and begged to be dressed for the parade, until the athletic events of the day were over at sunset.

"The Silverton Revolution," as the townfolk called it, was a great success.

A REAL LITTLE BOY BLUE

BY CAROLINE S. ALLEN

ONCE there were four little brothers. The oldest had black eyes. He was called Little Boy Black. But I have n't time to tell about him just now.



"'YES, PLEASE,' SAID LITTLE BOY BLUE."

The second little brother had brown eyes. He was called Little Boy Brown. But I cannot tell you about him either. The third little brother had gray eyes, and was called Little Boy Gray. There is a very nice story I could tell you about him, but I am sure you would rather hear about the fourth little brother.

For the youngest little brother had blue eyes; and his father and mother, his grandfather and grandmother, and every one else, called him Little Boy Blue. His eyes were very blue—as blue as the flowers you find down by the brook. You love the blue flowers, I know. And so I will tell you about Little Boy Blue.

His jacket was blue, his trousers were blue, his stockings were blue, and even his little shoes were blue.

One day Little Boy Blue's mother said to him: "Do you want to go and visit Aunt Polly?" "Who is Aunt Polly?" asked Little Boy Blue. "Aunt Polly lives on a farm, on a high hill. She has horses, and cows, and pigs, and hens, and ducks, and geese—" "And elephants?" asked Little Boy Blue. "No, not any elephants. But she has a woolly white lamb." "Oh, then I will go," cried Little Boy Blue. So his mother went up-stairs and found a little blue traveling-bag. And in the little blue bag she packed some of Little Boy Blue's clothes. Then Little Boy Blue and his mother went to visit Aunt Polly, who lived on a farm on a high hill.

Little Boy Blue's mother stayed two days, and Little Boy Blue stayed ten days. When his mother was going home, she said to Aunt Polly: "Little Boy Blue likes to play, but he likes to work, too. So be sure to give him some work to do every day."

"Very well," said Aunt Polly. And so by-and-by Aunt Polly went to find Little Boy Blue. And she said to him: "Dear Little Boy Blue, what can you do to help?" He thought a minute, and then he said: "I can eat apples to see if they are ripe. And I can pull the roses in the garden, if you have too many."

"The apples are not ripe, and I have just enough roses in the garden," said Aunt Polly. "Can you drive the cows out of the corn?"

"Oh, yes, I can," said Little Boy Blue, "if Towzer can come too." Towzer was the dog.

"And perhaps you can look after the sheep?"

"Yes, Aunt Polly, I can do that," said Little Boy Blue.

On the shelf in Little Boy Blue's room stood a little blue clock. And every morning at five o'clock the door of the clock flew open, and a cuckoo came out. The cuckoo said, "Cuck-oo," five times, and then went into the little blue clock again, and the little door closed after him. Then Little Boy Blue knew it was time to get up.

When he was dressed, he came down-stairs, and Aunt Polly gave him his breakfast. He had new milk in a blue bowl, and johnny-cake on a little blue plate. These he always carried out onto the door-step because he liked, while he was

pened. Little Boy Blue had gone out that morning, just as he always did, to look after them; and no one had heard any horn. At last Towzer ran up to the barn, barking loudly. That was to give the alarm—about the sheep and the cows.



“‘HE’S UNDER THE HAYCOCK, FAST ASLEEP!’”

eating and drinking, to see the green grass bending in the breeze, and the yellow butterflies dancing here and there in the sunshine.

“This is the creamiest milk I ever saw,” said Little Boy Blue.

“That’s nice,” said Aunt Polly. “Do you want some more?”

“Yes, please,” said Little Boy Blue. So Aunt Polly brought the blue pitcher, and poured more creamy milk into his little blue bowl, and Little Boy Blue said: “Thank you, Aunt Polly.”

When Little Boy Blue could eat no more golden johnny-cake, and drink no more creamy milk, he jumped up from the door-step.

First he put his arms around Aunt Polly’s neck, and gave her a hug and a kiss. Then he went into the house to get his horn. The horn was a little blue one, and it hung on a peg near the kitchen door.

What do you suppose the horn was for? Why, Little Boy Blue watched the cows and the sheep. Then if they got into the wrong places, and trampled on the crops, Little Boy Blue blew the horn. One of the men always heard the horn, and came to help drive the cows or the sheep back where they belonged.

All this was very pleasant. But one day—what do you think? The sheep ran away, and jumped over a stone wall into the meadow, and the cows got into the corn. Nobody knew how it hap-

pened. Little Boy Blue had gone out that morning, just as he always did, to look after them; and no one had heard any horn. At last Towzer ran up to the barn, barking loudly. That was to give the alarm—about the sheep and the cows.

“How queer!” said Aunt Polly, who was in the barn-yard feeding the chickens.

“How strange!” said Uncle Ben.

“Where’s Little Boy Blue?” asked the men.

“I’ll call him,” said Aunt Polly. So she walked, and she walked, all around the farm. As Aunt Polly walked she looked here, and she looked there. And she called:

“Little Boy Blue! Come blow your horn.

The sheep’s in the meadow, the cow’s in the corn.”

Where do you think Aunt Polly found him? When the head-farmer asked her, “Where’s the little boy that looks after the sheep?” Aunt Polly said: “He’s under the haycock, fast asleep.”

“Shall we go wake him?” said the head-farmer. “No, no; let him lie,” said Aunt Polly. “For if we should wake him, he’d cry, cry, cry.”

You see Little Boy Blue got up so early, he grew sleepy. And the sun was hot. And the haymow made a soft pillow. So he fell sound asleep, and dreamed about the woolly white lamb.

But on the day after that, Little Boy Blue took a nap, first, so that when he looked after the cows and the sheep he could keep awake. He never again had to be told to blow his horn.

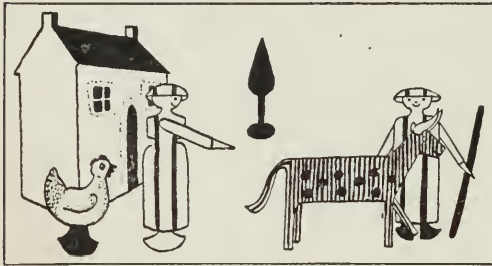
When Little Boy Blue’s visit was over, Aunt Polly said: “You’ve been a dear little helper. I’m going to give you something to take home.” And, oh, joy! it was the woolly white lamb!

HANS THE INNOCENT

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY M. I. WOOD

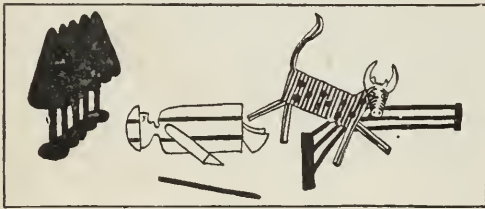
ONCE upon a time there was a woman called Mrs. Stockchen and she had a son named Hans. They lived together in a little cottage and they had a hen and a cow.

One morning Mrs. Stockchen said to her son: "Hans, my dear, will you take Cowslip, the cow,



to pasture, and remember not to be late for supper." "Very well," said Hans, and he took up his stick and started for the field.

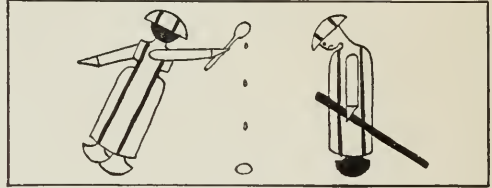
The sun was very hot when he got there, and seeing a row of five shady trees, he lay down underneath them and fell asleep in two seconds. He snored with his mouth open. Cowslip had been watching him and when she saw his eyes close, she said, "Now! here's my chance!" and, jumping over the fence, she ran away.



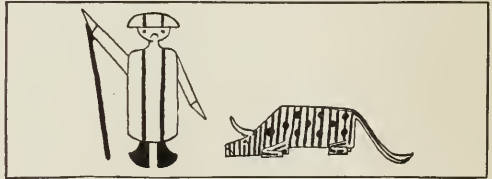
Hans stopped snoring and awoke at supper-time. He looked for Cowslip, but she had disappeared; he ran about calling for her, but she did not come; and at last he went home to his mother with a very sad face and said: "Oh, mother, Cowslip ran away while I was asleep. I have looked for her and cannot find her anywhere."

"You lazy, careless, naughty, careless, naughty, lazy Boy!" cried Mrs. Stockchen. "You have left my poor cow wandering all alone. She will lose her way in the dark. Just

you go and find her this instant. You will get no supper till you bring her back, or my name is not Matilda Maria!"



Mrs. Stockchen had grown quite scarlet with rage and she shook the soup-ladle at her son to make him go faster. It was getting quite dark by the time Hans reached the field again and nowhere did he see any trace of the cow. He did not know in what direction she had gone,



so he walked round and round the field, feeling very miserable.

Just as 10 o'clock was striking, Cowslip stepped out from behind a tree, and kneeling at Hans's feet, said in a choking voice, "I am really very sorry, Hans." "Well," said Hans, "I am sorry too, but let us get home now." So they set out, tired and rather cross.



But when they came within sight of the light in their own cottage window, they met two soldiers who stopped them, and asked what they were doing out so late. "We're just going home," said Hans. "Why," said the soldiers "you ought to have been there two hours ago."

"Well, I could n't help it," said Hans, "this cow ran away and I had to fetch her before going home to supper."

"Boy!" said the soldiers, "you are not

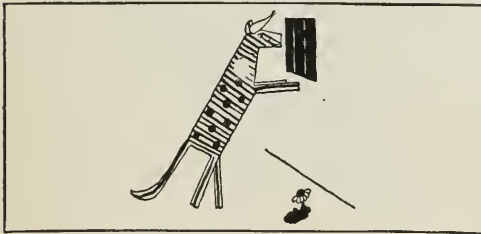


speaking the truth, you have stolen the cow, and you are very impertinent as well. We will take you to prison."

They tied a rope round Hans's neck and

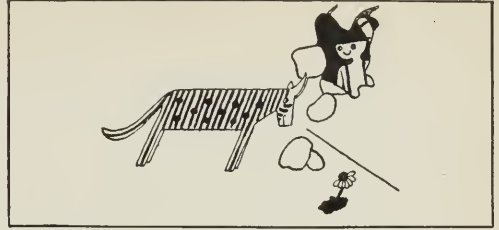


another round the cow's, and took them to prison. They put Hans into a dungeon full of horrid creatures, but they let poor Cowslip wander about in the fields outside.

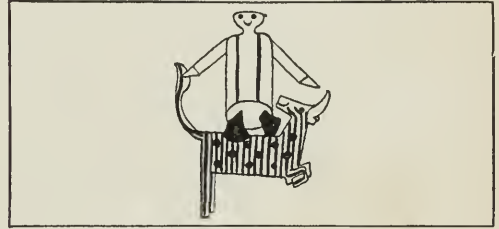


One morning when Hans was crying because the door was locked and because the window bars looked so strong, Cowslip heard him. She came up beside the window, and standing on her hind-legs she peeped in and said, "Hans, my dear master, do you think that if I tried to knock down the wall with my horns, you could get out?" "I will try," said Hans. It was rather hard work for Cowslip, but at last she made a big enough hole and Hans leaped out.

He knocked off his hat in doing so, but then Hans did n't care about a little thing like that.



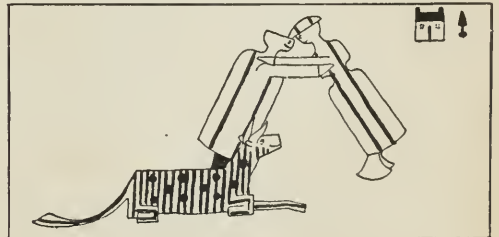
He jumped on her back, and away they went, over fallen trees, stones, ditches, hedges,



everything. They came in sight of the cottage at last, and the sound of their approach caused



Mrs. Stockchen to look out of the window. When she saw who it was she fairly jumped for joy and she rushed out at once to meet them.



Hans fell into his mother's arms. And they all lived happily ever afterward.

ROBIN OF THE LOVING HEART

BY EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN

"Please, Mother, tell us a story. Have him a wood-chopper boy this time. Please, Mother, quick, for Elizabeth is sleepy already. Oh, Mother, hurry!"

So here is the story.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who lived all alone with his parents in the heart of a deep wood. His father was a wood-chopper who worked hard in the forest all day, while the mother kept everything tidy at home and took care of Robin. Robin was an obliging, sunny-hearted little fellow who chopped the kindling as sturdily as his father chopped the dead trees and broken branches, and then he brought the water and turned the spit for his mother.

As there were no other children in the great forest, he made friends with the animals and learned to understand their talk. In the spring the mother robin, for whom he thought he was named, called him to see the blue eggs in her nest, and in the autumn the squirrels chattered with him and brought him nuts. But his four dearest friends were the Owl, who came to his window evenings and gave him wise counsel; the Hare, who played hide-and-seek with him around the bushes; the Eagle, who brought him strange pebbles and shells from the distant seashore; and the Lion, who, for friendship's sake, had quite reformed his habits and his appetite, so that he lapped milk from Robin's bowl and simply adored breakfast foods.

Suddenly all the happiness in the little cottage was turned to mourning, when the good wood-chopper was taken ill, and the mother was at her wits' end to take care of him and to provide bread and milk. Robin's heart burned within him to do something to help, but he could not swing an ax with his little hands.

"Ah," he said that night to his friend the Owl, "if I were a great knight, perhaps I could ride to the city and win the Prize for Good Luck."

"And what is the Prize for Good Luck?" asked the Owl, who knew everything in the world except that.

Then Robin explained that the lovely princess, whose hair was like spun gold and whose eyes were like the blue forget-me-nots by the brook, had lost her precious amulet, given to her by her godmother, which kept her, as long as it lay on her neck, healthy and beautiful and happy. One

day, when she was playing in the flower-garden, the little gold chain snapped and the amulet rolled away. Everybody in the palace had searched, the soldiers had been called out to help, and all the small boys had been organized into an amulet brigade, for what they cannot see is usually not worth seeing at all. But no one could find it, and in the meantime the princess grew pale, and, truth to tell, rather cross. Her hair dulled



"THE OWL CALLED A COUNCIL OF ROBIN'S BEST FRIENDS."

a little, and her eyes looked like forget-me-nots drowned in the brook. When the court philosopher reasoned the matter out and discovered that the amulet had been carried far away, perhaps outside the kingdom, the king offered the Prize for Good Luck for its return.

"Now, if I could win the Prize for Good Luck," said Robin, "we should have bread and

milk all the time, and Mother need not work so hard."

Then the Owl in her wisdom called a council of Robin's best friends, and asked them what they were going to do about it. They waited respectfully for her advice; and this was her wonderful plan:

"Robin could win the Prize for Good Luck," declared the Owl, "if only he were wise and swift and clear-sighted and strong enough. Now I will lend him my wisdom, the Hare shall lend his swiftness, the Eagle shall lend his eyesight, and the Lion shall lend his strength." And thus it was agreed.

Then the Owl went back to little Robin's window and explained the plan.

"You must remember," she said warningly, "time is precious. It is almost morning now. I cannot long spare my wisdom, for who would guide the feathered folk? If the Hare cannot run, how can he escape the fox? If the Eagle cannot see, he will dash himself into the cliff if he flies, and he will starve to death if he sits still. If the Lion's strength is gone, the wolves will be the first to know it. Return, then, without delay. At the stroke of nine o'clock to-morrow night, we shall await you here. Now go quickly, for rather would I die than live like the feather-brained blue jay."

Immediately Robin felt himself so strong and so brave that he hesitated not a minute. Swift as a hare he hastened to the palace, and at daybreak he blew the mighty horn that announced the coming of one who would seek for the amulet. The king groaned when he saw him, sure that it would be a vain quest for such a little fellow. The truth was that the court philosopher feared the amulet had been stolen by the Ogre of Ogre Castle, but no one dared to mention the fact, much less to ask the Ogre to return it. The princess, however, immediately sat up and took notice, charmed by the brave light in Robin's eyes and his merry smile.

Robin asked to be taken up into the highest tower of the palace, and there, looking leagues and leagues away to Ogre Castle, he saw with his Eagle sight the amulet, glowing like sunlight imprisoned in a ruby.

The Ogre was turning it over and over in his hand, muttering to himself, in the stupid way ogres always have: "It must be a nut, for I can see something good inside." Robin could not hear him, but he was sure, by the help of the Owl's wisdom, that it was the amulet.



"AT DAYBREAK ROBIN BLEW THE MIGHTY HORN."

In a thrice—that means while you count three—Robin was speeding away with the Hare's swiftness toward Ogre Castle, and in a few minutes he was demanding the amulet from the Ogre.

Now usually the Ogre was not at all a disagreeable fellow, and the Owl's wisdom would have easily sufficed to enable Robin to secure the amulet without trouble, but he had just tried

to crack the amulet with his teeth. It broke off the very best tooth he had in his head, and his poor jaws ached so that he was in a very bad temper. He turned fiercely, and for a few minutes Robin needed all the strength the Lion had given him.

After all, the Ogre was one of the pneumatic-tire, hot-water-bag kind of giants, who flat out

tower window, saw the rosy light of the amulet in the distance, pinkness came back to her cheeks, and her eyes shone like stars, and she waved her lily hand to Robin in perfect happiness.

Ah, such a merrymaking as they planned for that evening! Robin was to receive the Prize for Good Luck, so much gold coin that it would take three carts and six mules to carry it back to the cottage. The king counted out money all the afternoon, and the queen put up tarts and jars of honey for Robin to take to his mother, and the princess gave him her photograph.

Now comes the sad part. It had taken so much time to reach the palace, to explain to the king, to ascend the tower and find the amulet, to conquer the Ogre of Ogre Castle, and to return to the palace, that it was almost night before Robin realized it. When the money had been counted out and the tarts wrapped in paraffin paper and the pots of honey packed in excelsior, it was seven o'clock.

Now the party was to begin at nine, for the princess had to have her white satin frock sent home from the dressmaker, and her hair had to be curled. The Punch and Judy was to come at ten, and the ice-cream was to be served at eleven, for in palaces people keep terribly late hours, not at all good for them. Just as Robin had dressed himself in a beautiful blue velvet suit, thinking how fine it was that he should open the dance with the princess and how lucky it was that he had the strength of a lion, so that he could dance at all after his busy day, he suddenly remembered his promise to the Owl.

It was such a shock that, in spite of the Lion's strength, he nearly fainted. Then he went quickly to the king and told him that he must go away at once. The king was very angry and bade him have done with such nonsense.

"Faith, you must stay," he said crossly. "There would be no living with the princess if her party is spoiled. Besides, you will lose the Prize for Good Luck, for the people have been



"THE PRINCESS WAVED HER LILY HAND TO ROBIN."

if you stick a pin into them and lie perfectly limp until they are bandaged up and set going once more. That is really a secret, but Robin knew it by the help of the Owl's wisdom, and he was not the least little bit afraid.

So Robin managed to get the amulet away without too much difficulty, and the Hare's swiftness quickly took him back to the palace. When the princess, who was watching from the

promised that they shall see it presented to somebody to-night and we must not disappoint them."



"THE SAUCY BLUE JAY MOCKED THE FLUTTERING OWL."

Poor Robin's heart was heavy. How could he lose all that he had gained and go away as poor as when he came? That was n't all nor half of all. To lose the money would be bad, but he had much more to lose than that. For one day he had enjoyed the fun of being stronger and wiser and swifter and keener-sighted than anybody else. Is n't that better than money and all the prizes for good luck? Yes, indeed, his heart answered over and over again. How could he go back and give up the wisdom and the swiftness and the clear sight and the strength, even if he could give up the money?

"I know now," he thought bitterly, "how the Owl felt when she said she would not be a feather-brain like the blue jay. And it is much more important for a boy to be strong than for a common old lion, who is pretty old anyway. And there are lots of hares in the forest and eagles on the mountain."

Then Robin slowly climbed the stairs to the tower, for he thought he would see what the Owl and the Hare and the Eagle and the Lion were doing in the forest. He looked over to the cottage, leagues and leagues away. There, under a big oak, lay the Owl, her feathers all

a-flutter. She had had no more sense than to go out in the brilliant sunshine, and something had gone wrong inside her head. The saucy blue jay stood back and mocked her. Robin's heart gave one little throb of pity, but he was wise enough to see the value of wisdom, and he hardened himself. "I don't believe she has sense enough to know that anything is wrong," he said to himself.

Then he looked for the Hare. "Oh, he's all right," said Robin, gladly. But just then he saw a dark shape, only about a mile away, following the Hare's track.

Robin's heart gave two throbs of pity. "Poor old Hare!" he said. "I have had lots of fun with him."

Then he looked for the Eagle, and his heart beat hard and fast when he saw him sitting alone on the dead branch of a tree, one wing hanging bruised, perhaps broken, and his sightless eyes turned toward the tower, waiting, waiting. Blind!

Robin looked quickly for the Lion. For a time he could not find him, for tears came in his eyes as he thought of the Eagle. Then he saw the poor creature, panting from thirst, trying to drag himself to the river. He was almost there when his last bit of strength seemed to



"IT FOLLOWED THE HARE'S TRACK."

fail, and he lay still, with the water only a few yards away.

Then Robin's heart leaped and bounded with pity, and with pure gladness, too, that he was



"HE SAW THE BLIND EAGLE SITTING ALONE IN THE TREE."

not yet too late to save his friends from the consequences of their own generosity. The last rays of sunset struck the tower as Robin, forgetting all about his blue velvet clothes and the princess and the Prize for Good Luck, ran and raced, uphill and down, through brambles and briers, over bogs and hummocks, leaving bits of lace caught on the bushes, swifter than ever he hastened to the Ogre of Ogre Castle to the lovely princess with the amulet.

He was there—oh, yes, he was there long before nine o'clock. The Owl received back her wisdom, and I can

fox was left so far behind that he was soon glad to limp back home and eat the plain supper that Mrs. Fox had prepared for him. The poor blind Eagle opened his eyes, and saw the moon and the stars, and, better than moon and stars, the loving face of his comrade, Robin. The Lion drank his fill, and said that now he would like some breakfast food, please. So the story ended happily after all.

Oh, yes, I forgot about the Prize for Good Luck, did n't I? When the king told the princess that Robin was foolish enough to give back the wisdom and the swiftness and the clear sight and the strength that had won the prize for him, and that without them he was only a very common little boy, not good enough for a princess to dance with, she stamped her foot and called for the godmother who gave her the amulet in the first place.

Then the princess's godmother said that the princess for once was quite, quite right—that Robin must have the three cartloads of gold coin drawn by six mules, and the tarts and honey for his mother, and whenever the princess gave another party she must ask him to open the dance with her, blue velvet suit or no blue velvet suit—"because," said the godmother, "there is one thing better than wisdom or swiftness or clear sight or strength, and that is a loving heart."

But Elizabeth had gone to sleep.



IN SPRING

RIPLING and gurgling and giggling along,
The brooklets are singing their little spring song;
Laughing and lively and gay as can be,
They are skipping right merrily down to the sea.



MARMADUKE'S RECOVERY



BY MELVILLE F. FERGUSON

MARMADUKE MERRIMAC MASON was, you must understand, several persons all rolled into one—no doubt that was why so many things were all the time happening to him. He was, to begin with, an "angel child." His mother said so, and she knew. He was also a "perfect little fiend." For this we have the authority of his nurse, who was intimately acquainted with him, and who never told a fib. He was "gentle and affectionate"—so said his grandmother, a famous judge of boys. He was a "bouncer, and could hold his own with any youngster of his size in the neighborhood," his father declared.

Now, there were days when one side of Marmaduke's character stuck out so plainly that you could n't see the other sides at all, and this was one of them. The side the nurse usually saw was on top, absurd as it may seem for a side to occupy that position. Even his mother admitted that he must have climbed out of bed wrong foot first.

The fact is that Marmaduke was simply suffering from an attack of "give-it-to-me-itis," which is very much like tonsillitis or any other "itis" in making one uncomfortable inside and disagreeable outside.

A new neighbor had moved in across the street. The new neighbor had a little boy who had had the misfortune to be born without the power of speech, and whose father and mother for that reason lavished upon him all the things that a boy's heart could possibly desire. One of these

luxuries was a little railroad train, with tracks and bridges and tunnels and stations and all the rest that makes a real railroad worth owning. Marmaduke saw that train—and caught "give-it-to-me-itis." His father said, "No." His mother said, "No, my dear," and tried to explain how costly such a toy would be, and how many things Marmaduke enjoyed that were denied to poor Edward because he was unable to talk like other little boys. But Marmaduke's attack was very serious; and so he sulked, and threw things on the floor, and broke a plate, and pinched his little sister. That's why he was sent to the nursery at last and locked in just like a prisoner.

Marmaduke was very thorough in all that he did. So, having laid aside all his *angel* qualities, he kicked on the door with his stout little boots, and screamed, and had a tantrum. But as everybody knew by this time that he had "give-it-to-me-itis," no one came near the nursery, and at last he sat down on the floor to cry in earnest.

Crying is a pretty tedious business when there is nobody to listen to you. Marmaduke found it so, at any rate; and he was therefore just about to dry his tears on the sleeve of his jacket when a little tin soldier standing in the corner raised his arm stiffly to the visor of his cap, and said:

"Sorry to interrupt you, sir, when you are so busy shedding tears, but the General wants to see you. Sorry to interrupt you, sir, when you are so busy shedding tears, but the General wants to see you. Sorry to interrupt you, sir, when—"

"My gracious!" said Marmaduke, his eyes standing out of his head like a frog's. "I heard you! But I did n't know you could talk! Who is the General? What does he want?"

"Come with me, sir," said the tin soldier, half-leading, half-dragging Marmaduke to one side of the room. "I will conduct you to his presence, and he will explain for himself. Come with me, sir. I will conduct you—oh, fiddlesticks! When I get started it is so hard for me to stop."

Mounted on a spirited tin horse in the corner, fully as high as Marmaduke himself, sat another tin soldier, whom the first respectfully saluted.

"The shedder of tears, sir," said Marmaduke's military escort, shoving him forward. "Shed a tear for the General, my boy. The shedder of tears, sir. Shed a tear—"

But the General, leaning forward rigidly over



"'SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, SIR,' SAID THE SOLDIER."

the neck of his horse, drew his sword mechanically, and struck the private across the chest with it. Instantly the soldier fell upon the flat of his back on the floor, and lay there in silence, without making the least effort to arise.

"Well, young man," said the General, "what do you want? What are you standing there for?"

"If you please, sir," said Marmaduke, "I don't know. This soldier here says you sent for me."

"Oh, you are the boy who annoyed me by that very disagreeable sniffing. Yes. After I have heard your excuses I shall punish you. Certainly. You may proceed. I want you to tell me exactly why you behaved so foolishly. Now what is your excuse?"

Now, Marmaduke hardly liked the idea of telling the General that he had caught "give-it-to-me-itis," so he replied:

"Why, Edward has a railroad—with engines and cars that run on tracks all around the floor—and I want one, too."

"Humph!" snorted the General. "Edward cannot talk. He can only tell folks what he wants by making pictures on a slate. That 's why he has a railroad. It 's one of his compensations. You know what a compensation is, don't you?"

"No, I don't, and I don't care," said Marmaduke, stamping his foot. (His attack was growing much worse.) "I wish I could n't talk, either!"

"Very well, you can't," replied the General. "You shall be like Edward. There 's your slate on the table. Whatever you want you will have to draw—and you 'll get it exactly as you draw it." And with that he stiffly whipped up his horse, galloped across the room and disappeared into the closet, the door of which stood just half an inch ajar—plenty wide enough to admit his body and that of his horse without any uncomfortable scraping.

No sooner had the General departed than Marmaduke heard the key turn in the lock of the hall door, and his mother entered.

"Are you through with your sulking, my son?" she asked. Marmaduke scowled and tried to say "No!" but somehow the word stuck in his throat and not a sound could he utter.

"Such an obstinate boy!" said his mother. "Well, when you feel that you can behave yourself you may call me, and I will bring you your supper." And, closing the door behind her, she went sorrowfully away.

Thoroughly frightened, Marmaduke tried to call her back. But no sound came from his lips. The General had said he could n't talk, and he could n't. He remembered the slate. The General had said: "Whatever you want you will have to draw." He wanted his mother. So he took the slate from the table and with a great deal of trouble, for he was not a very good artist, drew her, like this:





"'WELL, MARMADUKE,' SAID THIS QUEER FIGURE."

The moment his slate pencil traced the last stroke he heard soft footsteps, and the most extraordinary figure he had ever seen glided swiftly to his side. An exact likeness of his picture of his mother, enlarged to life-size, had appeared. He stared at her with mingled curiosity and awe. Flat as a pancake, she had the roundest of heads, the stiffest of necks, the most angular of hands and feet and skirts; her eyes were mere dots; her nose an exclamation point, and her hair two single spiral strands depending from the sides of her head just where one would have naturally looked for her ears.

"Well, Marmaduke, dear," said this queer figure, stroking his head affectionately with its claw-like hands, "did you call mother? Are you ready to say you are sorry now?"

Marmaduke nodded a "yes" and tried once more to speak. He wanted to say that he was hungry—oh, so hungry—and that he would be as good as pie if only he could have his supper. But the words would n't come; and so he took his slate and pencil and attempted to draw his supper on the other side. He had been in the kitchen early in the afternoon, and knew there would be roast chicken. This, and his cup of milk, with a knife and fork and plate, would be enough, he thought. He was n't a very good ar-

tist, but he set to work and in a few minutes he had outlined his wishes and handed the slate to his funny-looking mother, who turned her beady eyes that almost scared him upon this picture:



"Yes, darling," said she, just as if he had spoken. "I will bring it immediately"; and she was as good as her word. After five minutes' absence she returned to the nursery with an empty plate, a knife and fork and cup, and a live chicken, all precisely like his drawings. Certainly no one had ever seen such an odd-looking fowl. It had n't a single feather on it, and no wings. As for the cup, it was fully as large as the chicken, and, as Marmaduke soon discovered, to his intense disgust, absolutely empty. For he had had no means of drawing the milk. Once more, as Marmaduke surveyed his impossible



"'I MUST BE BETTER,' HE MURMURED, NESTLING CLOSER TO HIS MOTHER."

supper, consisting entirely of a very active old hen that hopped about the floor sidewise (both of its feet being on the same side of its body) he burst into tears. This time not anger, but helpless grief, overcame him. Marmaduke was tired out. He determined to flee from his troubles to bed. Rubbing his disappointing supper off of his slate, he drew this bed, and called his mother's attention to it by plucking at her skirts:



"My poor boy!" exclaimed Marmaduke's mother, clasping him to her in her straight, jointless arms, and imprinting on his face a kiss that extended from one eye away around to the ear on the other side of his face. "Did n't he want his nice supper? Well, never mind; he shall go to bed if he wants to." And straightway she undressed him and led him to his own bedroom, which was next to the nursery.

But some one had taken away the little bed he had expected to sleep in, and in its place stood, or rather leaned against the wall, a faithful copy of the one he had drawn on his slate. Having only two legs, if it had not been supported by the wall this bed would certainly have toppled over; and as Marmaduke's mother tucked him into it after kissing him good-night she was careful to place him on the very outside to preserve the balance.

It was a very uncomfortable bed. Right in the middle was a jagged point that penetrated

Marmaduke's side as if it would cut him in two. The pillow was round and smooth, but as hard as a rock. How Marmaduke wished he had taken more pains to make a straight line when he had drawn the surface of that bed! How sorry he now was at having told the General he wished he could n't speak! And how sorry he was now that he had coveted the possessions of his afflicted little playmate! What would he not give to be cured of "give-it-to-me-itis" and restored to his former happy condition!

By and by the bed became so uncomfortable that Marmaduke, forgetting it had no legs under the other side, rolled toward the wall in the hope of finding a smoother place. But the bed swayed and rocked, and presently, with a mighty crash, upset altogether, hurling Marmaduke out upon the floor. As he rubbed his eyes with his tear-stained fists some one bent over him and picked him up.

"Why, my poor boy must have cried himself to sleep," said a soothing voice; and a soft hand swept the silken hair away from his forehead. He opened his eyes. His mother—his real, beautiful, mother—looked down at him.

Confusedly he peered through the deepening twilight at his surroundings. He was not in his bedroom at all, but in the nursery. The tin soldier stood in the middle of the floor, and was no larger than any ordinary tin soldier; the General sat sedately on his horse in the corner.

"I must be better," he murmured, nestling closer to his mother. Then, astonished at the sound of his voice, he added: "Why, it's all over! I'm cured!"

"Cured of what, darling?" asked his mother.

"Give-it-to-me-itis," said Marmaduke, closing his eyes again. And his mother supposed that he was talking in his sleep.



FREDDY'S FIRST RESCUE

BY G. E. WALSH

FREDDY RAY was big for his age, wearing a seven-year suit on a six-year-old body. But he thought he was older, much older than he was, and big—well, was n't he almost big as his father? At least he would be some day, and meanwhile he was growing!

The Ray family—father, mother, and Freddy, six years old, going on seven—lived on a rock in the middle of the ocean, or, at least, five miles from any other land. There was a tall lighthouse on the rock, and at the base of this white tower was a tiny house with five rooms. This house was home, the only home Freddy ever knew.

The lighting of the great lamp of the lighthouse had always been a great attraction to Freddy. One day, when his father carried him up, up the winding stairs and showed him how the lamp was lighted and how its rays spread far out over the tossing ocean, Freddy felt that his little world was the most wonderful that any boy could imagine. Think of the hundred steps up the tall tower and the magnificent view from the top!

But as time added another year to Freddy's age, his little mind soared to greater achievements. He was accustomed to storms and rough weather. He knew that his father often went out in his little boat to help strange people who drifted near the shoals. Sometimes he brought them back in his boat, half dead and so white! His mother then worked hard to give them warm clothing and hot things to drink and eat.

Freddy at first was content to watch and help; then he wanted to do more. He wanted to go with his father in the life-boat to pick up the shipwrecked people.

"Some day, lad, when you get bigger," his father answered this request.

After that Freddy asked every little while, "Am I big enough *now* to go with you in the boat, papa?"

"Not yet—not quite yet," had always been the response.

So Freddy had been forced to wait and grow. How he counted the days and looked at his figure in the glass to see if he was growing! When he first donned his seven-year suit he felt surely that he was almost big enough to help save shipwrecked people.

As chance would have it, his opportunity did come a few days after this important event.

There had been a storm at sea, not a very heavy storm, but one which made the sea pretty rough off the shoals. The day after the storm, the sun came up bright and warm. The sea was rolling in long swells.

Not a mile away from the lighthouse something was drifting heavily, swinging slowly up and down with the waves. A quick glance through the telescope showed that it was a dismantled sloop, a small coasting vessel abandoned by its crew.

Mr. Ray quickly got his boat in the water, and was preparing to go to the derelict when Freddy's lips faltered:

"Papa, I *am* big enough to go!"

There was a smile on the light-keeper's lips, and, after glancing up at the weather and down at the sea, he said:

"Yes, Freddy, you can go to-day. Jump in the stern."

Now there was no happier boy in all the world than Freddy Ray at that moment. He fairly tumbled down the steps and dropped snugly in the stern of the life-boat. His eyes were bright and glowing. Was n't he going to a real wreck?

The row to the dismantled sloop was not a long or rough one, and Mr. Ray pulled so lustily at his oars that they were alongside in no time. When they reached the sloop Freddy gazed at it in awe. Would there be half-drowned people aboard, and would he be strong enough to help his father lift them into the life-boat?

"Now, boy, you stay quietly in the stern until I come back," cautioned his father.

He tied the boat to the stern of the sloop and then nimbly climbed aboard. He was gone a long time, so long that Freddy got worried. What would he do if anything happened to his father? Could he row back to the lighthouse? What if another storm should come up and make the ocean very rough?

He was thinking of such dreadful things when Mr. Ray appeared above and shouted:

"Nobody aboard, Freddy. She's been deserted for a long time. We'll go back home now."

This announcement was not pleasing to our little mariner. What a disappointment to go to a shipwreck and then find nobody, and not even go aboard the wreck!

"But, papa, there might be somebody in—in—"

His father shook his head.

"No, lad, I've been everywhere."

Then, noticing the disappointment on the little face, he added: "But if you want to come aboard and look I'll let you. I forgot this was your first shipwreck. Here, now, hold fast to my hand and I'll pull you up."

Freddy climbed up, with his father's assistance, almost as easily as a veteran sailor. He stood on the deck of the old abandoned sloop in a moment. One glance showed him the awful desolation of the wave-swept craft. Mast, spars, sail, and rigging were tumbled about in a confused mass, and part of the cargo of lumber was shifted over to one side.

"Be careful, little man, and hold tight to my hand," his father cautioned. "I'll take you to the cabin, and show you what an abandoned boat looks like."

Freddy seemed to come naturally into the use of his little sea-legs. He did not lurch and roll with each toss of the boat, but walked steadily forward. When they came to the cabin, Mr. Ray threw open the door, and—

Suddenly both of them started. Something

moved inside, and then there was a mild cry of some frightened animal. Out of the darkness a bundle of white appeared. It came directly toward Freddy and mewed.

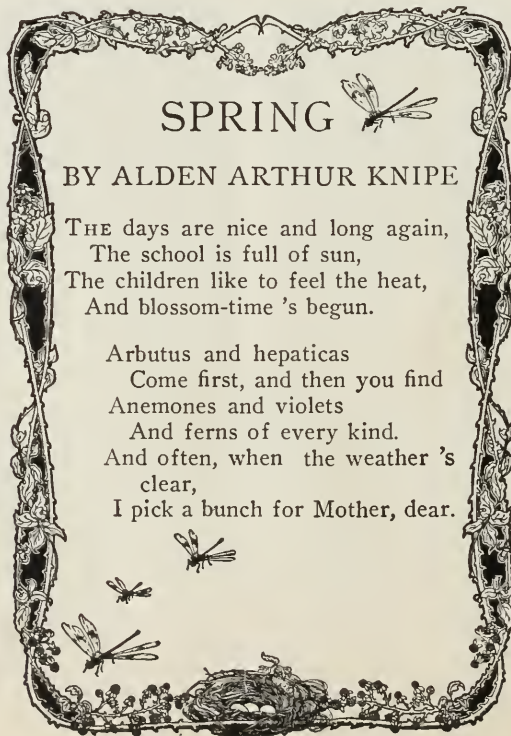
"It's a pussy-cat, papa—a white pussy!"

Freddy took the frightened creature in his arms and stroked its soft fur. The kitten mewed and rubbed its nose in his face.

"Do you suppose he belongs to somebody, papa?" asked Freddy anxiously.

"It belongs to you, little man, if to any one. You rescued him, and I don't think anybody will take it away from you."

All the way back to the lighthouse home, Freddy held the kitten in his arms, and stroked and patted its head. In his affection for the shipwrecked cat he even forgot to notice the waves or the condition of the weather. The one fact to impress his mind was that he had made his first rescue from a shipwreck, and he would always keep the kitten for his own. He wanted a playmate—a kitten or dog—and now the sea had brought him one all for his own self.



SHORT STORIES FROM MANY LANDS

STORIES TOLD IN THE MIDDLE AGES LITTLE TALES FROM A BOOK THAT SHAKESPEARE READ

The most famous story-book of the Middle Ages was a book written in Latin, called the "Gesta Romanorum," which means, "The Exploits of the Romans." The book received this name because many of the stories were told about real or imaginary emperors of Rome. There are about two hundred stories altogether, and most of them are weak in incident and dramatic power; but it was in the "Gesta Romanorum" that Chaucer, Shakespeare, and other famous poets found many of their plots. Here are some of the more interesting stories.

THE SON WHO DID HIS DUTY

A CERTAIN soldier went on a long journey, leaving his wife and son at home. In a distant land the soldier was made a prisoner, and kept in close confinement, but he was able to write to his wife and son telling them of his fate, and asking them to do all they possibly could to collect a sum of money to pay for his release.

The wife was so distressed at the sad news, and wept so much, that she became blind; and the son was then in great trouble, for he knew not what to do. He was anxious to fly to his father's help, but at the same time he could not bear the thought of leaving his blind mother alone while he was away.

After thinking over the matter for some time, he at last determined to go to release his father; but first of all he made careful arrangements for his mother to live among friends, and be properly cared for during his absence. Then he traveled to his imprisoned father, obtained his release, and the family were once again united and happy, and the mother gradually recovered her sight.

THE DOGS THAT BECAME FRIENDS

THERE was a King who had two greyhounds, and these were kept chained up at some distance from one another. But directly they were let loose they flew at each other, and began to fight most fiercely. The King consulted one of his wise men as to what could be done to make the dogs live together as friends.

"Take them into the forest," said the wise man, "and when you see a fierce wolf or a wild boar,

let one of the dogs loose. The wild animal will attack it. But just as it is being overcome, let loose the other dog, which will fly at the boar or wolf, and the two dogs together will be more than a match for the wild animal." The King did this. A wolf appeared, and one dog was let loose. When its strength had nearly failed, the other was let loose, and the fierce wolf was slain. The first dog was so grateful to its companion for saving its life that ever after the two animals were faithful friends.

ALEXANDER AND THE PIRATE

A SEAMAN named Diomedes for a long time sailed the seas in a galley, attacking the shipping, plundering the cargoes, and sinking the vessels. At last he was captured and brought before Alexander the Great, who asked angrily how he dared to trouble the seas as he had done.

"Sire," said he, "ask rather how you dare to trouble the earth. I am master of only a single galley, and do but little harm, while you are master of great fleets, and carry desolation and war. Yet I am called a robber, and you are a King and conqueror. Did fortune but change, and I became more successful while you became less successful, our positions might be reversed."

This argument so struck the King that he made the pirate a wealthy prince, on condition that he should give up his life of robbery and become an honest man.

THE CONQUEROR'S TRIUMPH

A CERTAIN King, after a great victory, appointed three honors for his successful general. He decreed that the victor should be greeted with loud

hurrahs, that he should enter the capital in a triumphal car drawn by four white horses, and that the captives should follow the conqueror's chariot, bound hand and foot.

The general was delighted at hearing this. But when the time came for the honors to be enjoyed, he found that the King, in order to keep him humble amid success, had appointed also three annoyances which would accompany the honors.

First of all, a slave rode by his side in the triumphal chariot, to remind him that even the poorest and least of mankind could attain to a position such as his; in the second place, the slave struck him a blow whenever the people cheered, so that his pride might be checked; and, in the third place, the people were allowed free license to shout the most insulting remarks while the victor enjoyed his triumph, so that he might be reminded of his weak points.

THE GUESTS AT THE FEAST

A GREAT King made a feast, and invited every one to it. He sent out messengers to all the cities and towns in his kingdom, asking the people to come, and promising not only food, but wealth.

In one town there was a strong, robust man, who, unfortunately, was blind; and he loudly bemoaned the fact that his affliction would prevent him accepting the King's invitation. But presently he heard that in the same town was a lame man, who was also grieving that he would be unable to go to the feast.

The blind man and the lame man, therefore, came to an arrangement by which the blind man would carry the lame man to the feast, the lame man directing him. So the man who had sight but could not walk guided the man who could walk but could not see, and the two went together to the King's feast.

HOWLEGLASS, THE MERRY JESTER

The "History of Howleglass" is a famous German book of stories which was written in the Middle Ages, and was very popular in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Howleglass is a merry rascal who travels about a great deal, and wherever he goes he plays pranks that make people very angry at first, but afterward cause them great amusement. The following are some of his adventures.

THE DINNER AT THE CASTLE

HOWLEGLASS at one time enlisted in the service of the Count of Ambal, whose castle was surrounded by enemies. Howleglass was placed in the watch-tower, and told to keep a sharp lookout and to blow a horn if he saw the enemy approaching.

Shortly afterward he heard the count and his chief officers go into the great hall to dinner, and the smell of the dishes was too much for Howleglass. So he gave a great blast on his horn, and while the count and all his men ran off in great alarm to their posts to withstand the enemy, Howleglass rushed down and ate his fill of the victuals provided.

THE THREE GREAT QUESTIONS

ARRIVING at Prague, Howleglass posted a notice on the doors of the churches to the effect that he would answer any questions that might be asked of him, however difficult they might be. He was taken to the university and questioned by the rector before all the students, who had gathered to hear the visitor.

"How much water is there in the sea?" asked the rector.

"Stop the tides," said Howleglass, "and I will measure it for you."

The rector said he was unable to do that, and asked a second question.

"How many days have passed away since Adam was alive?" said he.

"Seven," answered Howleglass without hesitation, "for when seven have passed, seven begin again, and so it goes on to the end of time."

"Where is the center of the world?" asked the rector.

"Why, this house, to be sure," replied Howleglass. "Measure the world with a long cord and you will find I am right to an inch."

"How far is it from earth to heaven?" said the rector.

"Very near indeed," answered Howleglass, "for when we pray ever so low on earth, it is surely heard in heaven."

"But how large is heaven?" questioned the rector.

"Just twenty thousand leagues," replied Howleglass; "and if you doubt me, go and measure it, including the sun and moon and stars."

At this point the rector had to own that he could ask no question to which Howleglass had not an excellent answer.

THE WONDERFUL HORSE

HOWLEGLASS, on his travels, arrived at the city of Halberstadt, and lodged at the best inn he could find. Soon his money was exhausted, and in order to get more he asked the town crier to advertise a wonderful show that would be open to the people on the following day.

"Come," said he, "and see the strangest horse that ever lived. Its tail is where its head should be."

The people flocked in hundreds to see this strange animal, but on entering the stable where it was kept they found an ordinary horse with its tail tied fast to the manger.

The folk could not help laughing at the way they had been hoaxed, and Howleglass made them promise as they left that they would not reveal the secret to those who had yet to come in.

THE STORY THAT HAD NO END

THERE was a certain King who, like many other kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; but yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of his courtiers were in vain. The more he heard, the more he wanted to hear. At last he made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that lasted forever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage; but if any one should pretend that he could tell such a story, and should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long were the stories that some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months: poor fellows, they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, we may be sure; but all in vain; sooner or later they all came to an end; and, one after another, the unlucky story-tellers had their heads chopped off.

At last a man came who said that he had a story which would last forever, if his Majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

He was warned of his danger; they told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the King. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story:

"O King, there was once a king who was a great tyrant; and, desiring to increase his riches,

he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain.

"This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

"But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a very small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time.

"So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn——"

He had gone on thus from morning to night, except while he was engaged at his meals, for about a month. Then the King, though very patient, began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with:

"Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts; we will suppose that they have had all the corn they wanted; tell us what happened afterward."

The story-teller answered, very deliberately: "If it please your Majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterward before I have told you what happened first."

The King listened with admirable patience six months more, when he again interrupted him with: "O friend, I am weary of your locusts! How soon do you think they will have done?"

To which the story-teller made answer: "O King, who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit each way round the inside of the hole, and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides; but let the King have patience, and no doubt we shall come to the end of them in time."

Thus encouraged, the King listened on for another full year, the story-teller still going on as before.

At last the poor King could bear it no longer, and cried out:

"O man, that is enough! Take my daughter, take my kingdom, take anything—take everything, only let us hear no more of those abominable locusts."

And so the story-teller was married to the King's daughter, and was declared heir to the

throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts. The folly of the foolish King was thus stopped by the ingenious device of the very wise man.

STORIES FROM THE TALMUD

Among the volumes held sacred in the world to-day and for centuries past, the Jewish Talmud will always take a prominent place. It is regarded by the Jews almost as a second Bible, and a great part of it consists of traditions and laws that are said to have been handed down from the time of Moses by word of mouth. It contains the writings of all the greatest Jewish rabbis, or teachers, and consists of history, geography, poetry, law, and theology, unlike anything else in all literature. There is much that is dull and trivial, but also much that is wise and true, including many good stories, some of which are given below.

THE RICH MAN'S DIAMOND

A RICH Jew, who had a very poor neighbor, was told by a fortune-teller that some day all his wealth would belong to the poor man. This preyed upon his mind, so he sold everything, and with the money purchased a large diamond, which he sewed in his turban.

"Now," said he, "my poor neighbor can never obtain my diamond."

Some time afterward, when he was at sea, the wind carried his turban from his head, and it fell into the water and sank.

"At any rate," thought the Jew, "if I have lost the diamond, my poor neighbor can never get it."

But a few days later the poor man bought a fish in the market-place, and upon cutting it open found the diamond, which had been swallowed by the fish.

THE HEIR AND THE WILL

A RICH Jew having died, it was found by his will that he had left all his property to a slave, on the sole condition that the slave should allow the son of the dead man, who was in a distant city, to select just one article from the property.

The slave was delighted with his good fortune, and hurried off to the distant city to inform the son of what had happened. Of course the young man was astonished at his father's will, and greatly grieved. He could not understand why he should have treated him in this way, and complained to a rabbi of his parent's injustice.

But, having expected sympathy and comfort in his distress, the young man was amazed at the rabbi's words:

"What a wise man your father was!" said he. "This will shows that he was wonderfully far-seeing. By it he has preserved all his property to you. Had he left it to you in his will you would have received little of it, for, the heir be-

ing such a distance away from home, the slave would have plundered the estate. But your father bequeathed everything to his slave, knowing that the man would take care of the property when he believed it to be his own."

"But how does all that benefit me when the property is left away from me?" asked the young man in surprise.

"Do you not know that all a slave possesses belongs to his master?" said the rabbi. "You may select just one article. Choose the slave, and then the whole of the property will be yours."

This the young man did, and ever blessed the far-seeing wisdom of his father which had saved for him his inheritance.

THE BEAR IN THE WELL

A FOX and a bear were out walking together one day, when, as they passed a house, they smelt the dinner cooking. The fox suggested to his companion that they should creep into the kitchen when no one was there and steal some of the food. The bear agreed; but while they were in the kitchen the cook came in, and the bear was caught and punished. For this he threatened to kill the fox; but the cunning fox said:

"Pray do not let us quarrel. I will take you to another place where we shall certainly obtain plenty of food."

At night the fox led the bear to a deep well, and, pointing to the reflection of the moon in the water below, said:

"There is a fine cheese. We will go down and secure it."

He then got into one of the buckets at the end of the rope, and told the bear to get into the other. But as he was too light to balance the bear's weight, a large stone was placed with him in the pail.

As soon as the bear had entered the other bucket, the fox threw out the stone, and the bucket with the bear inside descended, and was left in the well.

THE DINNER AT THE INN

A YOUNG man called at an inn, and was invited to sit down to dinner with the landlord, his wife, two sons, and two daughters. Five pigeons and a fowl were placed upon the table, and the young man was asked to carve and serve. Dividing one pigeon between the two sons, another between the two daughters, and another between the landlord and his wife, he kept two birds for himself.

The host was surprised at this method of distributing the food, but when the pigeons were eaten he asked the young man to carve the fowl. The youth did so, giving the head to the landlord and his wife, a leg to each of the sons, a wing to each of the daughters, and took the body

for himself. The landlord asked for an explanation.

"I have done the best I could to make things equal," said the young man. "You, your wife, and one pigeon make three; your two sons and one pigeon make three; your two daughters and one pigeon make three; and I and two pigeons make three. With regard to the fowl, I gave the head to you and your wife because you are the heads of the family. I gave to your sons the legs, because they are the supports of the family. I gave to your daughters the wings, because they will marry, take wings, and fly away from your home. I took the body of the fowl for myself because it looks like a ship, and in a ship I came here, and in a ship I hope to return to my home."

LEGENDS OF THE STARS

In the early ages shepherds tending their sheep and goats, huntsmen pursuing the hare, the bear, the wolf, and the lion, sailors on the wide sea meeting whales and sea monsters, or seeking fish, fancied that they could make out pictures in the groups of stars. They invented stories about them and about wonderful strong and beautiful beings, gods and goddesses, who were more than human, living high up there in the sky. Here are a few of these legends.

AN INDIAN LEGEND

ACCORDING to an Indian legend from California, the sun, moon, and stars are one big family. The sun is the great chief and ruler of the heavens; the moon is his wife, and the stars are his children, whom he has to eat to keep himself alive when he can catch them. But when he is up in the morning, they flee out of his sight as fast as they can, and dare not appear again until he goes into his hole in the west. He crawls along this hole till he comes to his narrow bed in the middle of the earth. This is so small that it does not give him room to turn round; so when he wakes up next day he has to creep out to the east. Then his wife, the moon, takes her rest.

Every month she grieves when he eats up some of the stars, and puts black over her gentle face to show her sorrow. This gradually wears off, till by the end of the month her face is bright again. The stars are happy with their mother, the moon, and sing and dance as she passes among them. After a time other star children disappear, and she has to put on mourning again for them.

ORION, THE BELTED GIANT

ORION was a giant who wanted to marry Hero, or Merope, daughter of Ænopion, King of Chios; but this King, who took a dislike to the suitor because of his great height, thinking to rid him-

self of a troublesome person, consented to the marriage only on condition that Orion freed the island of Chios from the beasts that raged there. This he did, but King Ænopion failed to keep his promise, and had him blinded. Then Orion was directed by a blacksmith, whom he carried on his back, to the best spot for facing the rising sun. Gazing at it, Orion recovered his sight.

According to one legend, Diana, through jealousy, slew him with her arrows; according to another, his death was due to the bite of a scorpion which rose from the ground to punish him for boasting of his prowess as a hunter. He was carried to the heavens, and there shines as a constellation of seventeen stars, with a glittering belt round his waist and his dog Sirius near him. He is found near the feet of the Bull, and is sometimes shown with a club or a sword in his hand, and bearing a shield. One of the stories about him is that he piled up a bank on the coast of Sicily to keep out the sea; another, that he was a worker in iron, and made a palace for Vulcan, underground.

THE GREAT DOG

NEAR Orion, between the Hare and the Milky Way, as far south as we in the Northern Hemisphere can see, lies the Great Dog of Orion, containing one very brilliant star called Sirius. It used to be regarded as a warning by the Egypt-

tians, just as a good watch-dog warns a house of coming danger. The dog in the sky could not bark, but its bright light let the Egyptians know of any harmful event about to happen.

When they saw the star in the early morning they knew the Nile would soon overflow. So one name they gave it was the Nile-star. Of course, they knew nothing of the real sources of the Nile then, because no one had found them out. Sometimes, to show what it was necessary to do on its appearance, they pictured the dog as a man with a dog's head, a stew-pot in his arms, a feather under one arm, wings to his feet, and leaving behind him a duck and a tortoise. The Greeks and Romans associated the dog-star with the heat of summer, and said that it burned up the fields and killed the bees. We still talk of the dog days in the hottest season.

A FAMILY GROUP

THERE are four constellations in the sky standing for quite a family group. Cassiopeia, the mother; Cepheus, the father; Andromeda, the daughter; and Perseus, the son-in-law, with—a little farther off—Pegasus, his winged horse. Cassiopeia foolishly declared herself to be more beautiful than the Nereides, and the angry nymphs, in revenge, got Neptune to send a sea-monster to trouble Ethiopia, or Topa, where Cassiopeia lived, for she had married King Cepheus of that country. When Andromeda was exposed to the monster, Perseus rescued her. Cepheus, the husband of Cassiopeia, sailed with the famous Argonauts.

Cassiopeia was pictured by the ancients in a southern constellation of thirteen stars, seated on her throne, and holding a palm-leaf in her hand. Cepheus is near here. Cassiopeia, as the constellation is called, can be recognized very easily in the sky in the form of an "m," or, as some see it better, a "w."

THE GREAT BEAR

LOOKING at this group of stars, so easily observed, for they never set in the Northern Hemisphere, people fancied they saw in them different objects. So the Greeks said: "It is a chariot"; the ancient Gauls called it "Arthur's Chariot"; the Americans, "The Dipper"; the English, "Charles's Wain" or "The Great Bear." There are two bears really, a Great Bear, or Ursa Major, and a Little Bear, or Ursa Minor. This is the legend of how they came there.

Jupiter and Calisto had a son named Arcas. Juno, who was jealous of Calisto, changed her into a bear, and her son by mischance was on the point of killing her. Jupiter, recognizing her danger from hunters, changed her into a con-

stellation. Arcas's kingdom was Arcadia, a happy land, where people were taught by their king to till the ground and spin wool. One day while hunting, he met a beautiful wood-nymph in trouble because the tree over which she watched was in danger from a river in flood. Arcas saved the tree by turning aside the current; then he married the nymph, and when he died left his kingdom to his three sons. Jupiter at his death turned him into a bear like his mother, so that he has since kept her company as a constellation.

THE PLEIADES

THESE seven stars were associated with seven beautiful sisters, daughters of Atlas, and named Electra, Maia, Alcyone, Taygete, Celæno, Merope, and Sterope. They all married gods, except Merope, whose light is less bright because she was wedded to a mortal, Sisyphus, King of Corinth. Electra's light also diminished through grief after the fall of Troy, which her son Dardanus had founded.

The word Pleiades comes from a Greek word meaning "to sail," because this constellation shines well in spring, at a good time for sailors to start on a voyage. Because, too, of their association with Ver, the spring, these stars are also called the Virgilix. From the earliest times, festivals and seasons were connected with the rising of the Pleiades.

The story runs that, in Bæotia, the giant Orion went in pursuit of the seven sisters, but they prayed to be saved from him, and they were changed into the form of doves. Now they are ever at a safe distance from him in the skies, at the back of the Bull, and behind its protecting horns, where Orion cannot trouble them.

HERCULES WITH HIS CLUB

THE celebrated hero Hercules, son of Jupiter, was, of course, bound to be enthroned among the gods in the skies, so the Greeks gave him a place of honor, with his club in his right hand, an apple-branch in his left, in memory of the apples of the Hesperides, and in a kneeling position, with the lyre near his feet.

The legend is that Hercules was fighting one day with stones, but had used them all up. Then Jupiter, seeing the danger of his son, rained down a shower of round stones. These Hercules bent down to pick up, and throw at his enemies, and thus overcame them. This is why he is shown kneeling.

Many are the stories of his prowess and marvelous physical strength, but the most wonderful were his twelve labors, on the performance of

THOUGHTS IN CHURCH.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



Oh, to be a sailor
And sail to foreign lands—
To Greenland's icy mountains
And India's coral strands!
To sail upon the Ganges
And see the crocodile,
Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

I 'd love to see the heathen
Bow down to wood and stone,
But his wicked graven image
I 'd knock from off its throne!
The heathen-in-his-blindness
Should see a thing or two!
He 'd know before I left him
What a Yankee boy can do!



which the Delphic oracle promised him immortality. These included slaying the Nemean lion, the Hydra, or water-snake, and the monster birds; capturing a stag with hoofs of bronze and antlers of gold, the boar of Erymanthus, the mad Cretan bull, the mares of Diomedes, Geryon's

oxen, and Cerberus, the dog of hell; securing Hippolyte's girdle and the golden apples of the Hesperides. By his own will his body was burned on a pyre, and his spirit passed away in a cloud to Olympus, where he married the goddess Hebe, and became immortal.

STORIES TOLD IN INDIA THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO

These little stories were told to the boys and girls of India a thousand years before Jesus Christ was born, but they are still as interesting as when they were originally told to the children of long ago. They were first told in Sanskrit, the sacred language of the people of India.

THE TIGER AND THE TRAVELER

A TIGER who was too old to go hunting for his food lay hidden in the jungle, crying to the passers-by to come and receive a handsome bangle for nothing. A covetous fellow, hearing the invitation, asked to see the bangle, and the tiger pushed one of his paws a little way through the grass and showed the stripe upon it. Thereupon the covetous man started to get it, but soon found himself up to his waist in a pool of mud.

"One moment," said the tiger, "and I will come and help you out."

And, going into the pool, he seized the man and made a hearty meal of him.

Covetousness often leads a man into trouble and disaster.

THE APE AND THE WEDGE

IN Behar, a great temple was being built, and a carpenter who had partly sawn through a huge beam of wood went away to dinner, leaving a wedge in the beam to prevent the two sawn parts from springing together. While the man was away, a party of monkeys came along, and one of these, thinking to appear clever before his companions, said:

"See me take the wedge out of this beam and give the carpenter more work to do!"

Then he jumped down into the opening in the beam, and tugged away at the wedge, until at last it came out, and at the same moment the sections of the beam sprang together and held the monkey fast until the carpenter returned.

Those who make trouble for others often fall into it themselves.

THE BRAHMAN AND THE GOAT

A BRAHMAN who lived in the forest had been to the town to buy a goat for sacrifice, and was returning with it on his shoulders, when he was

seen by three rogues, who determined to deprive him of it.

They ran ahead of him and seated themselves at the foot of three different trees.

"Why do you carry that dog, master?" said the first, with well-feigned surprise. The dog, it must be understood, is regarded as an unclean animal by the Brahmans.

"Dog!" was the indignant reply. "It is no dog at all, but a goat."

The Brahman came to the second rogue, who made the same remark. This time the Brahman took the goat from his shoulder, looked well at it, and, replacing it, proceeded on his journey.

But when still a third man said the goat was a dog, the Brahman doubted the evidence of his own eyes, threw down the animal, washed himself from the pollution of the supposed dog, and hurried off home. The three rogues then seized their prey, and cooked and ate it.

Be on your guard against rogues.

THE BRAHMAN AND THE POTS

A BRAHMAN went to rest in a potter's workshop, taking with him his staff, and a little dish containing some meal that had been given to him. As he lay upon the ground he began to meditate.

"If I sell this meal," he said, "I can buy some of these pots with the proceeds. Then I can sell those and make a profit, and with the money I can buy clothes to sell. And so, in time, I shall be worth many thousands of rupees. Then I shall buy a house and marry, and if my wives quarrel I shall take up my stick—like this, and punish them—thus."

As he thought these things he waved his staff, smashed his own dish, upset the meal in the dirt and dust, and broke many of the potter's vessels. So ended his wonderful castles built in the air.

Do not begin to count your chickens before they are hatched.

THE LION AND THE CAT

AWAY in the mountains of the north of India lived a lion, who was much annoyed by a small mouse that crept out while he was asleep and gnawed his mane. At last the lion went to the village and obtained a cat, promising to treat it royally if it would keep the mouse away.

This the cat did for a time, and the lion always gave his protector the best of food. But

one day, when the mouse was very hungry, it came out and was killed by the cat. The lion soon found that there was no longer any mouse to annoy him, and he at once ceased supplying the cat with food, and the cat had to return to the village and live as poorly as it had done before.

The great are often selfish in their patronage of those who help them.

PROVERB STORIES

Every nation has its proverbs—short, pithy sayings in which are contained much wisdom. The stories on this page illustrate some of these proverbs.

THE FARMER AND HIS SACKS

Repay Kindness with Kindness

A FARMER was taking his grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse. On the way, the horse stumbled, and one of the sacks fell to the ground. It was too heavy for him to lift, and he was at a loss to know what to do. As he stood wondering, he saw a horseman coming toward him.

When, however, the rider came nearer, the farmer saw that he was none other than the nobleman who lived in the great house at the top of the hill. It was impossible to think of asking help from one of his rank.

The nobleman, however, was something more than a man with a title—he was a gentleman, and he dismounted.

"I see you have had something of a mishap, friend," he said. "It is fortunate I came along just now, for help is not always handy on these roads."

So saying, he took one end of the sack, the farmer took the other, and the load was once more placed on the horse's back.

"My lord," said the farmer, lifting his cap, "how can I thank you?"

"Easily enough, my good fellow," said the nobleman. "Whenever you see any one in a difficulty, help him all you can, and that will be thanking me."

THE BAG OF PEAS

There's no Luck in Laziness

"Do you believe in luck?" said a king to one of his officers.

"Yes," answered the officer, "I do."

"Ah!" laughed the king. "I am afraid you could not prove to me that there is any such thing in the world."

"That may be, your Majesty," answered the

officer; "but if it please you, we might try to find out. I have thought even now of a plan."

He whispered in the king's ear, and his Majesty replied:

"Very good, very good indeed; let us try it without loss of time."

So that night the officer hung a bag from the ceiling of one of the rooms in the palace. What it contained none but the king and the officer knew. Then two men were put into the room. When the door was shut, one of the men who believed in luck laid himself in a corner and prepared for sleep; the other looked about him, and at once saw the bag hanging from the ceiling.

He reached up and put in his hand, and found some peas. "One might have a worse supper," he thought, as he took out a handful and ate them.

Presently he came on some diamonds, but, in the dark, he thought they were mere stones, and of no value. So he threw them toward his companion, saying:

"You may take the stones for your idleness."

In the morning the king and his officer came to the room, and told each man he might keep what he had found. The one man got the peas which he had eaten; the other got the diamonds.

"Now, your Majesty," said the officer, "what do you say?"

"Truly," answered the king, "you seem to have the best of the argument. There may be such a thing as luck; but it is as rare as peas mixed with diamonds, and so let none hope to live by luck."

THE TWO KINGS

The Second Word Makes the Quarrel

THERE was once a king who sent a message to the king of a neighboring country, saying:

"Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else——"

To this the other king replied:

"I have not got one; and if I had——"

When the first king got this answer he flew into a great rage, and declared war against the other. For many weary months fighting went on, but at last the two kings arranged a meeting.

"What did you mean," said the first, "by saying 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else——'?"

"Why," he answered, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color. And now

let me ask you what you meant by your message, 'I have not got one, and if I had——'?"

"My meaning was simple enough; for, of course, if I had had such a pig I should have sent it."

"Dear me, how foolish we have been! Let us make peace and be friends."

So peace was made, and the story was written in the annals of both countries to serve as a warning to those that should come after to be slow to take offence.

STORIES TOLD IN THE OLD ENGLISH SCHOOLS

The first book on education ever written and printed in English was Sir Thomas Elyot's "Governour," published in 1531. Considering the period when it was written, it is a remarkable book, for its enlightened views are worthy of the twentieth century; and much that is done in the education of children to-day was first suggested by its author. The book is full of interesting stories which used to be told to the boys and girls of the old English schools to illustrate their lessons; and some of these stories are given here.

THE MASTER AND HIS SCHOLARS

WHEN Dionysius, King of Sicily, was exiled by his people, he went to Italy and set up a school for boys, to whom he taught grammar and other subjects. His enemies laughed at him for this, declaring that it was quite beneath the dignity of one who had occupied a throne to keep a school. But he replied that, though he had been turned out of Sicily, he was still a king, for he had authority over his scholars.

His enemies then asked him what good Plato's philosophy was to him in his trouble, for he had studied it deeply.

"Ah," replied he, "it enables me to bear misfortune with patience!"

So moved were his former subjects by his fortitude that they recalled him to the throne—a dignity which he would probably never have regained by the sword.

THE CONQUEROR AND THE ARTIST

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, who conquered nearly all the world, one day went into the studio of an artist, and, while watching the man paint, spoke of drawing, and color, and other subjects about which he knew little or nothing.

At last the artist turned round, with a smile, and said to the King:

"Do you see, noble prince, how even the boy who is mixing my colors is laughing at you?"

Instead of getting angry the King accepted the rebuke, and ceased to talk glibly about what he did not understand.

THE TWO FRIENDS

ORESTES and Pilades were two youths who were remarkably alike in appearance, and remarkably fond of each other. One day Orestes was seized by command of a tyrant, who hated him deeply, and who had determined to put him to death. But Pilades accompanied his friend into the presence of the tyrant, and, in order to save the life of Orestes, loudly declared that he was the man the tyrant sought.

The real Orestes, however, maintained that he was the man who was wanted, and so perplexed was the tyrant that he knew not which of the two to condemn. At last, when the youths continued striving to receive condemnation in order that each might save the other, the tyrant's heart was softened, and he set them free.

THE TRAITOR WHO BECAME LOYAL

It was once reported to King Philip, father of Alexander the Great, that a certain captain had been plotting against him, and the King was urged to have the man seized and shut up in prison or executed. But Philip declined to do this, in spite of the continued warnings of his courtiers and friends.

"If any part of my body was sick," said he, "should I cut it off and cast it away? Should I not rather do all I possibly could to heal it?"

He thereupon invited the traitorous captain to the palace, loaded him with gifts and honors, and in this way made him ashamed of his treason. The captain afterward became one of the most loyal and most loving subjects of the King.

THE KING WHO WAS LOVED

CRÆSUS, the rich King, was captured by Cyrus, King of Persia, and one day, after seeing the liberality of Cyrus, he said:

"Surely if you give away like this you must become very poor, whereas if you keep your wealth you would soon have great riches."

"How much do you suppose I should have now," asked Cyrus, "if, during all my reign, I had kept everything and given nothing?"

Cræsus named an immense sum.

"Well," said Cyrus, "I will send round to my friends and subjects, and tell them that I need money for some object, and you shall see the result."

After the messengers of Cyrus had been round, the King took Cræsus to see the gifts they had sent. Cræsus was amazed, for there stood a great heap of gold, of far greater value than the sum he had named as being what Cyrus might have saved had he been a miser.

"If I had hoarded and guarded my wealth," said Cyrus, "I should be envied and hated by my people; whereas I am loved and trusted by my people, and can in a moment have more gold than ever I could have saved in many years."

THE SOLDIER AND HIS JUDGE

ONCE when King Philip was trying a prisoner, he fell asleep; and then, waking suddenly, he at once gave judgment against him. But the soldier cried out:

"King Philip, I appeal against your sentence!"

"To whom do you appeal?" said the King angrily.

"I appeal from Philip asleep to Philip awake," answered the soldier, facing his judge nobly.

The King was impressed by this reply, and, feeling the justice of the man's appeal, he went thoroughly into the case, found that he had

greatly wronged the soldier, and at once had him set free.

THE BATTLE WITH THE LION

At one time, when there was no battle in progress, Alexander the Great became tired of inactivity, and, ordering a fierce lion to be brought into his presence, he fought it single-handed, and, after a terrible struggle, finally slew it.

A courtier, who disapproved of the King risking his life thus needlessly, being asked his opinion of the battle, replied in these words of great wisdom:

"I wish with all my soul that your Majesty might fight with a lion for some great empire!"

By this answer the courtier, while praising the King's bravery, at the same time hinted that only for a great cause, and not for mere pride of victory, should he thus risk his precious life, which was of such importance to his people.

HOW ALEXANDER CROSSED THE RIVER

WHEN Alexander the Great was going to war against the Indian King Porus, he came with his army to a very wide river, which had to be crossed. The horsemen went in, and the animals were soon up to their necks in water, so that it was impossible for the foot-soldiers to walk through the river by a ford.

The men could not swim, and were afraid to go into the water. Seeing this, Alexander, who himself could not swim, wrung his hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, most unhappy that I am, never to have learned to swim!"

Then, seizing a shield from a soldier and throwing it into the river, he stepped upon it, and, balancing himself with his spear, crossed to the other side, using the shield as a raft. This encouraged the foot-soldiers, and in one way and another they all managed to cross the river.

LITTLE STORIES ABOUT FLOWERS

Almost every flower has a story, just as almost every place has a legend. They are "made up," perhaps, as the legends are, but they are often very beautiful.

THE CORN-FLOWER

QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA was a brave, beautiful lady. The great Emperor Napoleon came and conquered her country, and oppressed her people, and she struggled bravely against him.

At last, however, her chief city, Berlin, was captured by the enemy, and she barely managed

to escape with her little children, and hid in a cornfield. Her children were frightened, and began to cry, and Queen Louisa was afraid that some one might hear them. So she took some of the blue corn-flowers and twined the blossoms into wreaths and crowns for them, and in this way made the children forget their sorrow.

One of her children was named Wilhelm, and

he afterward conquered Napoleon's nephew, and was made the first German Emperor, and he took as his emblem the blue corn-flower. Now all the German people wear it on festival days, as the emblem of German unity, and as a souvenir of their brave Queen Louisa of Prussia.

THE ENCHANTED THORN

A CERTAIN thorn-tree on the Surrey downs, in England, is said to be enchanted. Some maidens who danced around it one summer night were carried off by the fairies and never seen again. But a few years ago two shepherd lads were sitting there, when the thorns were white with blossom, and one of them said:

"We 'll now see if this thorn is really enchanted. I 'll dance round it, and you sit and watch what happens."

Instead of dancing in the ordinary way about the tree, however, he danced round it backward. When he had done, the earth opened, and a green table came up. On the table were delicate dishes of meat and fish.

"Don't touch it; it is fairy food!" said one of the shepherd boys.

But his daring companion feasted to his heart's content, and the table then sank into the earth. He is now one of the richest farmers in England, for the food was lucky food, but his companion is still only a shepherd.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

IN the Black Forest, in Germany, lived a peasant named Hermann. Going home one Christmas Eve, he saw a little boy lying in the snow. He carried him to his wife and children, who, in their pity, gladly shared with him their little feast.

All night he remained in the hut, and in the morning the guest revealed himself as the Christ-child, and vanished. When Hermann next passed the place where he found the child, wonderful flowers were growing out of the snow. Gathering a handful, he gave them to his wife, who called them chrysanthemums, meaning Christ-flowers, or, more correctly, gold-flowers. Ever after this on Christmas Eve a part of the feast in Hermann's house was set aside for some poor child, in memory of their guest.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO

THE rose of Jericho is also known as the resurrection-flower, for it is supposed to have the property of dying and coming to life again. Its origin is described in a very pretty legend.

When the infant Jesus fled from Bethlehem with his mother and Joseph, to avoid the massacre of all the young children by King Herod, the party are said to have crossed the plains of Jericho. When Mary alighted from the ass on which she was riding, this little flower sprang up at her feet to greet the infant Saviour whom she carried in her arms.

Flowers are said to have thus sprung up at all the places where the holy child rested.

All through the Saviour's life on earth the little rose of Jericho continued to flourish, but when he died upon the cross all these flowers withered and died away at the same time. Three days later, however, our Lord rose again from the tomb, and at the same time the roses of Jericho came to life, and sprang up and blossomed all over the plain as an emblem of the joy of the earth because Christ was risen.

And because of these happenings, the rose of Jericho has ever since borne also the name of the resurrection-flower.

THE FABLES OF PILPAY THE HINDU

Pilpay is thought to have been a Hindu who lived many centuries before Jesus was born, and who wrote fables that have been translated into almost every language. His fables are older than those of Æsop.

THE FOX AND THE HEN

A HUNGRY fox, spying a fine fat hen, made up his mind to eat her. But as he was about to spring upon her he heard a great noise, and looking up, saw a drum hanging upon a tree. As the wind blew, the branches beat upon the drum.

"Ah!" said he. "A thing that can make so much noise must certainly have more flesh upon it than a miserable hen."

So, allowing the hen to escape, he sprang upon

the drum; but when he tore the parchment head open he found that there was nothing inside.

"Wretched being that I am," said he. "I have missed a dainty meal for nothing at all."

By being too greedy we may miss everything that is worth having.

THE THREE FISHES

THREE fishes lived in a pond. The first was wise, the second had a little sense, and the third was foolish. A fisherman saw the fish, and went

home for his net in order that he might catch them.

"I must get out of this pond at once," said the wise fish. And he threw himself into a little channel that led to a river. The others did not trouble at all.

Presently the fisherman returned with his net, and stopped up the channel leading to the river. The second fish wished he had followed the example of the wise fish; but he soon thought of a plan to escape. He floated upside down on the surface of the water, and the fisherman, thinking he was dead, did not trouble about him any more.

But the foolish fish was caught, and taken home to be eaten.

We should all endeavor to be wise.

THE FALCON AND THE HEN

"How ungrateful you must be!" said a falcon to a hen. "You are fed with the best of food, you have a snug bed provided for you at night, you are protected from foxes, and yet, when the men who do all this for you want to take hold of you, you run away and do not return their caresses. Now, I do not receive anything like so

many benefits, and yet I allow the men to hold me, and I serve them when they go hunting in the field."

"Ah!" said the hen. "What you say is true. But, remember, you never see a hawk roasting in front of the fire, whereas you see hundreds of good fat hens treated in that way."

Circumstances alter cases.

THE KING WHO GREW KIND

A CRUEL king was riding out one day, when he saw a fox attack a hen. But just then a dog ran after the fox and bit his leg. The fox, however, lame as he was, managed to escape into his hole, and the dog ran off. A man who saw him threw a stone at the dog, and cracked his head; but at this moment a horse passing by ran against the man and trod on his foot. A minute later the horse's foot stepped upon a stone, and his ankle was broken.

"Ah," said the king. "This will be a lesson to me. I see that misfortunes always overtake those who ill-use others."

And from that time the king became a kind and wise ruler of his people.

Punishment sooner or later overtakes those who wrong others.

STORIES TOLD BY THE ARABS

Eastern peoples are great lovers of stories, and the Arabs are no exception to the rule. They like to sit in the camp or market-place telling tales that have been handed down for generations. Some of their stories are humorous, others have an excellent moral, and others are full of superstition. Some of the most familiar of these stories told by the Arabs are given on these pages.

THE STICK THAT GREW SHORT

A POOR woman, whose bag of meal had been stolen, applied to a sheik for redress. He called before him all the men of a camp near by, one of whom must have been the guilty party, and, giving to each of them a little stick, he said:

"Keep these sticks until the morning, and then bring them to me, when I will measure them. They are all the same length now, for if any one of you has the meal-bag his stick will have grown longer."

The next day when the sticks were measured one was found to be much shorter than the others, and the owner was at once denounced as the thief. He pleaded guilty, and was punished. Knowing that he was the thief, and believing that his stick would grow, he had broken off a piece, so that after it had grown it would still be the same size as the others.

THE BOY AND THE HONEY

"Son," said a mother to her boy, "take this dish and go to the bazaar. Get me some honey, and bring also some salt."

The boy took the dish, and, going first to the seller of honey, he had the dish filled from the honeycomb. Then he went to the salt-merchant, and, thinking it would save him from carrying two loads if he had the salt also put into the dish, he turned the dish upside down and received the salt upon it. Then he returned to his mother.

"Mother," said he, "I have brought the honey and the salt."

"I see the salt," said the mother. "But where is the honey?"

"Here," said the boy, turning the dish upside down. But there was no honey, for it had all dropped upon the road.

"At any rate," said he, "I have the salt." Then he turned the dish again to show his mother the salt, but that, too, had now been spilt, so that all was lost.

THE HOUSE THAT WAS SOLD

A WICKED man who wished to sell his house wished also to reserve a room on one side of it for himself, and the purchaser agreed to let him have the free use of this without any hindrance. An agreement was drawn up, but as soon as the transaction was completed, the seller hung a dead dog on a hook outside his room.

Now, in Eastern lands nothing is regarded with greater horror than a dead dog, and the new owner of the house asked that the carcass might be removed. But to this the other would not agree, and the dog remained. It was no use for the new owner to go to the magistrate, for the law would be on the side of the seller, who was doing no more than using his own part of the house as he liked.

At last the new owner was glad to sell back the house for a very small sum, which was what the original owner had desired. As soon as the new sale was completed the dog was removed, and the man who had been defrauded of his money could do no more than cry out against the dishonesty of the owner.

THE STONE THAT FELL

A MAN was in the main street of a city when a stone fell upon him from the top of a house, and his leg was broken. The man went to law and tried to get damages from the owner of the house; but the owner said it was not his fault—the builder should be sued. The builder, on being called, declared that he was not responsible, for as he was putting the stone into position, while building the house, a girl passed in the street below wearing a dress of so bright a color that he was dazzled, and could not lay the stone properly.

The girl was therefore called, and she threw the responsibility upon the merchant who had sold her the material for the dress. When the merchant was summoned, he said that he was not responsible, for the colored material had come from across the seas.

"What!" cried the judge. "You deal with foreigners? Then you shall be hanged in your own doorway." And he gave orders for this to be done.

But the merchant was a tall man, and as his doorway was low he could not be hanged, and so he escaped punishment.

THE WASHERWOMAN IN A MOSQUE

THE guardian of a mosque at Jerusalem took a violent dislike to the old woman who washed his clothes, and determined to bring about her death. So, pretending friendship, he offered to let her see the tomb of a prophet in the mosque; and the woman, delighted at such an honor, followed him to the place.

But as soon as she was inside, the man ran out, shut the gate, and locked the old woman in. Then he hurried off to the *cadi*, or magistrate, and said that while the door was open to ventilate the sacred tomb, the old woman had gone in, thus committing a terrible offence against Moslem law.

"Let us go to the tomb and take out this wicked woman for punishment," said the *cadi*, who was very indignant.

Meanwhile the old woman had escaped from the tomb by a secret passage which she had in some strange way discovered, and had returned home to her washing.

When the *cadi* came to the tomb, and the door was opened, of course no woman was to be found.

"Well, I know she was here when I fastened the door," said the guardian of the mosque.

"That cannot be," said a man who had joined the crowd when the *cadi* went to the mosque. "I just now passed the woman's house, and she was hard at work doing her washing."

Once again the *cadi* set out, followed by an ever-growing crowd. When he arrived at the washerwoman's house, and saw her busy at her washing, he turned upon the guardian and asked him for some explanation. Of course, the man was astounded at what had happened, and all he could do was to repeat his statement that the woman had been in the mosque. The *cadi*, however, would not believe him, and he severely punished him for playing such a stupid trick.

THE DOOR THAT SPOKE

A SILVERSMITH complained to a pasha that his house had been broken into during the night, and valuable articles stolen from it. The pasha promised to discover and punish the thief. He publicly announced that something very wonderful would take place at the silversmith's shop on the coming day, and at the time appointed a great crowd gathered.

Then the pasha, who was himself present, went up to the door of the shop and asked who had passed into the shop during the night. As the door did not answer, the pasha ordered it to receive a number of lashes.

DIPLOMACY.

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



THE Widow Hill has a fine plum-tree!
The Widow Hill is fond o' me.
I 'll call on her to-day!

The plum-tree grows by her front door.
I 've been meaning to call for a week or more
To pass the time o' day!

Then he asked the question again, and, going close to the door, put his ear against it, urging it to whisper the name of the guilty party.

There was a pause, during which the crowd was eagerly curious, and then the pasha said: "The door declares that the thief is in the

crowd, and that he has some cobwebs from the shop still hanging to the front of his turban."

At this a man in the forefront of the crowd put his hand hurriedly to his turban, and was at once denounced as the thief. He was arrested, confessed his crime, and was severely punished.

STORIES FROM THE CHINESE

It is the ambition of every family in China to have at least one boy who shall distinguish himself in the examinations through which their public officials are chosen, and Chinese story-books are full of interesting tales of the cleverness and perseverance of studious boys.

THE BIG JAR OF WATER

A LITTLE boy named Kwang, who was very clever because he always paid attention to his lessons and tried to understand everything that came in his way, was playing with some other children, when one of them fell into a large earthenware jar full of water. The vessel was a tall one, and none of the children could reach their comrade, who would certainly have been drowned had it not been for the wisdom of Kwang. He knew that any one trying to save the boy through the mouth of the jar would not only be unsuccessful, but would probably himself fall in, and be drowned. So Kwang took up a large stone lying on the ground, and throwing it at the earthenware jar with all his might, broke the vessel. The water at once ran out, and the little boy was saved.

THE BALL IN THE HOLLOW POST

IN a little village lived a boy named Yenfoh, who was very bright and clever, and always knew what to do in difficult circumstances. One day, while he was playing at ball with some companions, the ball struck the top of a hollow post, and then fell to the bottom inside, quite out of reach of the children. All of them, with the exception of Yenfoh, thought the ball was lost. But he knew what to do. He ran to the village well and drew a pail of water. Then, bringing this to the hollow post while the other children looked on in wonder, Yenfoh poured the water in, and the ball floated to the top, where it could be reached.

THE BOY WHO FOUND LIGHT

IN the country parts of China the people are very poor—so poor that they are unable to have a light after dark, and simply have to go to bed. A boy named Kang, who was studying for the examinations, found that if he was to succeed he could not waste all the hours of darkness. His

family, however, were too poor to buy oil, so what was he to do? A heavy fall of snow had taken place, and Kang suddenly remembered that white reflects light; so going out and sitting upon the cold ground, he held his book so that the light from the snow shone upon the page. This he did all through the winter. But at last summer came, and at the same time the snow went. What could poor Kang do now? He remembered that glowworms give a tiny light, and so he collected a large number of these little creatures, and by the light which they gave was able to continue his studies far into the night. Kang became a mandarin of high rank.

THE BOY WHO HAD NO PAPER

A LITTLE boy who had the misfortune to lose his father when he was only four years old wanted to study for the examinations; but his mother lived in great poverty, and was quite unable to buy paper or pen and ink for him. The little boy, whose name was Yang-su, was greatly distressed at this, and for some time did not know what to do. He certainly could not study if he was unable to write, and how could he write if he had no paper? But it was soon proved in the case of Yang-su that where there is a will there is a way. The boy lived near the seashore, and going down to the beach he took with him a branch of a tree, and with it wrote down words and worked out his problems upon the sand.

THE SLEEPY STUDENT

IN the province of Tsu lived a boy who was very anxious to distinguish himself in the examinations, and thus to bring honor to his parents and his native village. But he found that, after he had been studying for some hours, he began to get very drowsy, and his head would nod until finally he fell asleep. This distressed him very much, and for some time he did not know what to do to keep awake. At last he thought of a way of doing this. He tied a cord to the end

of his pigtail, and then fastened this to a beam in the roof, so that when he slept and his head began to nod, the pull of the pigtail at once roused him up again.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL

A POOR boy named Kwang Hung was very fond of books, and loved to study; but his poverty prevented him from being able to purchase oil for his lamp, and he had no light. He worked for a magistrate, who at Kwang Hung's own request paid him in books instead of money, and no one was ever more delighted with his wages. Yet the books were of little use to the boy, for he was too poor to buy oil for a lamp at night.

At last he thought of an idea. His next-door neighbor had lights, and so Kwang Hung made a little hole in the wall, and by moving his book backward and forward in front of the hole he caught the light that came through the hole, and was able to go on with his studies.

When the examinations were held he went up with others, and so distinguished himself that his case was brought before the emperor, who

gave him a high appointment, and finally Kwang Hung became prime minister of the Chinese Empire.

THE WEB OF CLOTH

MENCIUS was only three years old when he lost his father, but his mother worked very hard so that her son might have a good education. She sent him to school, and at first Mencius liked going; but he soon slackened in his studies, and at last, throwing aside his books, he left the school and went home. His mother was weaving a piece of cloth into which she had put a great deal of hard work, and which was worth a large sum of money. As soon as she saw Mencius walk into the house, she took up a knife and cut the web of cloth from top to bottom, utterly spoiling it.

"My son," she said, "you are not half so sorry to see me cut this web of cloth as I am to see you leaving your studies."

Mencius was so moved by this action of his mother that he went back to school at once and always studied very hard.

STORIES TOLD TO KAFIR CHILDREN

The little Kafir boys and girls who live in the native villages of South Africa do not know any of our fairy tales; they have never heard of Cinderella or Little Red Riding Hood. But in the evening, squatting round the fires that blaze outside their huts, their mothers tell them tales like these stories, and they become silent and attentive.

UNCAMA'S ADVENTURE

UNCAMA was a bold hunter, and finding that a strange animal came every night to his garden and rooted up his plants, he lay in wait for it and pursued it. The strange animal ran down a great hole by the side of a river, and Uncama followed it, and entered a wonderful country underneath the earth.

The strange animal then disappeared, but Uncama went on until he came to a village in which a tribe of savage dwarfs lived. The dwarfs were very fierce, and gathered together to make an attack; but Uncama got away, and climbed up the hole back to his own country.

But when he returned to his people no one recognized him.

"Where is the wife of Uncama?" he said. "I have a message for her."

"Uncama? Uncama?" exclaimed the people. "Was n't that the man who disappeared many years ago? His wife is now a very old woman."

So, indeed, she was; and for some time she did not know Uncama. The hunter was now a

younger man than even the baby son whom he left in his wife's arms when he followed the animal down the hole into the underground country.

THE JACKAL AND THE LION

ONE very hot summer all the streams dried up, and the animals had no water to drink. After searching for some days they found a spring, but hardly any water came from it, as the hole had not been dug deep enough in the earth.

"Let us all set to work and dig out a big hole," said the lion, "so that we can get plenty of water to drink."

The jackal was lazy, and refused to work with the other animals. So, when they had dug the spring out, they said:

"We must now guard our fountain, and keep the jackal from drinking any of our water, since he refused to work."

"I'll watch over it," roared the lion, "and if I set my eyes on that rascal of a jackal, I'll eat him up."

Some time afterward the jackal came bounding up gaily to the spring. But, instead of trying to drink the water, he sat down near the lion and pulled from a bag a luscious piece of honeycomb.

"You see, Mr. Lion," he said, as he munched the honeycomb, "I am not at all thirsty. This honey is really lovely."

"Just give me a taste," said the lion.

The jackal gave him a very little bit.

"Oh, it is very good!" said the lion. "Do give me some more, my friend."

"To get the full flavor," said the jackal, "you must lie on your back, and let me pour it down your throat."

The lion at once fell on his back, and began to wave his great shaggy paws in delight at the fine feast in store for him.

"I am afraid you will hurt me with those great paws of yours," said the jackal. "Let me tie them up, and then I can lean over you and pour the honey down safely."

The lion allowed him to tie up his four paws with pieces of strong rope. But instead of giving him any of the honey, the jackal trotted to the spring and drank his fill of the water. As he was merrily running off home, the lion roared out: "Mr. Jackal! Dear Mr. Jackal, don't leave me lying here helpless with my feet tied up. All the other animals will laugh at me, and I shall lose my authority over them. On the honor of a lion, I will let you have as much water as you like if only you will set me free."

The jackal reflected for a few minutes. If he did not unbind the lion some one else would, and the king of beasts then would never rest until he had avenged himself. It was better to trust in his honor. So the jackal set the lion free and gave him some of his honey, and the lion ordered

all the other animals to allow the jackal always to drink at the new spring which had been made.

THE JACKAL'S TRICK

AFTER the jackal and the lion became friends they often used to go out hunting together. But, fearing that their friendship would not last very long, the jackal left his den and made a house for his wife and children on the top of a very high rock. This he used to climb up by means of a long rope, which his wife let down for him when he arrived from his travels and gave the necessary signal.

The lion, of course, always took a lion's share of everything that he and the jackal captured. This sometimes made the jackal angry, especially when he discovered the game and tracked it down, and the lion merely came and killed it. And the lion got so lazy that he would not even take the trouble to carry home his share.

"Take all the best parts to my lair," he used to say, "and then you can come back and have the worst parts for yourself."

The jackal resolved to pay the lion out for this. And one day, when they had brought down a splendid lot of game, the jackal took all of it home to his own wife. The next morning the angry lion came to the foot of the rock, and said: "Just throw down your rope. I want to come up and have a friendly talk."

The jackal's wife and children were all frightened when they heard the lion's voice, and they began to tremble, for they knew their fate if the lion came up. But the cunning jackal had thought out what he would do. Calling out to the lion that he would lower a rope, he let down a piece of weak cord, which broke in the middle just as the lion had got halfway up, and down fell the lion and was killed on the rocks.

THE FABLES OF THE BUDDHA

There was once a King of Persia who read that on the mountains of India was a tree which gave a medicine that brought the dead to life. The King sent his chief physician to India to get some of this medicine, and the physician met a wise man, who said: "Your King did not understand the book. By the mountains of India are meant the greatest of her wise men. The Tree of Life is the wisdom that grows from their minds, and their writings are the medicine which brings the dead to life." The wise man then gave the physician a book of fables. This book of fables has been translated into many languages. Some of its tales were composed by the Buddha, the great religious teacher, and others were collected by Buddhist monks, about 2300 years ago. Here are some of the stories.

THE STRONGEST THING

AN Indian magician was walking one evening by the bank of the Ganges, when an owl flew by, carrying in its beak a little mouse.

Being frightened, it dropped the mouse, and

the Magician, who was a kind-hearted man, took the little creature home, and healed it, and changed it into a very beautiful girl.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I must find you a husband. Whom would you like to marry? I am

a great magician, able to perform wonderful things, and I can carry out your slightest wish."

The adopted daughter of the Magician seemed pleased; her eyes twinkled.

"I should like to marry the most powerful being in the universe," said she.

"There is nothing in the universe more powerful than the Sun," said the Magician. "I will marry him to you." So he asked the Sun to marry her.

"I am not the most powerful being," said the Sun. "Look at the great Cloud that covers me and hides my light. He is far greater and stronger than I."

"Well, you must marry my adopted daughter," said the Magician to the Cloud.

"There's somebody stronger than I," said the Cloud. "The Wind tosses me about just as he pleases."

But the Magician found that the Wind was not as powerful as the Mountain which towered, terrace upon terrace, right up into the sky, and stopped the fiercest tempest.

"And there's somebody stronger than I," said the Mountain. "Look at the Mouse which bores holes in my side, and lives there whether I like it or not. All my strength will not frighten him away."

The Magician was grieved at the result of his inquiries. He felt sure that his adopted daughter would never stoop so low as to wed a mouse. To his great surprise, however, she was delighted to hear that the Mouse was the strongest creature in the world. So the Magician changed her back into a mouse, the shape in which he had found her, and the two were very happily married.

You can alter any one's appearance, but that does not alter such a one's nature.

THE WISE AND FOOLISH FAIRIES

WHEN the Fairies of the Trees set out to choose their dwelling-places, some were wise and some were foolish.

The wise fairies shunned the trees that stood alone in the open fields, and settled in a thick forest.

But the foolish fairies said: "Why should we crowd together in a forest? Let us go and live in lonely trees near villages, where men will bring us gifts."

But one night a great tempest swept over the country. The lonely trees were blown down, and the foolish fairies became homeless. But the great, dense forest resisted the fury of the storm, and none of the trees there were injured. And the wise fairies said to the foolish fairies:

"People should stand united like a forest. It is

only the solitary tree growing unprotected upon the bleak downs or in the open fields that is overthrown or broken by a storm."

Union is strength.

THE CRANE AND THE WISE CRAB

A CRANE grew too old and feeble to catch the fish that lived in a lake close to his nest. So he resolved to do by cunning what he could no longer do by force. And he said to a crab in the lake:

"My dear friend, whatever will you and all the fishes do now? Some men are coming presently to drain every drop of water out of the lake. You'll all be caught and killed!"

On hearing this dreadful news, all the fishes assembled to try and find some way of escape.

"I have thought of a plan," said the cunning old Crane. "Of course, I eat one or two of you now and then; but I don't want you to perish in a heap for want of water. What good would that do to me? Now, there is a large pond just a few hundred yards away. Let me carry you, one by one, in my beak to this safe place."

The fishes got an old carp to go with the Crane and see if there was such a pond. The Crane took him very gently in his beak and showed him the new stretch of water, and then put him back among his companions, and when the fishes heard about the pond they cried:

"Very well, Mr. Crane; you can take us all with you!"

The cunning old Crane meant to take the fishes one by one in his beak, and eat them under a tree far away from the pond; but, unhappily for him, he began with the wise Crab.

"Come along," he said to the Crab, "and let me take you in my beak to the new pond."

"I don't like to trust myself in your beak," said the Crab. "You might let me fall and break my shell. We crabs have a famous grip. Let me catch hold of you round the neck, and then you can take me."

The Crane did not see that the Crab was trying to outwit him, and agreed to the proposal. But when the Crab was fixed on his neck, instead of going to the pond, he went to the tree.

"Where is the pond?" said the Crab.

"Pond?" said the wicked old Crane. "Do you think I'm taking all this trouble for nothing? The whole thing is just a trick for catching you and the other fishes, one by one, and eating you."

"Just what I thought," said the Crab. And he drove his claws into the neck of the wicked old Crane, and killed him.

The wicked and the cunning are always caught in their own traps.

QUAINT STORIES FOR CHILDREN

THE FAIRY'S REVENGE

AN old shepherd was playing on a flute one morning as he watched his sheep on the marsh-lands outside Rome, and he played so sweetly that a lovely fairy came and listened to him.

"Will you marry me, and come and play to me in my castle under the earth?" she said.

"Yes, yes, lovely lady!" said the shepherd. She put a ring on his finger, and he at once became a handsome youth dressed in princely robes.

"But I must first go to Rome and bid farewell to my friends and relatives," he said.

The fairy gave him a golden coach and twelve white horses, and as he rode in state to Rome he met the young and unmarried Queen of Italy. She was struck by his wonderful beauty, and invited him into her palace. The shepherd saw that he had won the Queen's heart, and he resolved to marry her and become King of Italy, and let the fairy go. So when he and the Queen were alone together, he knelt down and took her hand, saying:

"Marry me, dearest, and I will help you to govern Italy."

But as soon as he spoke he turned into an old, ugly, and ragged shepherd.

"What is this horrible beggar doing here?" cried the Queen. "Whip him out of the palace."

And this was done. The miserable shepherd went back to the marsh-lands to find the fairy, but she never came to him again, and so he remained a shepherd.

THE MINSTREL QUEEN OF SPAIN

A LONG time ago the fierce Moors invaded Spain, and defeated the Spaniards and captured their King. The lovely Queen of Spain at once dressed herself in boy's clothes and went to the tent of the Moorish chieftain, and sang to him as he sat feasting.

"What a divine voice!" said the Moor. "Boy, you shall have a royal footstool!"

He forced the King of Spain down on the ground, and the singer put her feet softly on his neck. When the singing was done, the Moor cried:

"Boy, you sing like an angel! Ask what you will, and I will grant it."

"Let me take this young King back to his people," said the singer.

Her request was granted, so she led the King into the northern mountains, and there they met the Spanish minister.

"Sire, you must marry again," he said. "Your Queen has joined our enemies."

A feast was held, and the cunning minister put his daughter next to the King, and she made love to him. But the King turned sadly away from her, and said to the singer: "Boy, sing me something merry." And the singer sang:

"Down the hills and along the plain,
Lute in hand went the Queen of Spain,
Dressed in the clothes of a boy she went
And sang in the Moorish chieftain's tent.
He gave her a footstool fair and strong,
And she won the footstool with a song."

The King of Spain then recognized his wife. He took her tenderly in his arms, and had the cunning minister punished. In the end the Moors were defeated and driven out of Spain.

THE CHOICE OF MARPESSA

MARPESSA was the loveliest of all the princesses of ancient Greece, and she was wooed by Idas, a noble young hero, and Apollo, the radiant "god of the sun." Idas was the bolder lover, and one day he carried Marpessa away in his chariot; but Apollo then came down from the sky and stopped him, and Marpessa then had to choose between the man and the god. Apollo was more beautiful than Idas, and he felt sure that Marpessa would marry him; but Marpessa said, "No, Apollo! You are immortal, and will remain ever young and happy. But Idas will grow old as I grow old, and share my troubles, and cherish and comfort me."

So she married Idas, and they lived as happily together in their old age as they did in the flower of their youth; and they had many tall, handsome children to love and help them in the decline of their life.

THE PROUD KING OF KAMERA

THE negro King of Kamera, in Africa, was a proud, stern man, and his men feared him, and instantly carried out his slightest wishes. But one day, when he was boasting that all men were his servants, a wise old negro, called Bukabar, reproached him, saying:

"All men are servants of one another."

"So I am your servant, am I?" said the King, in great anger. "Then prove it. Force me to work for you before sunset, and I will give you a hundred cows. Fail, and I will kill you, and so show you that I am your master."

"Very well," said Bukabar.

Being a very old man, he had to use a stick in

walking, and just as he took it up to go out, a beggar came to the door.

"Permit me," said Bukabar, "to give this poor man something to eat."

Taking some food in both hands, he tottered past the King, and his stick slipped from under his arm and got entangled in his dress, and nearly tripped him up. And he cried to the King:

"Please pick up the stick, or I shall fall." The King picked it up without thinking, and Bukabar then laughed merrily, and exclaimed:

"You see, all good men are servants of one another. I am waiting on the beggar, and you are waiting on me. But I do not want the cows. Give them to this poor man."

The King did so, and took Bukabar as his chief counselor, and Bukabar showed him how to rule his people well.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS

THIS was the device which the handsome young Marquis of Hautmont engraved on his shield when he came to Paris. Being as bold as he was handsome, he began to make love to Princess Marguerite, the King's daughter, and the King was annoyed at his boldness.

"They are loud words which you have taken for your device," said he, "but are they true? I will lock the princess up in a tower. If you can enter it within a month, you can marry her. If you fail, you must lose your life."

The marquis pretended to be discomfited. But he secretly ordered some wood-carvers to make a great hollow wooden nightingale. When the bird was finished and painted, the marquis got inside and played beautiful airs on a flute, while his servant drew it about the streets. Everybody began to talk about the mechanical nightingale; the King came to see it, and Princess Marguerite asked for it to be brought to her. The King, thinking that the music was produced by machinery, had the bird carried into the tower, and the marquis then jumped out and kissed the princess's hand, saying:

"Love laughs at locksmiths, you see, sire." And the King was forced to acknowledge that this was true; and as he saw that the marquis and the princess were in love with one another, he allowed them to marry, and presented them with a really royal dowry.

THE LITTLE PIXIES OF LAND'S END

IN the old days Land's End used to be crowded with pixies, elves, and goblins. All the sprites that were turned out of other parts of England because of their bad ways came to settle down in Land's End. None of them, however, ever troubled the fisherman and his wife who then

lived there: indeed, they always rewarded the woman very handsomely whenever she did any work for them.

"The little people are very rich," the woman said to her husband. "I wonder how they come by all their money. Nobody ever saw them steal anything."

"Ah, more goes on in Cornwall than meets the eye," said the fisherman.

One night a pixy brought the woman a little baby elf to nurse, and gave her some strange ointment to rub on its eyes every morning.

"But don't use the ointment yourself," said pixy, "or you 'll be blinded."

But the woman was very curious, and she did use the ointment. Her eyes seemed neither the better nor the worse for it. Soon afterward, however, she paid a visit to her sister at Penzance, and as she passed through the streets she saw hundreds of pixies, elves, and goblins stealing things out of all the shops.

"Oh, look at the bold little thieves!" she said to her sister.

But her sister could not see them; and then, as the woman ran wildly about, pointing to the invisible sprites, one of the pixies blew upon her eyes, and she became blind.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND CROSSING-SWEEPER

SOME time ago a crossing-sweeper who swept the crossing between the Mansion House and the Bank of England, and waited there all day long for pennies, went to a goldsmith and said:

"How much would a lump of gold as large as my head fetch?"

"My dear sir, I'm just going out to lunch," said the goldsmith. "Come and have something to eat with me, and we can talk the matter over afterward."

They went to a restaurant, and had an excellent lunch; and then, as the crossing-sweeper was smoking a cigar over a glass of wine, the goldsmith said:

"Now, my friend, show me the gold."

"But I have n't any," said the sweeper.

"What!" said the angry goldsmith. "Why, you came to ask me to buy a lump as large as your head!"

"You see, I sweep the crossing by the Bank of England," said the crossing-sweeper, "and it just came into my head that some one might drop a great lump of gold there, and I wanted to see how much I should get for it."

"Be off, you rascally good-for-nothing!" said the angry goldsmith.

"Well, dreams don't often come true, they say,"

said the crossing-sweeper, as he returned to his crossing, "but I've got a very good meal out of mine."

THE BIRD-GIRL WITH GOLDEN WINGS

As Prince Jascha was hunting one day in the Servian mountains, a lovely bird with golden wings fluttered by, and he followed it, and came to a high hill covered with white statues. As he was about to ascend, a hermit rushed out of a cave, and said:

"Beware! A witch lives on this hill, and she sends out the golden bird to tempt travelers. If she sees you she will change you into a marble statue. But seize her hair before she spies you, and she will be in your power."

Prince Jascha did not follow the bird. Creeping up the hill by another way, he found the witch lying with her back toward him. He seized her hair, and she shrieked terribly, and the hill began to rock. But he did not let go.

"Well, what do you want, Jascha?" she said at last.

"Give me the golden bird, and bring these statues to life," said the prince.

The witch gave Jascha the bird, and it was so pretty that he kissed it. And as he kissed it, it turned into a sweet and beautiful girl. The witch then breathed a blue wind toward the statues, and changed them back into handsome young men. After that, Jascha let go of her hair and she disappeared, and all the merry company traveled to Belgrade, where the prince and the bird-girl were happily married.

THE PIXY FLOWER

THERE lived in Devonshire two serving damsels, called Molly and Sabina, who were very fond of ribands and finery. When their mistress scolded them for spending more money than they ought upon such things, they said the pixies were very kind to them, and would often drop silver for their pleasure into a bucket of fair water which they placed for the accommodation of those little beings in the chimney corner every night before they went to bed. Once, however, it was forgotten, and the pixies, finding themselves disappointed by an empty bucket, whisked upstairs to the maids' bedroom, popped through the keyhole, and began to exclaim aloud against the laziness and neglect of the damsels. Now Sabina, who lay awake and heard all this, jogged her fellow-servant, and proposed getting up immediately to put things straight. But Molly, lazy girl, who liked not being disturbed out of a comfortable nap, pettishly declared "that, for her part, she would not stir out of bed to please all the pixies in Devonshire." The good-humored Sabina,

however, got up, filled the bucket, and was rewarded by a handful of silver pennies found in it the next morning. But long ere that time had arrived, what was her alarm, as she crept toward the bed, to hear all the elves buzzing like so many angry bees, and consulting as to what should be done to the lazy, lazy lass who would not stir out of bed for their pleasure.

Some proposed "pinches, nips, and bobs," others wanted to spoil her new cherry-colored bonnet and ribands. One talked of sending her the toothache, another of giving her a red nose; but this last was voted much too bad a punishment for a pretty young lass. So, tempering mercy with justice, the pixies were kind enough to let her off with a lame leg, which was to plague her for seven years, and was only to be cured by a certain herb, growing on Dartmoor. Its long, and learned, and very queer and difficult name the elfin judge pronounced in a high and shrill voice. It was a name of seven syllables, seven being also the number of years decreed for Molly's lameness.

Sabina, good-natured maid, wishing to save her fellow-damsel so long a suffering, tried with might and main to bear in mind the name of this strange herb. She said it over and over again, tied a knot in her garter at every syllable as a help to memory, and thought she had the word just as safe and sure as her own name, and very possibly felt much more anxious about retaining the one than the other.

At length she dropped asleep, and did not wake till the morning. Now whether Sabina's head was like a sieve, that lets out as fast as it takes in, or if the over-exertion to remember only caused her to forget, cannot be determined; but certain it is that when she opened her eyes she knew nothing at all about the matter, excepting that Molly was to go lame on her right leg for seven long years, unless an herb with a strange name could be got to cure her. And lame Molly went for nearly the whole of those seven years.

At length, about the end of that time, Sabina and Molly went out into the fields early one morning to pick mushrooms, when a merry, squint-eyed, queer-looking boy started up all of a sudden just as Molly went to pluck a fine big one and came tumbling, head over heels, toward her. He held in his hand a green herb with a tiny yellow flower, which some say was called *Inula-Helenium* (Ploughman's Spikenard), and he insisted upon striking Molly with it on the lame leg. From that very moment she got well, and lame Molly became the best dancer in the whole town when she and Sabina danced at the feast of Mayday on the green.

AMERICAN INDIAN STORIES

ROBIN REDBREAST

THERE was once a hunter who had only one son, and when his son grew up he said to him: "My son, I am growing old, and you must hunt for me."

"Very well, father," said his son, and he took his father's bow and arrows and went out into the woods. But he was a dreamy boy, and forgot what he had come for, and spent the morning wondering at the beautiful flowers, and trees, and mosses, and hills, and valleys that he saw. When he saw a bird on a tree, he forgot that he had come to shoot it, and lay listening to its song; and when he saw a deer come down to drink at the stream he put down his bow and arrows and began to talk to the deer in the deer's own language. At last he saw that the sun was setting. Then he looked round for his bow and arrows, and they were gone!

When he got home to the wigwam, his father met him at the door and said: "My son, you have had a long day's hunting. Have you killed so much that you had to leave it in the woods? Let us go and fetch it together."

The young man looked very much ashamed of himself, and said: "Father, I forgot all about the hunting. The woods, and the sky, and the flowers, and the birds, and the beasts were so interesting that I forgot all about what you had sent me to do."

His father was in a terrible rage with him, and in the morning he sent him out again, with new bow and arrows, saying: "Take care that you don't forget this time."

The son went along saying to himself: "I mustn't forget, I mustn't forget, I mustn't forget." But as soon as a bird flew across the path he forgot all about what his father had said, and called to the bird in the bird's own language, and the bird came and sat on the tree above him, and sang to him so beautifully all day that the young man sat as if he was dreaming till sunset.

"Oh dear!" said the young man, "what shall I do? My father will kill me if I go back without anything to eat."

"Never mind," said the bird; "if he kills you, we shall give you feathers and paint, and you can fly away and be a bird like ourselves."

When the young man reached the village he scarcely dared to go near his father's wigwam; but his father saw him coming, and ran to meet him, calling out in a hurry: "What have you brought? What have you brought?"

"I have brought nothing, father; nothing at all," said the boy.

His father was angrier than ever, and in the morning he said: "Come with me. No more bow and arrows for you, and not a bite to eat, till I have taught you to be a hunter like any other good Indian." So he took his son into the middle of the forest, and there built for him a little wigwam, with no door, only a little hole in the side.

"There!" said his father, when the young man was inside, and the wigwam was laced up tight. "When you have lived and fasted in this wigwam for twelve days, the spirit of a hunter will come into you."

Every day the young man's father came to see him, and every day the young man begged for food, till at last, on the tenth day, he could only beg in a whisper.

"No!" said his father. "In two days more you can both hunt and eat."

On the eleventh day, when the father came and spoke to his son, he got no answer. Looking through the hole, he saw the lad lying as if he was dead on the ground; but when he called out aloud his son awoke, and whispered: "Father, bring me food! Give me some food!"

"No," said his father. "You have only one day more to wait. To-morrow you will hunt and eat." And he went away home to the village.

On the twelfth day the father came loaded

with meal and meat. As he came near to the wigwam he heard a curious chirping sound, and when he looked through the hole in the wigwam he saw his son standing up inside, and painting his breast with bright red paint.

"What are you doing, my son? Come and eat! Here is meal and meat for you. Come and eat and hunt like a good Indian."

But the son could only reply in a chirping little voice: "It is too late, father. You have killed me at last, and now I am becoming a bird." And as he spoke he turned into the o-pe-che—the robin

redbreast—and flew out of the hole and away to join the other birds; but he never flew very far from where men live.

The cruel father set out to go back to his wigwam; but he could never find the village again, and after he had wandered about a long time he lay down in the forest and died; and soon afterward the redbreast found him, and buried him under a heap of dry leaves. Every year after that, when the time of the hunter's fast came round, the redbreast perched on his father's empty wigwam and sang the song of the dead.

THE THREE WISHES

ONCE upon a time there were three brothers who set out on a visit to Goose-cap, the wise one, who said that any one might come and see him, and get a wish—just one wish, no more. The three brothers were seven years on the journey, climbing mountains that seemed to have no top, and scrambling through forests full of thorn-bushes, and wading through swamps where the mosquitoes tried to eat them up, and sailing down rivers where the rapids broke up their rafts and nearly drowned them.

At the end of seven years they heard Goose-cap's dogs barking, so then they knew they were on the right road; and they went on for three months more, and the barking got a little louder every day, till at last they came to the edge of the great lake. Then Goose-cap saw them, and sailed over in his big stone canoe and took them to his island.

You never saw such a beautiful island as that was, it was so green and warm and bright; and Goose-cap feasted his visitors for three days and nights, with meats and fruits that they had never tasted before. Then he said: "Tell me what you want, and why you have taken so much trouble to find me."

The youngest brother said: "I want to be always amusing, so that no one can listen to me without laughing."

Then the great wise one stuck his finger in the ground, and pulled up a root of the laughing-plant and said: "When you have eaten this you will be the funniest man in the tribe, and people will laugh as soon as you open your lips. But see that you don't eat it till you get home."

The youngest brother thanked him, and hurried away; and going home was so easy that it only took seven days instead of seven years. Yet the young man was so impatient to try his wish

that on the sixth morning he ate the root. All of a sudden he felt so light-headed that he began to dance and shout with fun: and the ducks that he was going to shoot for breakfast flew away laughing into the reeds over the river, and the deer ran away laughing into the woods, and he got nothing to eat all day.

Next morning he came to the village where he lived, and he wanted to tell his friends how hungry he was; but at the first word he spoke they all burst out laughing, and as he went on they laughed louder and louder—it seemed so funny, though they couldn't hear a word he said, they made so much noise themselves. Then they got to laughing so hard that they rolled over and over on the ground, and squeezed their sides, and cried with laughing, till they had to run away into their houses and shut their doors, or they would have been killed with laughing. He called to them to come out and give him something to eat, but as soon as they heard him they began to laugh again; and at last they shouted that if he didn't go away they would kill him. So he went away into the woods and lived by himself; and whenever he wanted to hunt he had to tie a strap over his mouth, or the mock-bird would hear him and begin to laugh, and all the other birds and beasts would hear the mock-bird and laugh and run away.

The second brother said to Goose-cap: "I want to be the greatest of hunters without the trouble of hunting. Why should I go after the animals if I could make them come to me?"

Goose-cap knew why; still, he gave the man a little flute, saying: "Be sure you don't use it till after you have got home."

Then the hunter set off; but on the sixth day he was getting so near home that he said to himself: "I'm sure Goose-cap couldn't hear me now if I

blew the flute *very* gently, just to try it." So he pulled out the flute and breathed into it as gently as ever he could—but as soon as his lips touched it the flute whistled so long and loud that all the beasts in the country heard it and came rushing from north and south and east and west to see what the matter was. The deer got there first, and when they saw it was a man with bow and arrows they tried to run away again; but they couldn't, for the bears were close behind, all round, and pushed and pushed till the deer were all jammed up together and the man was squeezed to death in the middle of them.

The eldest brother, when the other two had set off for home, said to Goose-cap: "Give me great wisdom, so that I can marry the Mohawk chief's daughter without killing her father or getting killed myself." You see, the eldest brother was an Algonquin, and the Mohawks always hated the Algonquins.

Goose-cap stooped down on the shore and picked up a hard clam-shell; and he ground it and ground it, all that day and all the next night, till he had made a beautiful wampum bead of it. "Hang this round your neck by a thread of flax," he said, "and go and do whatever the chief asks you."

The eldest brother thanked him, and left the beautiful island, and traveled seven days and seven nights till he came to the Mohawk town. He went straight to the chief's house, and said to him, "I want to marry your daughter."

"Very well," said the chief, "you can marry my daughter if you bring me the head of the great dragon that lives in the pit outside the gate."

The eldest brother promised he would, and went out and cut down a tree and laid it across the mouth of the pit. Then he danced round the pit, and sang as he danced a beautiful Algonquin song, something like this: "Come and eat me, dragon, for I am fat and my flesh is sweet and there is plenty of marrow in my bones." The dragon was asleep, but the song gave him beautiful dreams, and he uncoiled himself and smacked his lips and stretched his head up into the air and laid his neck on the log. Then the eldest brother cut off the head, snick-snack, and carried it to the chief.

"That's right," said the chief; but he was angry in his heart, and next morning, when he should have given away his daughter, he said to the Algonquin: "I will let you marry her if I see that you can dive as well as the wild duck in the lake."

When they got to the lake the wild duck dived and stayed under water for three minutes, but

then it had to come up to breathe. Then the eldest brother dived, and turned into a frog, and stayed under water so long that they were sure he was drowned; but just as they were going home, singing for joy to be rid of him, he came running after them, and said: "Now I have had my bath and we can go and get married."

"Wait till the evening," said the chief, "and then you can get married."

When the evening came, the Northern Lights were dancing and leaping in the sky, and the chief said: "The Northern Lights would be angry if you got married without running them a race. Run your best and win, and there will be no more delay."

The Northern Lights darted away at once to the west, and the eldest brother ran after them; and the chief said to his daughter: "They will lead him right down to the other side of the world, and he will be an old man before he can get back, so he won't trouble us any more." But just as the chief finished speaking, here came the Algonquin running up from the east. He had turned himself into lightning and gone right round the world; and the night was nearly gone before the Northern Lights came up after him, panting and sputtering.

"Yes, my son," said the chief; "you have won the race; so now we can go on with the wedding. The place where we have our weddings is down by the river at the bottom of the valley, and we will go there on our toboggans."

Now the hillside was rough with rocks and trees, and the river flowed between steep precipices, so nobody could toboggan down there without being broken to pieces. But the eldest brother said he was ready, and asked the chief to come on the same toboggan.

"No," said the chief, "but as soon as you have started I will."

Then the Algonquin gave his toboggan a push, and jumped on, and didn't even take the trouble to sit down. The chief waited to see him dashed to pieces; but the toboggan skimmed down the mountain side without touching a rock or a tree, and flew across the ravine at the bottom, and up the hillside opposite; and the Algonquin was standing straight up the whole time. When he got to the top of the mountain opposite he turned his toboggan round and coasted back as he had come. And when the chief saw him coming near and standing up on his toboggan, he lost his temper and let fly an arrow straight at the young man's heart; but the arrow stuck in Goose-cap's bead, and the Algonquin left it sticking there and took no notice. Only when he got to the top he

said to the chief, "Now it's your turn," and put him on the toboggan and sent him spinning down into the valley. And whether the chief ever came

up again we don't know; but at any rate his daughter married the Algonquin without any more fuss, and went home with him.

THE JOKER

THIS story is about Lox. He called himself the joker, and he was very proud of his jokes; but nobody else could see anything in them to laugh at.

One day he came to a wigwam where two old Indians were taking a nap beside the fire. He picked out a burning stick, held it against their bare feet, and then ran out and hid behind the tent. The old men sprang up, and one of them shouted to the other:

"How dare you burn my feet?"

"How dare *you* burn *my* feet?" roared the other, and sprang at his throat.

When he heard them fighting Lox laughed out loud, and the old men ran out to catch the man who had tricked them. When they got round the tent they found nothing but a dead coon. They took off its skin, and put its body into the pot of soup that was boiling for dinner. As soon as they had sat down, out jumped Lox, kicking over the pot and putting out the fire with the soup. He jumped right into the coon's skin and scurried away into the wood.

In the middle of the forest Lox came upon a camp where a party of women were sitting round a fire making pouches.

"Dear me," said Lox, looking very kind. (He had put on his own skin by this time.) "That's very slow work! Now, when I want to make a pouch I do it in two minutes, without sewing a stitch."

"I should like to see you do it!" said one of the women.

"Very well," said he. So he took a piece of skin, and a needle and twine, and a handful of beads, and stuffed them in among the burning sticks. In two minutes he stooped down again and pulled a handsome pouch out of the fire.

"Wonderful!" said the women; and they all stuffed their pieces of buckskin and handfuls of beads into the fire.

"Be sure you pull the bags out in two minutes," said Lox. "I will go and hunt for some more buckskin."

In two minutes the women raked out the fire, and found nothing but scraps of scorched leather and half-melted glass. Then they were very angry, and ran after the joker; but he had turned

himself into a coon again and hidden in a hollow tree. When they had all gone back to their ruined work he came down and went on his mischievous way.

When he came out of the wood he saw a village by the side of a river. Outside one of the wigwams a woman was nursing a baby, and scolding it because it cried.

"What a lot of trouble children are," said Lox. "What a pity that people don't make men of them at once, instead of letting them take years to grow up."

The woman stared. "How can a baby be turned into a man?" she asked.

"Oh, it's easy enough," said he. So she lent him her baby, and he took it down to the river and held it under the water for a few minutes, saying magical words all the time; and then a full-grown Indian jumped out of the water, with a feather head-dress, and beaded blankets, and a bow and quiver slung over his back.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" said his mother, and she hurried back to the village to tell her friends the secret. The last thing Lox saw as he hurried away into the wood was a score of mothers drowning their children.

On the path in front of him Lox spied a couple of maidens, and they were trying to reach the fruit that grew on a wild plum-tree. The joker stepped on one side and broke a twig off another plum-tree and stuck it in his hair. The twig sprouted fast, and grew into a little plum-tree with big plums hanging from its twigs. He went along the path, picking and eating the plums as he walked, till he came up with the girls.

"Wonderful!" said they. "Do you think we could get plums like that?"

"Easily," said he, and he broke off two little twigs. "Stick these in your hair, and you will have head-dresses like mine."

As soon as the twigs were stuck in their hair the little plum-trees began to grow, and the maidens danced with joy, and picked the juicy plums and ate them. But the trees went on growing, and the roots twisted in among the maidens' hair and clutched their heads like iron fingers. The girls sat down, for they couldn't carry all that weight standing. And still the trees grew, till

the girls lay down on the ground and screamed for some one to come and rescue them. Presently their father came along, and he pulled his axe out of his belt and chopped off the trees, and tugged at the roots till they came off—but all the maidens' hair came off too. By this time Lox took care to be scampering away through the wood in the shape of a coon.

When he came near the next village Lox put on a terrified face and began to run; and he rushed into the middle of the village, shouting: "The plague is coming! The plague is coming!"

All the people flocked out of their wigwams, crying: "Where is it coming from? Which way shall we fly?"

"Stay where you are and make your minds easy," said Lox. "I have a charm that will keep off all the plagues under the sun. As soon as I have spoken the words, every man must kiss the girl nearest him." Then he stretched up his hands toward the sun and said some gibberish; and when he stopped and let his arms fall, each man made a rush and kissed the girl who happened to be nearest.

But there were not quite as many girls as there were men, and one old bachelor was so slow and clumsy that every girl had been kissed before he could catch one.

"Never mind," said Lox cheerfully. "You go to the next village and try again."

So the old bachelor set out, plod, plod, plodding through the woods. But Lox turned himself into a coon again, and scampered from tree to tree, and got first to the village. When he told the people the plague was coming, and they asked how they could avoid it, he said: "When I have spoken my charm, all the girls must set upon any stranger that comes to the village, and beat him." Then he flung his arms up and began talking his gibberish. Presently the old bachelor came up, hot and panting, and stood close to the handsomest girl he could see, all ready to kiss her as soon as the charm ended. But as soon as Lox finished, the maidens all set upon the stranger, and beat him till he ran away into the woods.

Then the people made a great feast for Lox; and when he had eaten his fill of deer-meat and honey, he marched off to play his tricks somewhere else. He had not gone very far when he came to the Kulloo's nest. Now the Kulloo was the biggest of the birds, and when he spread his wings he made night come at noonday; and he built his nest of the biggest pine-trees he could find, instead of straws. The Kulloo was away, but his wife was at home trying to hatch her eggs. Lox was not hungry; but he turned himself into a serpent, and crept into the nest and

under Mrs. Kulloo's wing, and bit a hole in every egg and ate up the little Kulloos. When he had done this, he was so heavy and stupid that he couldn't walk very far before he had to lie down and go to sleep.

Presently the Kulloo came home.

"How are you getting on, my dear?" he said.

"Not very well, I'm afraid," she said. "The eggs seem to get cold, no matter how close I sit."

"Let me take a turn while you go and stretch your wings," said the Kulloo. But when he sat down on the empty eggs they all broke with a great crash.

The Kulloo flew off in a terrible rage to find the wretch who had eaten up the eggs, and very soon he spied Lox snoring on the grass.

"Now I've caught him," said the Kulloo; "it's Lox, the mischief-maker."

He pounced down, and caught hold of Lox by the hair and carried him a mile up into the sky, and then let go. Of course, Lox was broken into pieces when he struck the earth, but he just had time as he fell to say his strongest magic:

"Backbone! Backbone!
Save my backbone!"

So as soon as the Kulloo was out of sight the arms and legs and head began to wriggle together round the backbone, and then in a twinkling Lox was whole again.

"I shouldn't like that to happen very often," he said, looking himself over to see if every piece had joined in the right place. "I think I'll go home and take a rest."

But he had traveled so far that he was six months' journey from his home; and he had made so many enemies, and done so much mischief, that whenever he came into a village and asked food and shelter the people hooted and pelted him out again. The birds and the beasts got to know when he was coming, and kept so far out of his way that he couldn't get enough to eat, not even by his magic. Besides, he had wasted his magic so much that scarcely any was left. The winter came on, and he was cold as well as hungry, when at last he reached a solitary wigwam by a frozen river. The master of the wigwam didn't know him, so he treated him kindly, and said, when they parted next morning:

"You have only three days more to go; but the frost-wind is blowing colder and colder, and if you don't do as I say you will never get home. When night comes, break seven twigs from a maple-tree and stand them up against each other, like the poles of a wigwam, and jump over them. Do the same the next night, and the night after

that if you are not quite home; but you can only do it thrice."

Away went the joker, swaggering through the woods as if nothing had happened to him, for now he was warm and full. But soon the wind began to rise, and it blew sharper and sharper, and bit his face, and pricked in through his blanket.

"I'm not going to be cold while I know how to be warm," said he; and he built a little wigwam of sticks, and jumped over it. The sticks blazed up, and went on burning furiously for an hour. Then they died out suddenly. Lox groaned and went on his way. In the afternoon he stopped

again, and lit another fire to warm himself by; but again the fire went out. When night came on he made his third fire wigwam; and that one burned all night long, and only went out when it was time for him to begin the day's march.

All day he tramped over the snow, never daring to stop for more than a few minutes at a time for fear of being frozen to death. At night he built another little wigwam; but the twigs wouldn't light, however often he jumped over them. On he tramped, getting more and more tired and drowsy, till at last he fell in his tracks and froze. And that was the end of Lox and his jokes.

LITTLE MOCCASIN'S RIDE ON THE THUNDER-HORSE

BY COLONEL GUIDO ILGES

"LITTLE MOCCASIN" was, at the time we speak of, fourteen years old, and about as mischievous a boy as could be found anywhere in the Big Horn mountains. Unlike his comrades of the same age, who had already killed buffaloes and stolen horses from the white men and the Crow Indians, with whom Moccasin's tribe, the Uncapapas, were at war, he preferred to lie under a shady tree in the summer, or around the camp-fire in winter, listening to the conversation of the old men and women, instead of going upon expeditions with the warriors and the hunters.

The Uncapapas were a very powerful and numerous tribe of the great Sioux Nation, and before Uncle Sam's soldiers captured and removed them, and before the Northern Pacific Railroad entered the territory of Montana, they occupied the beautiful valleys of the Rosebud, Big and Little Horn, Powder and Redstone rivers, all of which empty into the grand Yellowstone Valley. In those days, before the white man had set foot upon these grounds, there was plenty of game, such as buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, and bear; and, as the Uncapapas were great hunters and good shots, the camp of Indians to which Little Moccasin belonged always had plenty of meat to eat and plenty of robes and hides to sell and trade for horses and guns, for powder and ball, for sugar and coffee, and for paint and flour. Little Moccasin showed more appetite than any other Indian in camp. In fact, he was always hungry, and used to eat at all hours, day and night. Buffalo meat he liked the best, particularly the part taken

from the hump, which is so tender that it almost melts in the mouth.

When Indian boys have had a hearty dinner of good meat, they generally feel very happy and very lively. When hungry, they are sad and dull.

This was probably the reason why Little Moccasin was always so full of mischief, and always inventing tricks to play upon the other boys. He was a precocious and observing youngster, full of quaint and original ideas—never at a loss for expedients.

But he was once made to feel very sorry for having played a trick, and I must tell my young readers how it happened.

"Running Antelope," one of the great warriors and the most noted orator of the tribe, had returned from a hunt, and Mrs. Antelope was frying for him a nice buffalo steak—about as large as two big fists—over the coals. Little Moccasin, who lived in the next street of tents, smelled the feast, and concluded that he would have some of it. In the darkness of the night he slowly and carefully crawled toward the spot, where Mistress Antelope sat holding in one hand a long stick, at the end of which the steak was frying. Little Moccasin watched her closely, and, seeing that she frequently placed her other hand upon the ground beside her and leaned upon it for support, he soon formed a plan for making her drop the steak.

He had once or twice in his life seen a pin, but he had never owned one, and he could not have known what use is sometimes made of them by

bad white boys. He had noticed, however, that some of the leaves of the larger varieties of the prickly-pear cactus-plant are covered with many thorns, as long and as sharp as an ordinary pin.

So when Mrs. Antelope again sat down and looked at the meat to see if it was done, he slyly placed half-a-dozen of the cactus leaves upon the very spot of ground upon which Mrs. Antelope had before rested her left hand.

Then the young mischief crawled noiselessly into the shade and waited for his opportunity, which came immediately.

When the unsuspecting Mrs. Antelope again leaned upon the ground, and felt the sharp points of the cactus leaves, she uttered a scream, and dropped from her other hand the stick and the steak, thinking only of relief from the sharp pain.

Then, on the instant, the young rascal seized the stick and tried to run away with it. But Running Antelope caught him by his long hair, and gave him a severe whipping, declaring that he was a good-for-nothing boy, and calling him a "coffee-cooler" and a "squaw."

The other boys, hearing the rumpus, came running up to see the fun, and they laughed and danced over poor Little Moccasin's distress. Often afterward they called him "coffee-cooler"; which meant that he was cowardly and faint-hearted, and that he preferred staying in camp around the fire, drinking coffee, to taking part in the manly sports of hunting and stealing expeditions.

The night after the whipping, Little Moccasin could not sleep. The disgrace of the whipping and the name applied to him were too much for his vanity. He even lost his appetite, and refused some very nice prairie-dog stew which his mother offered him.

He was thinking of something else. He must do something brave—perform some great deed which no other Indian had ever performed—in order to remove this stain upon his character.

But what should it be? Should he go out alone and kill a bear? He had never fired a gun, and was afraid that the bear might eat him. Should he attack the Crow camp single-handed? No, no—not he; they would catch him and scalp him alive.

All night long he was thinking and planning; but when daylight came, he had reached no conclusion. He must wait for the Great Spirit to give him some ideas.

During the following day he refused all food and kept drawing his belt tighter and tighter around his waist every hour, till, by evening, he had reached the last notch. This method of appeasing the pangs of hunger, adopted by the In-

dians when they have nothing to eat, is said to be very effective.

In a week's time Little Moccasin had grown almost as thin as a bean-pole, but no inspiration had yet revealed what he could do to redeem himself.

About this time a roving band of Cheyennes, who had been down to the mouth of the Little Missouri, and beyond, entered the camp upon a friendly visit. Feasting and dancing were kept up day and night, in honor of the guests; but Little Moccasin lay hidden in the woods nearly all the time.

During the night of the second day of their stay, he quietly stole to the rear of the great council-tepee, to listen to the pow-wow then going on. Perhaps he would there learn some words of wisdom which would give him an idea how to carry out his great undertaking.

After "Black Catfish," the great Cheyenne warrior, had related in the flowery language of his tribe some reminiscences of his many fights and brave deeds, "Strong Heart" spoke. Then there was silence for many minutes, during which the pipe of peace made the rounds, each warrior taking two or three puffs, blowing the smoke through the nose, pointing toward heaven and then handing the pipe to his left-hand neighbor.

"Strong Heart," "Crazy Dog," "Bow-String," "Dog-Fox," and "Smooth Elkhorn" spoke of the country they had just passed through.

Then again the pipe of peace was handed round, amid profound silence.

"Black Pipe," who was bent and withered with the wear and exposure of seventy-nine winters, and who trembled like some leafless tree shaken by the wind, but who was sound in mind and memory, then told the Uncapapas, for the first time, of the approach of a great number of white men, who were measuring the ground with long chains, and who were being followed by "Thundering Horses," and "Houses on Wheels." (He was referring to the surveying parties of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, who were just then at work on the crossing of the Little Missouri.)

With heart beating wildly, Little Moccasin listened to this strange story and then retired to his own blankets in his father's tepee.

Now he had found the opportunity he so long had sought! He would go across the mountains, all by himself, look at the thundering horses and the houses on wheels. He then would know more than any one in the tribe, and return to the camp, —a hero!

At early morn, having provided himself with a bow and a quiver full of arrows, without inform-

ing any one of his plan he stole out of camp, and, running at full speed, crossed the nearest mountain to the East.

Allowing himself little time for rest, pushing forward by day and night, and after fording many of the smaller mountain-streams, on the evening of the third day of his travel he came upon what he believed to be a well-traveled road. But—how strange!—there were two endless iron rails lying side by side upon the ground. Such a curious sight he had never beheld. There were also large poles, with glass caps, and connected by wire, standing along the roadside. What could all this mean?

Poor Little Moccasin's brain became so bewildered that he hardly noticed the approach of a freight-train drawn by the "Thundering Horse."

There was a shrill, long-drawn whistle, and immense clouds of black smoke; and the Thundering Horse was sniffing and snorting at a great rate, emitting from its nostrils large streams of steaming vapor. Besides all this, the earth, in the neighborhood of where Little Moccasin stood, shook and trembled as if in great fear; and to him the terrible noises the horse made were perfectly appalling.

Gradually the snorts, and the puffing, and the terrible noise lessened, until, all at once, they entirely ceased. The train had come to a stand-still at a watering tank, where the Thundering Horse was given its drink.

The rear car, or "House on Wheels," as old Black Pipe had called it, stood in close proximity to Little Moccasin,—who, in his bewilderment and fright at the sight of these strange moving houses, had been unable to move a step.

But as no harm had come to him from the terrible monster, Moccasin's heart, which had sunk down to the region of his toes, began to rise again; and the curiosity inherent in every Indian boy mastered fear.

He moved up, and down, and around the great House on Wheels; then he touched it in many places, first with the tip-end of one finger, and finally with both hands. If he could only detach a small piece from the house to take back to camp with him as a trophy and as a proof of his daring achievement! But it was too solid, and all made of heavy wood and iron.

At the rear end of the train there was a ladder, which the now brave Little Moccasin ascended with the quickness of a squirrel to see what there was on top.

It was gradually growing dark, and suddenly he saw (as he really believed) the full moon approaching him. He did not know that it was the headlight of a locomotive coming from the opposite direction.

Absorbed in this new and glorious sight, he did not notice the starting of his own car, until it was too late, for, while the car moved, he dared not let go his hold upon the brake-wheel.

There he was, being carried with lightning speed into a far-off, unknown country, over bridges, by the sides of deep ravines, and along the slopes of steep mountains.

But the Thundering Horse never tired nor grew thirsty again during the entire night.

At last, soon after the break of day, there came the same shrill whistle which had frightened him so much on the previous day; and, soon after, the train stopped at Miles City.

But, unfortunately for our little hero, there were a great many white people in sight; and he was compelled to lie flat upon the roof of his car, in order to escape notice. He had heard so much of the cruelty of the white men that he dared not trust himself among them.

Soon they started again, and Little Moccasin was compelled to proceed on his involuntary journey, which took him away from home and into unknown dangers.

At noon, the cars stopped on the open prairie to let Thundering Horse drink again. Quickly, and without being detected by any of the trainmen, he dropped to the ground from his high and perilous position. Then the train left him—all alone in an unknown country.

Alone? Not exactly; for, within a few minutes, half-a-dozen Crow-Indians, mounted on swift ponies, are by his side, and are lashing him with whips and lassoes.

He has fallen into the hands of the deadliest enemies of his tribe, and has been recognized by the cut of his hair and the shape of his moccasins.

When they tired of their sport in beating poor Little Moccasin so cruelly, they dismounted and tied his hands behind his back.

Then they sat down upon the ground to have a smoke and to deliberate about the treatment of the captive.

During the very severe whipping, and while they were tying his hands, though it gave him great pain, Little Moccasin never uttered a groan. Indian-like, he had made up his mind to "die game," and not to give his enemies the satisfaction of gloating over his sufferings. This, as will be seen, saved his life.

The leader of the Crows, "Iron Bull," was in favor of burning the hated Uncapapa at a stake, then and there; but "Spotted Eagle," "Blind Owl," and "Hungry Wolf" called attention to the youth and bravery of the captive, who had endured the lashing without any sign of fear. Then the two other Crows took the same view. This

decided poor Moccasin's fate; and he understood it all, although he did not speak the Crow language, for he was a great sign-talker, and had watched them very closely during their council.

Blind Owl, who seemed the most kind-hearted of the party, lifted the boy upon his pony, Blind Owl himself getting up in front, and they rode at full speed westward to their large encampment, where they arrived after sunset.

Little Moccasin was then relieved of his bonds, which had benumbed his hands during the long ride, and a large dish of boiled meat was given to him. This, in his famished condition, he relished very much. An old squaw, one of the wives of Blind Owl, and a Sioux captive, took pity on him, and gave him a warm place with plenty of blankets in his own tepee, where he enjoyed a good rest.

During his stay with the Crows, Little Moccasin was made to do the work, which usually falls to the lot of the squaws; and which was imposed upon him as a punishment upon a brave enemy, designed to break his proud spirit. He was treated as a slave, made to haul wood and draw water, do the cooking, and clean game. Many of the Crow boys wanted to kill him, but his foster-mother, "Old Looking-Glass," protected him; and, besides, they feared that the soldiers of Fort Custer might hear of it, if he was killed, and punish them.

Many weeks thus passed, and the poor little captive grew more despondent and weaker in body every day. Often his foster-mother would talk to him in his own language, and tell him to be of good cheer; but he was terribly homesick and longed to get back to the mountains on the Rosebud, to tell the story of his daring and become the hero which he had started out to be.

One night, after everybody had gone to sleep in camp, and the fires had gone out, Old Looking-Glass, who had seemed to be soundly sleeping, approached his bed and gently touched his face. Looking up, he saw that she held a forefinger pressed against her lips, intimating that he must keep silence, and that she was beckoning him to go outside.

There she soon joined him; then, putting her arm around his neck, she hastened out of the camp and across the nearest hills.

When they had gone about five miles away from camp, they came upon a pretty little mouse-colored pony, which Old Looking-Glass had hidden there for Little Moccasin on the previous day.

She made him mount the pony, which she called "Blue Wing," and bade him fly toward the rising sun, where he would find white people who would protect and take care of him.

Old Looking-Glass then kissed Little Moccasin upon both cheeks and the forehead, while the tears ran down her wrinkled face; she also folded her hands upon her breast and, looking up to the heavens, said a prayer, in which she asked the Great Spirit to protect and save the poor boy in his flight.

After she had whispered some indistinct words into the ear of Blue Wing (who seemed to understand her, for he nodded his head approvingly), she bade Little Moccasin be off, and advised him not to rest this side of the white man's settlement, as the Crows would soon discover his absence, and would follow him on their fleetest ponies.

"But Blue Wing will save you! He can outrun them all!"

These were her parting words, as he galloped away.

In a short time the sun rose over the nearest hill, and Little Moccasin then knew that he was going in the right direction. He felt very happy to be free again, although sorry to leave behind his kind-hearted foster-mother, Looking-Glass. He made up his mind that after a few years, when he had grown big and become a warrior, he would go and capture her from the hated Crows and take her to his own tepee.

He was so happy in this thought that he had not noticed how swiftly time passed, and that already the sun stood over his head; neither had he urged Blue Wing to run his swiftest; but that good little animal kept up a steady dog-trot, without, as yet, showing the least sign of being tired.

But what was the sudden noise which was heard behind him? Quickly he turned his head, and, to his horror, he beheld about fifty mounted Crows coming toward him at a run, and swinging in their hands guns, pistols, clubs, and knives!

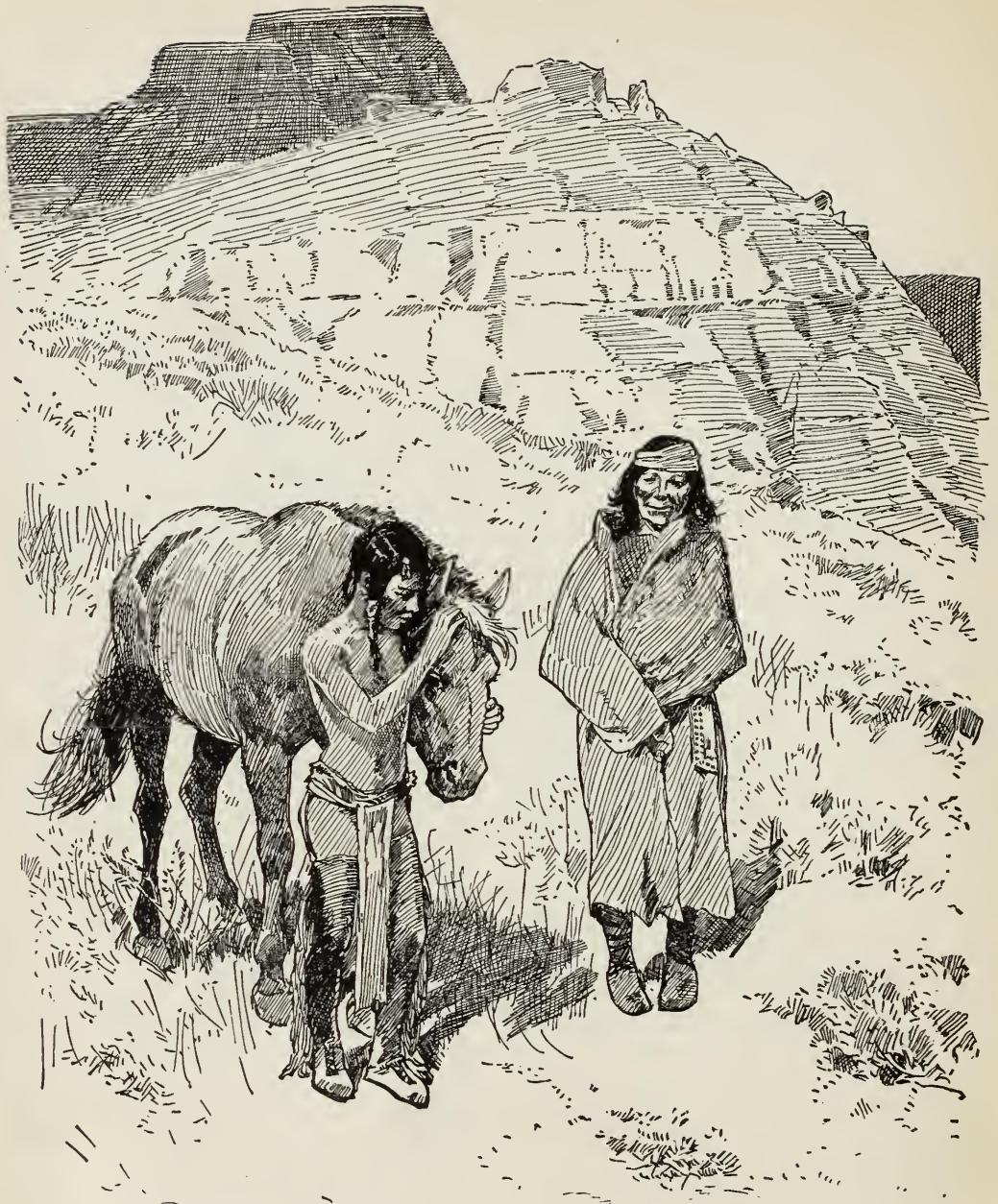
His old enemy, Iron Bull, was in advance, and under his right arm he carried a long lance, with which he intended to spear Little Moccasin, as a cruel boy spears a bug with a pin.

Moccasin's heart stood still for a moment with fear; he knew that this time they would surely kill him if caught. He seemed to have lost all power of action.

Nearer and nearer came Iron Bull, shouting at the top of his voice.

But Blue Wing now seemed to understand the danger of Moccasin's situation; he pricked up his ears, snorted a few times, made several short jumps, to fully arouse Moccasin, who remained paralyzed with fear, and then, like a bird, fairly flew over the prairie, as if his little hoofs were not touching the ground.

Little Moccasin, too, was now awakened to his peril, and he patted and encouraged Blue Wing;



"WHEN THEY HAD GONE ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM CAMP, THEY CAME UPON A PRETTY
LITTLE MOUSE-COLORED PONY."

while, from time to time, he looked back over his shoulder to watch the approach of Iron Bull.

Thus they went, on and on; over ditches and streams, rocks and hills, through gulches and valleys. Blue Wing was doing nobly, but the pace could not last forever.

Iron Bull was now only about five hundred yards behind and gaining on him.

Little Moccasin felt the cold sweat pouring down his face. He had no fire-arm, or he would have stopped to shoot at Iron Bull.

Blue Wing's whole body seemed to tremble beneath his young rider, as if the pony was making a last desperate effort, before giving up from exhaustion.

Unfortunately, Little Moccasin did not know how to pray, or he might have found some comfort and help thereby; but in those moments, when a terrible death was so near to him, he did the next best thing: he thought of his mother and his father, of his little sisters and brothers, and also of Looking-Glass, his kind old foster-mother.

Then he felt better and was imbued with fresh courage. He again looked back, gave one loud, defiant yell at Iron Bull, and then went out of sight over some high ground.

Ki-yi-yi-yi! There is the railroad station just in front, only about three hundred yards away. He sees white men around the buildings, who will protect him.

At this moment Blue Wing utters one deep groan, stumbles, and falls to the ground. Fortunately, though, Little Moccasin has received no hurt. He jumps up, and runs toward the station as fast as his weary legs can carry him.

At this very moment Iron Bull with several of his braves came in sight again, and, realizing the helpless condition of the boy, they all gave a shout of joy, thinking that in a few minutes they would

capture and kill him. But their shouting had been heard by some of the white men, who at once concluded to protect the boy, if he deserved aid.

Little Moccasin and Iron Bull reached the door of the station-building at nearly the same moment; but the former had time enough to dart inside and hide under the table of the telegraph operator.

When Iron Bull and several other Crows rushed in to pull the boy from underneath the table, the operator quickly took from the table-drawer a revolver, and with it drove the murderous Crows from the premises.

Then the boy had to tell his story, and he was believed. All took pity upon his forlorn condition, and his brave flight made them his friends.

In the evening Blue Wing came up to where Little Moccasin was resting and awaiting the arrival of the next train, which was to take him back to his own home.

Little Moccasin threw his arms affectionately around Blue Wing's neck, vowing that they never would part again in life.

Then they both were put aboard a lightning express train, which took them to within a short distance of the old camp on the Rosebud.

When Little Moccasin arrived at his father's tepee, riding beautiful Blue Wing, now rested and frisky, the whole camp flocked around him; and when he told them of his great daring, of his capture and his escape, Running Antelope, the big warrior of the Uncapapas and the most noted orator of the tribe, proclaimed him a true hero, and then and there begged his pardon for having called him a "coffee-cooler." In the evening Little Moccasin was honored by a great feast, and the name of "Rushing Lightning," *Wakce-wata-kecpee*, was bestowed upon him—and by that name he is known to this day.



A YOUNG AGASSIZ.



WAUKEWA'S EAGLE

BY JAMES BUCKHAM



ONE day, when the Indian boy Waukewa was hunting along the mountain-side, he found a young eagle with a broken wing, lying at the base of a cliff. The bird had fallen from an aery on a ledge high above, and being too young to fly, had fluttered down the cliff and injured itself so severely that it was likely to die. When Waukewa saw it he was about to drive one of his sharp arrows through its body, for the passion of the hunter was strong in him, and the

of the wounded bird and the eyes of the Indian boy, growing gentler and softer as he gazed, looked into one another. Then the struggling and panting of the young eagle ceased; the wild, frightened look passed out of its eyes, and it suffered Waukewa to pass his hand gently over its ruffled and dragged feathers. The fierce instinct to fight, to defend its threatened life, yielded to the charm of the tenderness and pity expressed in the boy's eyes; and from that moment Waukewa and the eagle were friends.

Waukewa went slowly home to his father's lodge, bearing the wounded eaglet in his arms. He carried it so gently that the broken wing gave no twinge of pain, and the bird lay perfectly still, never offering to strike with its sharp beak the hands that clasped it.

Warming some water over the fire at the lodge, Waukewa bathed the broken wing of the eagle and bound it up with soft strips of skin. Then he made a nest of ferns and grass inside the lodge, and laid the bird in it. The boy's mother looked on with shining eyes. Her heart was very tender. From girlhood she had loved all the creatures of the woods, and it pleased her to see some of her own gentle spirit waking in the boy.

When Waukewa's father returned from hunting, he would have caught up the young eagle and

eagle plunders many a fine fish from the Indian's drying-frame. But a gentler impulse came to him as he saw the young bird quivering with pain and fright at his feet, and he slowly unbent his bow, put the arrow in his quiver, and stooped over the panting eaglet. For fully a minute the wild eyes

wrung its neck. But the boy pleaded with him so eagerly, stooping over the captive and defending it with his small hands, that the stern warrior laughed and called him his "little squaw-heart." "Keep it, then," he said, "and nurse it until it is well. But then you must let it go, for we will not raise up a thief in the lodges." So Waukewa promised that when the eagle's wing was healed and grown so that it could fly, he would carry it forth and give it its freedom.

It was a month—or, as the Indians say, a moon—before the young eagle's wing had fully mended and the bird was old enough and strong enough to fly. And in the meantime Waukewa cared for it and fed it daily, and the friendship between the boy and the bird grew very strong.

But at last the time came when the willing captive must be freed. So Waukewa carried it far away from the Indian lodges, where none of the young braves might see it hovering over and be tempted to shoot their arrows at it, and there he



"HE STOOPED OVER THE PANTING EAGLET."



"THE YOUNG EAGLE ROSE TOWARD THE SKY."

let it go. The young eagle rose toward the sky in great circles, rejoicing in its freedom and its strange, new power of flight. But when Waukewa began to move away from the spot, it came swooping down again; and all day long it followed him through the woods as he hunted. At dusk, when Waukewa shaped his course for the Indian lodges, the eagle would have accompanied him. But the boy suddenly slipped into a hollow tree and hid, and after a long time the eagle stopped sweeping about in search of him and flew slowly and sadly away.

Summer passed, and then winter; and spring came again, with its flowers and birds and swarming fish in the lakes and streams. Then it was that all the Indians, old and young, braves and squaws, pushed their light canoes out from shore and with spear and hook waged pleasant war against the salmon and the red-spotted trout. After winter's long imprisonment, it was such



"WAUKEWA AND THE STRUG-
GLING EAGLE WERE FLOATING
OUTWARD AND DOWNWARD THROUGH THE
CLOUD OF MIST."

joy to toss in the sunshine and the warm wind and catch savory fish to take the place of dried meats and corn!

Above the great falls of the Apahoqui the salmon sported in the cool, swinging current, darting under the lee of the rocks and leaping full length in the clear spring air. Nowhere else were such salmon to be speared as those which lay among the riffles at the head of the Apahoqui rapids. But only the most daring braves ventured to seek them there, for the current was strong, and should a light canoe once pass the danger-point and get caught in the rush of the rapids, nothing could save it from going over the roaring falls.

Very early in the morning of a clear April day, just as the sun was rising splendidly over the mountains, Waukewa launched his canoe a half-mile above the rapids of the Apahoqui, and floated downward, spear in hand, among the salmon-riffles. He was the only one of the Indian lads who dared fish above the falls. But he had been there often, and never yet had his watchful eye and his strong paddle suffered the current to carry his canoe beyond the danger-point. This morning he was alone on the river, having risen long before daylight to be first at the sport.

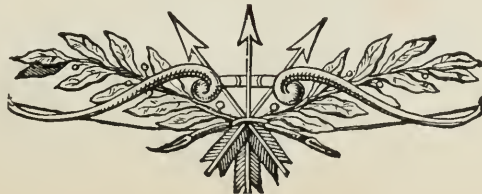
The riffles were full of salmon, big, lusty fellows, who glided about the canoe on every side in an endless silver stream. Waukewa plunged his spear right and left, and tossed one glittering victim after another into the bark canoe. So absorbed in the sport was he that for once he did not notice when the head of the rapids was reached and the canoe began to glide more swiftly among the rocks. But suddenly he looked up, caught his paddle, and dipped it wildly in the swirling water. The canoe swung sidewise, shivered, held its own against the torrent, and then slowly, inch by inch, began to creep upstream toward the shore. But suddenly there was a loud, cruel snap, and the paddle parted in the boy's hands, broken just above the blade! Waukewa gave a cry of despairing agony. Then he bent to the gunwale of his canoe and with the shattered blade fought desperately against the current. But it was useless. The racing torrent swept him downward; the hungry falls roared tauntingly in his ears.

Then the Indian boy knelt calmly upright in the canoe, facing the mist of the falls, and folded his arms. His young face was stern and lofty. He had lived like a brave hitherto—now he would die like one.

Faster and faster sped the doomed canoe toward the great cataract. The black rocks glided away on either side like phantoms. The roar of the terrible waters became like thunder in the boy's ears. But still he gazed calmly and sternly ahead, facing his fate as a brave Indian should. At last he began to chant the death-song, which he had learned from the older braves. In a few moments all would be over. But he would come before the Great Spirit with a fearless hymn upon his lips.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the canoe. Waukewa lifted his eyes and saw a great eagle hovering over, with dangling legs, and a spread of wings that blotted out the sun. Once more the eyes of the Indian boy and the eagle met; and now it was the eagle who was master!

With a glad cry the Indian boy stood up in his canoe, and the eagle hovered lower. Now the canoe tossed up on that great swelling wave that climbs to the cataract's edge, and the boy lifted his hands and caught the legs of the eagle. The next moment he looked down into the awful gulf of waters from its very verge. The canoe was snatched from beneath him and plunged down the black wall of the cataract; but he and the struggling eagle were floating outward and downward through the cloud of mist. The cataract roared terribly, like a wild beast robbed of its prey. The spray beat and blinded, the air rushed upward as they fell. But the eagle struggled on with his burden. He fought his way out of the mist and the flying spray. His great wings threshed the air with a whistling sound. Down, down they sank, the boy and the eagle, but ever farther from the precipice of water and the boiling whirlpool below. At length, with a fluttering plunge, the eagle dropped on a sand-bar below the whirlpool, and he and the Indian boy lay there a minute, breathless and exhausted. Then the eagle slowly lifted himself, took the air under his free wings, and soared away, while the Indian boy knelt on the sand, with shining eyes following the great bird till he faded into the gray of the cliffs.



STORIES TOLD BY INDIANS

BY THE LATE JULIAN RALPH



A MOTLEY band of half-breeds and Chippewa Indians had camped at the first portage on the Nepigon River, north of Lake Superior. They were at work for the great Hudson Bay Company, carrying supplies to

a distant fort or trading-post in the north. It was a wild spot, but the game, large and small, seemed to know that it was "out of season," and that their pelts were of little value at that time. A family of bears not far from the camp frolicked and splashed in a shallow natural basin with all the glee that might have their captive relatives in the safe pits of a zoölogical garden.

Among the Indians was one far older than the others, a little, thin, bent old man, with a face as wrinkled as a nutmeg, with the complexion of the sole of one of your shoes, with his grizzled hair cut off square around his neck, with not an ounce of flesh to spare, and dressed in moccasins, trousers, a red worsted belt, and a gray flannel shirt. One evening after the simple supper had been eaten, there was gathered in front of this queer little old man the Indian and half-breed boys, and

like to do in the right place and time. It is not true that Indians are always silent; they often gabble like children when their interest is aroused.

EVERY boy who has read Grimm's fairy tales remembers the story of the master thief who stole the horse while a man was on his back. The Blackfeet Indians have such a story, and although it is a tale of the cleverness of their enemies, they nevertheless recite it to their children.

This is the story the old Indian told:

THE STORY OF THE GREAT WHITE HORSE

ALL Indians who use horses are very fond of horse-racing, and not only race their own horses against one another, but they race their own against those of other tribes,—and used to do this even in the wild era of the buffalo and of constant warfare. Even at that time friendly tribes and bands joined in the two grand buffalo hunts of each year, and, after the hunting was over, pitted the fastest horses of the various bands one against the other. At one time, not so very long ago, the Blackfeet had the very fastest horse that any one knew of; the fastest horse of which any one could tell, or which any one had seen. He was a source of wealth to the tribe, for Indians are



"A FAMILY OF BEARS NOT FAR FROM THE CAMP FROLICKED AND SPLASHED IN A SHALLOW NATURAL BASIN."

all asking for a story. The old Chippewa smoked on gravely and reflected as we are led to believe Indians do most of the time. Soon he removed his pipe from his mouth and talked, as Indians

very fond of betting, and this animal always won everything that was bet against him. You can imagine how proud the Blackfeet were of this creature. You can also imagine how envious

were the Stoneys, the Crows, the Sioux, the Crees, and all the other Indians of the plains.

Stealing is considered fair between tribes, and if it can be successfully done those savage people think it very honorable, even glorious. The Black-

with thongs of buckskin. Whoever could steal that big white beauty of a horse had to be a very clever thief, they thought; but, in truth, they never dreamed that he could be stolen.

The smartest thief among the Crow Indians



"FROM THAT DAY HIS TRIBE OWNED THE GREAT WHITE HORSE."

feet, therefore, kept the wonderful race-horse in a tent at night. They did not dare leave him out with their other horses. They bought a string of bells at the Hudson Bay Company's nearest fort, put the bells around the horse's neck, tied him to a tepee pole inside a big tepee, and set four men to sleep in the tent with him. This was the rule every night, and on no night did the men forget to close the door of the tepee and "cinch" it tight

told his chief and the head men that he was going to try to get that horse away from the Blackfeet. One evening he crawled through the grass to the tall bluff along the Bow River (north of our Idaho, I think, was the locality), where the Blackfeet had their camp. He saw the noble horse led into a certain tent, and he saw the four watchers go in and close the door. Night fell, and he crept down the slanting bluff into the camp. The only

thing he had to fear was the barking of some dog. If a dog saw or heard him and barked, that would set all the other dogs barking and he would be obliged to run for his life. Stealthily, as only an Indian can move on his softly moccasined feet, this arch-thief of the thieving Crow nation crept into the Blackfoot camp. He had to step over several sleeping dogs, and he did not awaken one. He came to the tent of the white horse. He looked it all over. He went to another tepee and took a travois from its side and carried it and set it up against the horse's tent.

A travois is the wheelless wagon the Indians use in the summer. It is made of two long poles with the upper ends near together; the lower ends spread apart and drag upon the ground. You see by this description that if a travois is stood on end, it can be made to serve as a sort of ladder. Thus the arch-thief of the Crows used the one he put up against the horse-tent. On it he climbed to the top of the tepee, and from there he got a view of the interior, looking down between the tent-poles that form the sides of the chimney-hole. He saw the horse dimly, and even more dimly he saw the four men beside the horse, all asleep. He climbed upon the tent-poles; he poised his body very nicely in the chimney-opening; he dropped fairly and squarely upon the white horse's back!

The instant he felt himself on the back of the beast, his knife, which was in his hand, swept through the cord that tethered the horse. His heels shot in against the horse's sides, the bells rang out sharp and clear, and the horse snorted with surprise. But the pressure of the thief's heels urged the animal forward, and as he took one step the man reached out and slit a gash straight up and down through the fastened door, which was only buckskin. The four Indians leaped to their feet, but the horse and his captor were now out in the open ground and like the wind shot away from the camp. The watchers ran and yelled, the dogs barked, the whole tribe rushed out of the tents, and every man sprang to horse! But what was the use? There was no horse that could catch the animal, and so they all turned sadly home again after a mad ride of a mile or two. The thief rode in triumph home to the tents of the Crows, and from that day his tribe owned the great white horse, and his fame and their riches increased.

THE little redskins listened eagerly to this story, which, doubtless, they had often heard before; but they were not so quiet as the reader might imagine, for they asked so many questions that the old man pretended to be cross, and said that

if they wanted to know so much he would not tell them another story.

THE STORY OF NAN-AB-BEJU

"I WILL tell you the story of Nan-ab-beju," said the old fellow, relenting. "He is the man who made the new earth after the big water came and covered it."

He told this tale in the Chippewa tongue, and I can only repeat it as it was translated to me afterward. It will remind you, in parts, of the flood and Noah and the ark:

"Big waters came, and there was nothing anywhere except water, and the sky, and the sun, and the stars," said the old Chippewa. "Nan-ab-beju made a great raft, and put on it some relic of everything that had been on the earth: specimens of each kind of animals, of all the trees, shrubs, plants, flowers, birds, rocks,—and one man and one woman. In short, he did not leave out anything except sand. He forgot to save some sand, and yet he could not do anything without it. He sailed out far into the flood and made a little island, very, very small. Then he found he had no sand. He made a very big line, longer than hundreds of deerskins cut up into ribbons and tied together, and he took a muskrat off the raft and tied the line to it, and threw it into the water. The frightened rat dove down and down, and when there was no longer any pulling at the line Nan-ab-beju knew the rat was at the bottom of the sea. Then he began to pull the line up. At the end of it came the poor muskrat, stone dead, drowned. But Nan-ab-beju saw that the little black paws of the animal were clenched as if there was something in their palms that the rat had held tight hold of even after death. The little paws were forced open, and in them were found half a dozen grains of sand. One grain would have been enough for the great Nan-ab-beju.

"Nan-ab-beju blew his breath on the muskrat, and its life came back to it. Then he mixed the sand in the little island that he had made, and blew on that also. As he blew and blew, it swelled and swelled until it was so big that Nan-ab-beju could not see the sides or end of it in any direction. Nan-ab-beju was not quite certain whether he had made it as big as the old earth before the big water came. He had to make it as big as it had been; so big, in fact, that no man or creature could find the end of it. He had plenty of animals that could travel over the earth and find out how big it was, so he decided to take two huge buffaloes off the raft and send them to see whether there was any end to what he had made. The

buffaloes ran off with all speed, and Nan-ab-beju sat down and waited. In a few days the buffaloes came back and said they had found the end of the earth. So Nan-ab-beju blew and blew and blew on the ground again, and it swelled so fast that you could see it broadening. When he had blown until he was tired he took a crow off the raft and sent it to see if it could find the end of the earth. The crow was gone a very long time, but at last it came sailing back on the wind and said it had flown till it was tired out and there was no sign of any end to the earth.

"Nan-ab-beju, to make sure, blew again and

swelled the earth a great deal bigger. Then he untied and uncaged and untrapped all the animals and drove them from the raft on to the land, and left them free to roam where they might. He took all the trees, plants, bushes, and shrubs, and planted them around; and he blew the grass out of his hands as hard as he could blow it, so that it scattered all over. Next he let loose all the birds and beetles and bugs and snakes and toads and butterflies; and, finally, he invited the man and woman, both Chippewas, to go ashore and make the new earth their hunting-ground. And Nan-ab-beju's task was done."

ONATOGA'S SACRIFICE

BY JOHN DIMITRY

ONCE, in the long ago, before the white man had heard of the continent on which we live, red men, who were brave and knew not what fear was in battle, trembled at the mention of a great man-eating bird that had lived before the time told of in the traditions known of their oldest chiefs.

This bird which, according to the Indian legends, ate men, was known as the PIASAU.

The favorite haunt of this terrible bird was a bluff on the Mississippi River, a short distance above the site of the present city of Alton, Illinois. There it was said to lie in wait, and to keep watch over the broad, open prairies. Whenever some rash Indian ventured out alone to hunt upon this fatal ground, he became the monster's prey. The legend says that the bird, swooping down with the fierce swiftness of a hawk, seized upon its victim and bore him to a gloomy cave wherein it made its horrid feasts. The monster must have had an insatiable appetite or a prolonged existence, for tradition declares that it depopulated whole villages. Then it was that the wise men began to see visions and to prophesy the speedy extinction of the tribe. Years of its ravages followed one upon another, until at length, according to the legend, was lost all reckoning of the time when first that strange, foul creature came to scourge their sunny plains. Years before had died the last of the wise men whose fathers once had hunted the mastodon, or chased the ostrich-like diornis, where now the grandsons followed the bison and the deer. The aged men, whose youth was but a dim memory, could say only that the bird was as it had always been. None like it had ever been heard of save in vague traditions carried from the far Darien

Isthmus. There, the legends ran, near Dobayba, a wild hurricane had once brought a bird-fiend that plagued their coast for many a weary moon, until a wise man caught it in a snare. But no snare could save the men of the Illinois tribe, the "Illini"—they were doomed! Nets, arrows, stratagems planned by the most cunning warriors, alike had failed. Still the bird preyed upon them.

There was one, Onatoga, who began to ponder.

Now, Onatoga was the great leader of the Illini; one whose name was spoken with awe even in the distant wigwams north of the Great Lake. Long had he grieved and wondered over the will of the Great Spirit; that he should look upon the men of the Western prairies, not as warriors, but as deer or bison, only fit to fill the maw of so pestilent a thing as this monstrous bird! Before the new moon began to grow upon the face of the sky, Onatoga's resolve was taken. He would go to some spot deep in the forest where by fasting and prayer his spirit would become so pure that the Great Master of Life would hear him and once again be kind and turn his face back, in light, upon the Illini.

Stealing away from his tribe in the night, he plunged far into the trackless forest. Then, blackening his face, for a whole moon he fasted. The moon waxed full and then waned; but no vision came to assure him that the Great Spirit had heard his prayers. Only one more night remained. Wearied and sorrow-worn, he closed his eyes. But, through the deep sleep that fell upon him, came the voice of the Great Spirit. And this is the message that came to Onatoga, as he lay sleeping in body but, in his soul, awake:

"Arise, Chief of the Illini! Thou shalt save

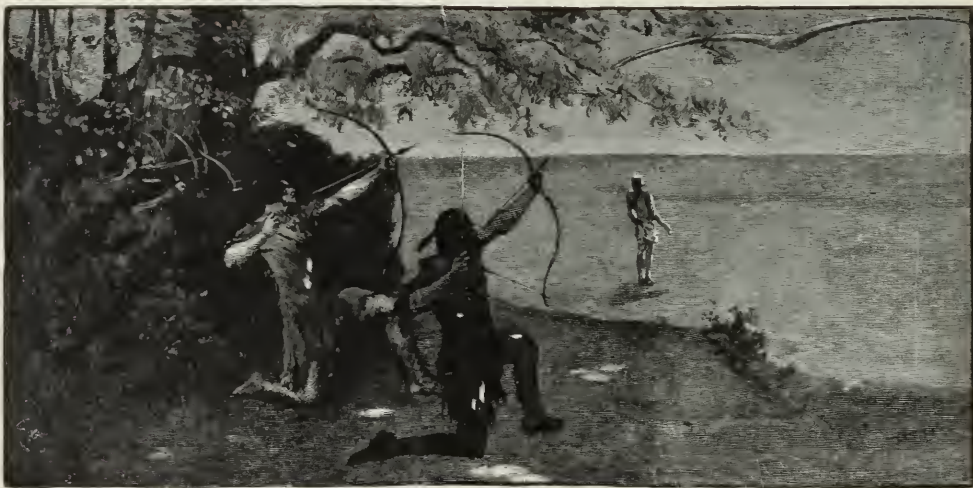
thy race. Choose thou twenty of thy warriors; noble-hearted, strong-armed, eagle-eyed. Put in each warrior's hand a bow. Give to each an arrow dipped in the venom of the snake. Seek then the man whose heart loveth the Great Spirit. Let him not fear to look the Piasau in the face; but see that the warriors, with ready bows, stand near in the shadow of the trees."

Onatoga awoke; strong, though he had fasted a month; happy, though he knew he was soon to die! Who, but he, the Great Chief of the Illini, should die for his people—for was it not death to look on the face of the Piasau?

Binding his moccasins firmly upon his feet, he washed the marks of grief from his face, and painted it with the brightest vermilion and blue. Thus, in the splendid colors of a triumphant warrior, he returned homeward. All was silent in the village when, in the gray light of early day, he entered his lodge. Soon the joyful news was known. From lodge to lodge it spread until the

Onatoga chose his twenty warriors and appointed them their place, where the rolling prairie was broken by the edge of the forest. Then, when the sun shot its first long shafts of light across the level grasses, the chief walked slowly forth and stood alone upon the prairie. The world in the morning light was beautiful to Onatoga's eyes. The flowers beneath his feet seemed to smile, and poured forth richest perfumes; the sun was glorious in its golden breast-plate, to do him honor; while the lark and the mock-bird sang his praise in joyous songs.

He had not long to wait. Soon, afar off, the dreaded Piasau was seen moving heavily through the clear morning air. Onatoga, drawing himself to the full measure of his lofty height, raised his death-song. The dull flutter of huge wings came nearer, and a great shadow came rushing over the sunlit fields. Onatoga, never ceasing his chant, faced the Piasau fearlessly. A sudden fierce swoop downward! In that very moment, twenty



"ONATOGA, NEVER CEASING HIS CHANT, FACED THE PIASAU FEARLESSLY."

last wigwam was reached. Onatoga's quest was successful!

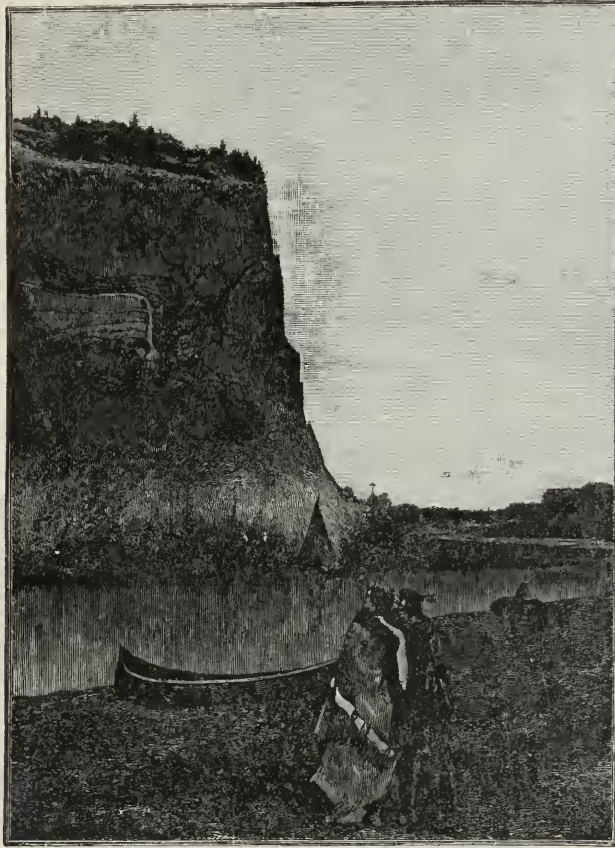
Then the warriors began to gather. Furtively, even in their gladness, they sought his lodge, for the fear of the Piasau was over all. A solemn awe fell upon them as they gathered around the chief, who, it was whispered, had heard the voice of the Great Spirit. Without, on that high bluff, they knew that the fiend-bird crouched, waiting for the morning light to reveal its prey. Within, in sorrowing silence, they heard how the people could be saved; but the hearts of the warriors were heavy. All knew the sacrifice demanded—their bravest and their best!

poisoned arrows, loosed by twenty faithful hands, sped true to their aim. With a scream that the bluffs sent rolling back in sharp and deafening echoes, the foul monster dropped dead! The Great Spirit loved the man who had been willing to sacrifice his life for his people. In the very instant when death seemed sure, he covered the heart of Onatoga with a shield; and he suffered not the wind to blow aside a single arrow from its mark,—the body of the fated Piasau.

Great were the rejoicings that followed and rich were the feasts that were held in honor of Onatoga. The Illini resolved that the story of the great deliverance and of the courageous love of

Onatoga should not die, though they themselves should pass away. The cunning carvers of the tribe cut deep into the living rock of the bluff the terrible form of the Piasau. And, in later years, when young children asked the meaning of this great figure, so unlike any of

the birds that they knew upon their rivers and their prairies, then the fathers would tell them the story of the Piasau, and how the Great Spirit had found, in Onatoga, a warrior who loved his fellow-men better than he loved his own life.



"CUNNING CARVERS CUT DEEP INTO THE ROCK
THE FORM OF THE PIASAU."

THE GIANT WITH NINE LIVES

THERE was once a terrible giant who lived in the middle of Turtle Mountain. Every week he came out and picked up one of the Indians who lived in the foot-hills, and took him home and ate him. At last the chief of the tribe called a council of all his head-men. There were nine of them. They all came and sat round the council-house, looking very wise; but they did not know that the giant's scout, the little humming-bird, was listening to

everything they said, though he pretended to be very busy catching flies outside.

"My friends," the Chief said, "shall we sit here to be eaten one by one, or shall we eat the giant instead?"

Then they all spoke together. "Let us eat him," they said; and then they sat thinking how good he would taste, till the Chief said,— "Perhaps we had better kill him first."

"Yes," said they; "perhaps we had better kill him first." They were not so wise as they looked, those head-men; but each of them had a strong friend to help him, and they were not afraid.

The first of them who said he would kill the giant was called Long-tooth. He said he would get his friend Rainstorm to fill the mountain with water, so that the giant would be drowned; and then Long-tooth would turn himself into a beaver, and swim in and cut the giant's head off. There was a great deal of strong magic round here in those days.

Then the humming-bird swallowed its last fly, and flew away into the dark mountain, and told the giant all he had heard. So the giant turned himself into a frog; and when Rainstorm poured in, and the mountain was full of water, the frog swam about, laughing inside his mouth. When the beaver thought the giant must be well drowned, he swam in to cut off his head. But the giant had laid a beaver-trap, and the beaver swam right into it, and when the water had gone down the giant made a nice head-dress out of the beaver's fur.

The Chief was very sorry to hear that Long-tooth was killed, but he called on Red-arrow to go and fight the giant next. So Red-arrow went and fetched his friend Fire-flame, and then turned himself into a wood-worm, and bored a hole right into the mountain, through earth and through rocks, screwing himself round and round like a whirlwind, and telling Fire-flame to follow him as soon as he had time to finish the hole. But the humming-bird knew all about it; and when the wood-worm had finished the hole, and was going to creep out of it into the giant's cave, the little spy pecked his nose and drove him back into the hole; and Fire-flame came rushing through in such a hurry that he burnt up his friend the wood-worm before he could stop himself; and then silly Fire-flame began to cry and put himself out with his own tears before he could burn up the giant.

The next head-man who went against the giant was called Soft-step, and his great friend was the Queen Bee. So she brought all the bees from the forest, and they swarmed into the cave, buzzing-buzz-buzz, and stung the giant up and down till he howled and yelled with pain. But the humming-bird flew out and came flying back with all the other humming-birds, and they darted about like green lightning till they had swallowed up every one of the bees. When Soft-step thought the bees must have done all they could, he turned himself into a monstrous serpent, and slipped in to give the killing sting; but the humming-birds pecked his eyes out, and then the giant threw a

great rock on his head, and that was the end of the serpent.

Then Crafty-man said he would go and kill the giant; and he turned himself into a little red fox, and hid in the bushes by the mouth of the cave, while his friend Pesty-plague sneaked in and slipped softly down the giant's throat. The giant got *very* ill, and lay down on the ground, groaning and grovelling; but the humming-bird flew out and came back with the medicine root that grows by the beaver-dam; and the giant swallowed so much of the medicine root that there was no room for Pesty-plague in all his big body. Then Pesty-plague flew up and out of the giant's mouth, and tried to fly out of the cave; but the fox was standing at the door of the cave with his own mouth so wide open that Pesty-plague flew right down his throat before he could stop himself. So the fox rolled over and over, twisting and squirming, till he died.

When the Chief saw what had become of Crafty-man, he called up the next head-man, whose name was Dive-in-the-river. So the head-man turned himself into a loon, and swam about in the big river in the valley till the giant came along and began to wade across. Then the loon whistled to his friend North-wind; and North-wind came whistling down and froze the river all up, and the giant's legs were frozen hard in the ice so that he could n't move. The humming-bird flew off in a great hurry, and presently South-wind came humming back with him, and melted the river, and the giant waded ashore; but the loon had been diving after a trout when North-wind came, and he could n't come up again before the water froze, and so he had to stay underneath and be drowned.

"Never mind," said Long-legs. "You'll see what I can do, with my friend Lightning." So Long-legs called to his friend, and turned himself into a tall pine-tree and stood by the door of the mountain to see what would happen. But the humming-bird had heard what Long-legs said, so he flew to the chief of the bull-frogs, and the chief of the bull-frogs came hop-hop-hopping in with his mouth full of water and squatted just inside the door of the cave. When Lightning came flashing along he darted right into the bull-frog's mouth, and darted back out again as quick as he came, sputtering with rage, and burnt up the first thing he found outside, which happened to be his friend the pine-tree.

"Ah," said Short-legs, "that's what comes of boasting." Then he turned himself into a big brown bear, and shouted to his friend Thunder; and Thunder came boom-boom-booming up the valley, and gave the mountain such a kick that he

broke his own toes, and then he drew his foot back in such a hurry that his heel struck his friend the bear on the nose; and the bear's skull was broken into as many pieces as there are stones in the river. Thunder ran grumbling and tumbling down the valley, and the giant came out laughing and made steaks out of the bear's body.

Then High-chin, the eighth head-man, turned himself into an eagle, and flew screeching up into the sky to fetch his friend Whirlwind. In less than a minute Whirlwind came screeching down out of the sky, and whirled in at the door, and whirled round and round inside the mountain, and made the giant spin round and round like a cat after its own tail. This time the giant was really frightened; but the humming-bird had got out before Whirlwind got in, and went off to fetch the Kulloo, the great bird that lives on the other side of the world. The Kulloo was such a monstrous bird that one night he mistook the moon for his wife's egg, and sat on it for an hour trying to hatch it, so that there was darkness on the earth. When the humming-bird came and perched in the Kulloo's ear and told him about the impudent eagle, the Kulloo spread his wings and flew round the world to Turtle Mountain. Whirlwind stopped whirling when he heard the storm of the Kulloo's wings coming round the corner of the world, and rushed out to escape, so the eagle was caught between Whirlwind and the

storm of the Kulloo's wings, and nothing was ever seen of that eagle again, except a few feathers.

When the Chief found that eight of his head-men were gone he mourned and mourned. Only one was left, and that was the poorest fighter of them all, so that all the other eight despised and laughed at him whenever they came together in the Council House. He was called Whisperer, because he had such a gentle voice. While the Chief sat grieving with his chin on his breast, Whisperer slipped out of the village and began to climb the mountain. He had no great friends, like the other eight head-men, and he had no magic to turn himself into anything. He just climbed the mountain with his feet, and when he got to the mouth of the cave he pulled himself up into a tree with his hands, and sat among the branches. There he sat, and there he sang so sweetly that the giant sat down to listen, with the humming-bird sitting as still as an owl on his shoulder; and all the birds in the forest came flying to find out what creature could sing such a beautiful song. There Whisperer sat and sang till the giant lay down and went to sleep under the tree; and the humming-bird went to sleep too. There Whisperer sat and sang, and as he sang the ugly old giant slowly turned into a great green mound, with a bright blue flower growing where the humming-bird had gone to sleep.



STORIES FROM SCANDINAVIA

THE GREEDY CAT

ONCE on a time there was a man who had a Cat, and she was so awfully big, and such a beast to eat, he could n't keep her any longer. So she was to go down to the river with a stone round her neck, but before she started she was to have a meal of meat. So the goody set before her a bowl of porridge and a little trough of fat. That the creature crammed into her, and ran off and jumped through the window. Outside stood the goodman by the barn-door threshing.

"Good day, goodman," said the Cat.

"Good day, pussy," said the goodman; "have you had any food to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge and a trough of fat—and, now I think of it, I'll take you, too," and so she took the goodman and gobbled him up.

When she had done that, she went into the byre, and there sat the goody milking.

"Good day, goody," said the Cat.

"Good day, pussy," said the goody; "are you here, and have you eaten up your food yet?"

"Oh, I've eaten a little to-day, but I'm 'most fasting," said pussy; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman—and, now I think of it, I'll take you, too," and so she took the goody and gobbled her up.

"Good day, you cow at the manger," said the Cat to Daisy the cow.

"Good day, pussy," said the bell-cow; "have you had any food to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "I've only had a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody—and, now I think of it, I'll take you, too," and so she took the cow and gobbled her up.

Then off she set into the home-field, and there stood a man picking up leaves.

"Good day, you leaf-picker in the field," said the Cat.

"Good day, pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?" said the leaf-picker.

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and Daisy the cow—and, now I think of it, I'll take you, too." So she took the leaf-picker and gobbled him up.

Then she came to a heap of stones, and there stood a stoat and peeped out.

"Good day, Mr. Stoat of Stoneheap," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker—and, now I think of it, I'll take you, too." So she took the stoat and gobbled him up.

When she had gone a bit farther, she came to a hazel-brake, and there sat a squirrel gathering nuts.

"Good day, Sir Squirrel of the Brake," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat—and, now I think of it, I'll take you, too." So she took the squirrel and gobbled him up.

When she had gone a little farther, she saw Reynard the fox, who was prowling about by the woodside.

"Good day, Reynard Slyboots," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel—and, now I think of it,

"I'll take you, too." So she took Reynard and gobbled him up.

When she had gone a little farther she met Long Ears, the hare.

"Good day, Mr. Hopper the hare," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox—and, now I think of it, I'll take you, too." So she took the hare and gobbled him up.

When she had gone a bit farther she met a wolf.

"Good day, you Greedy Graylegs," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare—and now I think of it, I may as well take you, too." So she took and gobbled up Graylegs, too.

So she went on into the wood, and when she had gone far and farther than far, o'er hill and dale, she met a bear-cub.

"Good day, you bare-breeched bear," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy," said the bear-cub; "have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf—and, now I think of it, I may as well take you, too." And so she took the bear-cub and gobbled him up.

When the Cat had gone a bit farther, she met a she-bear, who was tearing away at a stump till the splinters flew, so angry was she at having lost her cub.

"Good day, you Mrs. Bruin," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub—and, now I think of it, I'll take you, too," and so she took Mrs. Bruin and gobbled her up, too.

When the Cat got still farther on, she met Baron Bruin himself.

"Good day, you Baron Bruin," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy," said Bruin; "have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub, and the she-bear—and, now I think of it, I'll take you, too," and so she took Bruin and ate him up, too.

So the Cat went on and on, and farther than far, till she came to the abodes of men again, and there she met a bridal train on the road.

"Good day, you bridal train on the king's highway," said she.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub, and the she-bear, and the he-bear—and, now I think of it, I'll take you, too," and so she rushed at them, and gobbled up both the bride and bridegroom, and the whole train, with the cook and the fiddler, and the horses and all.

When she had gone still farther, she came to a church, and there she met a funeral.

"Good day, your funeral train," said she.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub, and the she-bear, and the he-bear, and the bride and bridegroom, and the whole train—and, now, I don't mind if I take you, too," and so she fell on the funeral train and gobbled up both the body and the bearers.

Now when the Cat had got the body in her, she was taken up to the sky, and when she had gone a long, long way, she met the moon.

"Good day, Mrs. Moon," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the

stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub, and the she-bear, and the he-bear, and the bride and bridegroom, and the whole train, and the funeral train—and, now I think of it, I don't mind if I take you, too," and so she seized hold of the moon, and gobbled her up, both new and full.

So the Cat went a long way still, and then she met the sun.

"Good day, you sun in heaven."

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy," said the sun; "have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the leaf-picker, and the stoat, and the squirrel, and the fox, and the hare, and the wolf, and the bear-cub, and the she-bear, and the he-bear, and the bride and bridegroom, and the whole train, and the funeral train, and the moon—and, now I think of it, I don't mind if I take you, too," and so she rushed at the sun in heaven and gobbled him up.

So the Cat went far and farther than far, till she came to a bridge, and on it she met a big billy-goat.

"Good day, you Billy-goat on Broad-bridge," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat to-day?" said the billy-goat.

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting; I've only had a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody in the byre, and Daisy the cow at the manger, and the leaf-picker in the home-field, and Mr. Stoat of Stoneheap, and Sir Squirrel of the Brake, and Reynard Slyboots, and Mr. Hopper the hare, and Greedy Graylegs the wolf, and Bare-breech the bear-cub, and Mrs. Bruin, and Baron Bruin, and a bridal train on the king's highway, and a funeral at the church, and Lady Moon in the sky, and Lord Sun in heaven—and, now I think of it, I'll take you, too."

"That we'll fight about," said the billy-goat, and butted at the Cat till she fell right over the bridge into the river, and there she burst.

So they all crept out one after the other, and went about their business, and were just as good as ever, all that the Cat had gobbled up. The goodman of the house, and the goody in the byre, and Daisy the cow at the manger, and the leaf-picker in the home-field, and Mr. Stoat of Stoneheap, and Sir Squirrel of the Brake, and Reynard Slyboots, and Mr. Hopper the hare, and Greedy Graylegs the wolf, and Bare-breech the bear-cub, and Mrs. Bruin, and Baron Bruin, and the bridal train on the highway, and the funeral train at the church, and Lady Moon in the sky, and Lord Sun in heaven.

GUDBRAND ON THE HILLSIDE

THERE was once upon a time a man whose name was Gudbrand. He had a farm which lay far away up on the side of a hill, and therefore they called him Gudbrand on the hillside.

He and his wife lived so happily together, and agreed so well, that whatever the man did the wife thought it so well done that no one could do it better. No matter what he did, she thought it was always the right thing.

They lived on their own farm, and had a hundred dollars at the bottom of their chest and two cows in their cow-shed. One day the woman said to Gudbrand:

"I think we ought to go to town with one of the cows and sell it, so that we may have some ready money by us. We are pretty well off, and ought to have a few shillings in our pocket like other people. The hundred dollars in the chest we mustn't touch, but I can't see what we want with more than one cow, and it will be much better for us, as I shall have only one to look after instead of the two I have now to mind and feed."

Yes, Gudbrand thought, that was well and sensibly spoken. He took the cow at once and went to town to sell it; but when he got there no one would buy the cow.

"Ah, well!" thought Gudbrand, "I may as well take the cow home again. I know I have both stall and food for it, and the way home is no longer than it was here." So he strolled homeward again with the cow.

When he had got a bit on the way he met a man who had a horse to sell, and Gudbrand thought it was better to have a horse than a cow, and so he changed the cow for the horse.

When he had gone a bit farther he met a man who was driving a fat pig before him, and then he thought it would be better to have a fat pig than a horse, and so he changed with the man.

He now went a bit farther, and then he met a man with a goat, and so he thought it was surely better to have a goat than a pig, and changed with the man who had the goat.

Then he went a long way, till he met a man

who had a sheep. He changed with him, for he thought it was always better to have a sheep than a goat.

When he had got a bit farther he met a man with a goose, and so he changed the sheep for the goose. And when he had gone a long, long way he met a man with a cock. He changed the goose with him, for he thought this wise: "It is surely better to have a cock than a goose."

He walked on till late in the day, when he began to feel hungry. So he sold the cock for sixpence and bought some food for himself. "For it is always better to keep body and soul together than to have a cock," thought Gudbrand.

He then set off again homeward till he came to his neighbor's farm, and there he went in.

"How did you get on in town?" asked the people.

"Oh, only so-so," said the man. "I can't boast of my luck, nor can I grumble at it either." And then he told them how it had gone with him from first to last.

"Well, you 'll have a fine reception when you get home to your wife," said the man. "Heaven help you! I should not like to be in your place."

"I think I might have fared much worse," said Gudbrand; "but whether I have fared well or ill, I have such a kind wife that she never says anything, no matter what I do."

"Aye, so you say; but you won't get me to believe it," said the neighbor.

"Shall we have a wager on it?" said Gudbrand. "I have a hundred dollars in my chest at home. Will you lay the same?"

So they made the wager and Gudbrand remained there till the evening, when it began to get dark, and then they went together to the farm.

The neighbor was to remain outside the door and listen while Gudbrand went in to his wife.

"Good evening!" said Gudbrand when he came in.

"Good evening!" said the wife. "Heaven be praised you are back again."

"Yes, here I am!" said the man. And then the wife asked him how he had got on in town.

"Oh, so-so," answered Gudbrand. "Not much to brag of. When I came to town no one would buy the cow, so I changed it for a horse."

"Oh, I 'm so glad of that," said the woman. "We are pretty well off and we ought to drive to church like other people, and when we can afford to keep a horse I don't see why we should not have one. Run out, children, and put the horse in the stable."

"Well, I have n't got the horse, after all," said

Gudbrand; "for when I had got a bit on the way I changed it for a pig."

"Dear me!" cried the woman, "that 's the very thing I should have done myself. I 'm so glad of that, for now we can have some bacon in the house and something to offer people when they come to see us. What do we want with a horse? People would only say we had become so grand that we could no longer walk to church. Run out, children, and let the pig in."

"But I have n't got the pig either," said Gudbrand, "for when I had got a bit farther on the road I changed it into a milch goat."

"Dear! dear! how well you manage everything!" cried the wife. "When I really come to think of it, what do I want with the pig? People would only say: 'Over yonder they eat up everything they have.' No, now I have a goat I can have both milk and cheese and keep the goat into the bargain. Let in the goat, children."

"But I have n't got the goat either," said Gudbrand. "When I got a bit on the way I changed the goat and got a fine sheep for it."

"Well!" returned the woman, "you do everything just as I should wish it—just as if I had been there myself. What do we want with a goat? I should have to climb up hill and down dale to get it home at night. No, when I have a sheep I can have wool and clothes in the house and food as well. Run out, children, and let in the sheep."

"But I have n't got the sheep any longer," said Gudbrand, "for when I had got a bit on the way I changed it for a goose."

"Well, thank you for that!" said the woman; "and many thanks, too! What do I want with a sheep? I have neither wheel nor spindle, and I do not care either to toil and drudge making clothes; we can buy clothes now as before. Now I can have goose-fat, which I have so long been wishing for, and some feathers to stuff that little pillow of mine. Run, children, and let in the goose."

"Well, I have n't got the goose either," said Gudbrand. "When I had got a bit farther on the way I changed it for a cock."

"Well, I don't know how you can think of it all!" cried the woman. "It 's just as if I had done it all myself. A cock! Why, it 's just the same as if you 'd bought an eight-day clock, for every morning the cock will crow at four, so we can be up in good time. What do we want with a goose? I can't make goose-fat and I can easily fill my pillow with some soft grass. Run, children, and let in the cock."

"But I have n't the cock either," said Gud-

brand; "for when I had got a bit farther I became so terribly hungry I had to sell the cock for sixpence and get some food to keep body and soul together."

"Heaven be praised you did that!" cried the woman. "Whatever you do, you always do the very thing I could have wished. Besides, what did we want with the cock? We are our own

masters and can lie as long as we like in the mornings. Heaven be praised! As long as I have got you back again, who manage everything so well, I shall neither want cock, nor goose, nor pig, nor cows."

Gudbrand then opened the door. "Have I won the hundred dollars now?" he asked. And the neighbor was obliged to confess that he had.

PORK AND HONEY

AT dawn the other day, when Bruin came tramping over the bog with a fat pig, Reynard sat up on a stone by the moorside.

"Good day, grandsire," said the fox. "What 's that so nice that you have there?"

"Pork," said Bruin.

"Well, I have got a dainty bit, 'too," said Reynard.

"What is that?" asked the bear.

"The biggest wild bee's comb I ever saw in my life," said Reynard.

"Indeed, you don't say so," said Bruin, who grinned and licked his lips, he thought it would be so nice to taste a little honey. At last he said: "Shall we swap our fare?"

"Nay, nay!" said Reynard, "I can't do that."

The end was that they made a bet, and agreed to name three trees. If the fox could say them off faster than the bear, he was to have leave to take one bite of the bacon; but if the bear could say them faster, he was to have leave to take one sup out of the comb. Greedy Bruin thought he was sure to sup out all the honey at one breath.

"Well," said Reynard, "it 's all fair and right, no doubt, but all I say is, if I win, you shall be bound to tear off the bristles where I am to bite."

"Of course," said Bruin, "I 'll help you, as you can't help yourself."

So they were to begin and name the trees.

"FIR, SCOTCH FIR, SPRUCE," growled out Bruin, for he was gruff in his tongue, that he

was. But for all that he only named two trees, for fir and Scotch fir are both the same.

"*Ash, Aspen, Oak,*" screamed Reynard, so that the wood rang again.

So he had won the wager, and down he ran and took the heart out of the pig at one bit, and was just running off with it. But Bruin was angry because Reynard had taken the best bit out of the whole pig, and so he laid hold of his tail and held him fast.

"Stop a bit, stop a bit," he said, and was wild with rage.

"Never mind," said the fox, "it 's all right; let me go, grandsire, and I 'll give you a taste of my honey."

When Bruin heard that, he let go his hold, and away went Reynard after the honey.

"Here, on this honeycomb," said Reynard, "lies a leaf, and under this leaf is a hole, and that hole you are to suck."

As he said this he held up the comb under the bear's nose, took off the leaf, jumped up on a stone, and began to gibber and laugh, for there was neither honey nor honeycomb, but a wasp's nest, as big as a man's head, full of wasps, and out swarmed the wasps and settled on Bruin's head, and stung him in his eyes and ears, and mouth and snout. And he had such hard work to rid himself of them that he had no time to think of Reynard.

And that 's why, ever since that day, Bruin is so afraid of wasps.

HOW REYNARD OUTWITTED BRUIN

ONCE on a time there was a bear, who sat on a hillside in the sun and slept. Just then Reynard came slouching by and caught sight of him.

"There you sit taking your ease, grandsire," said the fox. "Now, see if I don't play you a trick." So he went and caught three field-mice and laid them on a stump close under Bruin's nose, and then he bawled out into his ear, "Bo! Bruin, here 's Peter the Hunter, just behind

this stump"; and as he bawled this out he ran off through the wood as fast as ever he could.

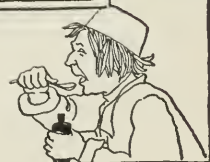
Bruin woke up with a start, and when he saw the three little mice, he was as mad as a March hare, and was going to lift up his paw and crush them, for he thought it was they who had belowed in his ear.

But just as he lifted it he caught sight of Rey-

MISERY IN COMPANY.



THE rain is falling,
The fire is out !
Jane has the toothache,
John has the gout !



nard's tail among the bushes by the woodside, and away he set after him, so that the underwood crackled as he went, and, to tell the truth, Bruin was so close upon Reynard that he caught hold of his off hind foot just as he was crawling into an earth under a pine-root. So there was Reynard in a pinch; but for all that he had his wits about him, for he screeched out, "SLIP THE PINE-

ROOT AND CATCH REYNARD'S FOOT," and so the silly bear let his foot slip and laid hold of the root instead. But by that time Reynard was safe inside the earth, and called out:

"I cheated you that time, too, did n't I, grand-sire?"

"Out of sight is n't out of mind," growled Bruin down the earth, and was wild with rage.

THE COCK AND THE CRESTED HEN

THERE WAS once a Cock who had a whole farm-yard of hens to look after and manage; and among them was a tiny little Crested Hen. She thought she was altogether too grand to be in company with the other hens, for they looked so old and shabby; she wanted to go out and strut about all by herself, so that people could see how fine she was, and admire her pretty crest and beautiful plumage.

So one day when all the hens were strutting about on the dust-heap and showing themselves off, and picking and clucking, as they were wont to do, this desire seized her, and she began to cry:

"Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, over the fence! cluck, cluck, cluck, over the fence!" and wanted to get away.

The Cock stretched his neck and shook his comb and feathers, and cried:

"Go not there!" And all the old hens cackled: "Go-go-go-go not there!"

But she set off for all that; and was not a little proud when she got away, and could go about pluming and showing herself off quite alone.

Just then a hawk began to fly round in a circle above her, and all of a sudden he swooped down upon her. The Cock, as he stood on top of the dust-heap, stretching his neck and peering first with one eye and then with the other, had long noticed him, and cried with all his might:

"Come, come, come and help! Come, come, come and help!" till the people came running to see what was the matter. They frightened the hawk so that he let go the Hen, and had to be satisfied with her tuft and her finest feathers, which he had plucked from her. And then, you may be sure, she lost no time in running home; she stretched her neck, and tripped along, crying:

"See, see, see, see how I look! See, see, see, see how I look!"

The Cock came up to her in his dignified way, drooped one of his wings, and said:

"Did n't I tell you?"

From that time the Hen did not consider herself too good to be in the company of the old hens on the dust-heap.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE TRAMP

THERE WAS once a tramp who went plodding his way through a forest. The distance between the houses was so great that he had little hope of finding a shelter before the night set in. But all of a sudden he saw some lights between the trees. He then discovered a cottage, where there was a fire burning on the hearth. How nice it would be to roast one's self before that fire, and to get a bite of something, he thought; and so he dragged himself toward the cottage.

Just then an old woman came toward him.

"Good evening, and well met!" said the tramp.

"Good evening," said the woman. "Where do you come from?"

"South of the sun, and east of the moon," said the tramp; "and now I am on the way home

again, for I have been all over the world with the exception of this parish," he said.

"You must be a great traveler, then," said the woman. "What may be your business here?"

"Oh, I want a shelter for the night," he said.

"I thought as much," said the woman; "but you may as well get away from here at once, for my husband is not at home, and my place is not an inn," she said.

"My good woman," said the tramp, "you must not be so cross and hard-hearted, for we are both human beings, and should help one another, as it is written."

"Help one another?" said the woman, "help? Did you ever hear such a thing? Who'll help me, do you think? I have n't got a morsel in the

house! No, you 'll have to look for quarters elsewhere," she said.

But the tramp was like the rest of his kind; he did not consider himself beaten at the first rebuff. Although the old woman grumbled and complained as much as she could, he was just as persistent as ever, and went on begging and praying like a starved dog, until at last she gave in, and he got permission to lie on the floor for the night.

That was very kind, he thought, and he thanked her for it.

"Better on the floor without sleep, than suffer cold in the forest deep," he said; for he was a merry fellow, this tramp, and was always ready with a rhyme.

When he came into the room he could see that the woman was not so badly off as she had pretended; but she was a greedy and stingy woman of the worst sort, and was always complaining and grumbling.

He now made himself very agreeable, of course, and asked her in his most insinuating manner for something to eat.

"Where am I to get it from?" said the woman. "I have n't tasted a morsel myself the whole day."

But the tramp was a cunning fellow, he was.

"Poor old granny, you must be starving," he said. "Well, well, I suppose I shall have to ask you to have something with me, then?"

"Have something with you!" said the woman. "You don't look as if you could ask any one to have anything! What have you got to offer one, I should like to know?"

"He who far and wide does roam sees many things not known at home; and he who many things has seen has wits about him and senses keen," said the tramp. "Better dead than lose one's head! Lend me a pot, granny!"

The old woman now became very inquisitive, as you may guess, and so she let him have a pot.

He filled it with water and put it on the fire, and then he blew with all his might till the fire was burning fiercely all round it. Then he took a four-inch nail from his pocket, turned it three times in his hand, and put it into the pot.

The woman stared with all her might.

"What 's this going to be?" she asked.

"Nail broth," said the tramp, and began to stir the water with the porridge-stick.

"Nail broth?" asked the woman.

"Yes, nail broth," said the tramp.

The old woman had seen and heard a good deal in her time, but that anybody could have made broth with a nail, well, she had never heard the like before.

"That 's something for poor people to know," she said, "and I should like to learn how to make it."

"That which is not worth having will always go a-begging," said the tramp, but if she wanted to learn how to make it she had only to watch him, he said, and went on stirring the broth.

The old woman squatted on the ground, her hands clasping her knees, and her eyes following his hand as he stirred the broth.

"This generally makes good broth," he said; "but this time it will very likely be rather thin, for I have been making broth the whole week with the same nail. If one only had a handful of sifted oatmeal to put in, that would make it all right," he said. "But what one has to go without, it 's no use thinking more about," and so he stirred the broth again.

"Well, I think I have a scrap of flour somewhere," said the old woman, and went out to fetch some, and it was both good and fine.

The tramp began putting the flour into the broth, and went on stirring, while the woman sat staring now at him and then at the pot until her eyes nearly burst their sockets.

"This broth would be good enough for company," he said, putting in one handful of flour after another. "If I had only a bit of salted beef and few potatoes to put in, it would be fit for gentlefolks, however particular they might be," he said. "But what one has to go without, it 's no use thinking more about."

When the old woman really began to think it over, she thought she had some potatoes, and perhaps a bit of beef as well; and these she gave the tramp, who went on stirring, while she sat and stared as hard as ever.

"This will be grand enough for the best in the land," he said.

"Well, I never!" said the woman; "and just fancy—all with a nail!"

He was really a wonderful man, that tramp! He could do more than drink a sup and turn the tankard up, he could.

"If one had only a little barley and a drop of milk, we could ask the king himself to have some of it," he said; "for this is what he has every blessed evening—that I know, for I have been in service under the king's cook," he said.

"Dear me! Ask the king to have some! Well, I never!" exclaimed the woman, slapping her knees. She was quite awestruck at the tramp and his grand connections.

"But what one has to go without, it 's no use thinking more about," said the tramp.

And then she remembered she had a little barley; and as for milk, well, she was n't quite out

of that, she said. And then she went to fetch both the one and the other.

The tramp went on stirring, and the woman sat staring, one moment at him and the next at the pot.

Then all at once the tramp took out the nail.

"Now it's ready, and now we'll have a real good feast," he said. "But to this kind of soup the king and the queen always take a dram or two, and one sandwich at least. And then they always have a cloth on the table when they eat," he said. "But what one has to go without, it's no use thinking more about."

But by this time the old woman herself had begun to feel quite grand and fine, I can tell you; and if that was all that was wanted to make it just as the king had it, she thought it would be nice to have it exactly the same way for once, and play at being king and queen with the tramp. She went straight to a cupboard and brought out the brandy bottle, dram glasses, butter and cheese, smoked beef and veal, until at last the table looked as if it were decked out for company.

Never in her life had the old woman had such a grand feast, and never had she tasted such broth, and just fancy, made only with a nail!

She was in such a good and merry humor at

having learned such an economical way of making broth that she did not know how to make enough of the tramp who had taught her such a useful thing.

So they ate and drank, and drank and ate, until they became both tired and sleepy.

The tramp was now going to lie down on the floor. But that would never do, thought the old woman; no, that was impossible. "Such a grand person must have a bed to lie in," she said.

He did not need much pressing. "It's just like the sweet Christmas time," he said, "and a nicer woman I never came across. Ah, well! Happy are they who meet with such good people," said he; and he lay down on the bed and went asleep.

And next morning, when he woke, the first thing he got was a good breakfast.

When he was going, the old woman gave him a bright dollar piece.

"And thanks, many thanks, for what you have taught me," she said. "Now I shall live in comfort, since I have learned how to make broth with a nail."

"Well, it is n't very difficult if one only has something good to add to it," said the tramp as he went his way.

The woman stood at the door staring after him.

"Such people don't grow on every bush," she said.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE FISH

THERE was once upon a time an old woman who lived in a miserable cottage on the brow of a hill overlooking the town. Her husband had been dead for many years, and her children were in service round about the parish, so she felt rather lonely and dreary by herself, and otherwise she was not particularly well off either.

But when it has been ordained that one shall live, one cannot think of one's funeral; and so one has to take the world as it is, and still be satisfied; and that was about all the old woman could console herself with. But that the road up which she had to carry the pails from the well should be so heavy; and that the axe should have such a blunt and rusty edge, so that it was only with the greatest difficulty that she could cut the little firewood she had; and that the stuff she was weaving was not sufficient—all this grieved her greatly, and caused her to complain from time to time.

So one day, when she had pulled the bucket up from the well, she happened to find a small pike in the bucket, which did not at all displease her.

"Such fish does not come into my pot every day," she said; and now she could have a really grand dish, she thought. But the fish that she had got this time was no fool; it had the gift of speech, that it had.

"Let me go!" said the fish.

The old woman began to stare, you may be sure. Such a fish she had never before seen in this world.

"Are you so much better than other fish, then?" she said, "and too good to be eaten?"

"Wise is he who does not eat all he gets hold of," said the fish; "only let me go, and you shall not remain without reward for your trouble."

"I like a fish in the bucket better than all those frisking about free and frolicsome in the lakes," said the old woman. "And what one can catch with one hand, one can also carry to one's mouth," she said.

"That may be," said the fish; "but if you do as I tell you, you shall have three wishes."

"Wish in one fist, and pour water in the other, and you'll soon see which you will get filled first," said the woman. "Promises are well

enough, but keeping them is better, and I sha' n't believe much in you till I have got you in the pot," she said.

"You should mind that tongue of yours," said the fish, and listen to my words. Wish for three things, and then you 'll see what will happen," he said.

Well, the old woman knew well enough what she wanted to wish, and there might not be so much danger in trying how far the fish would keep his word, she thought.

She then began thinking of the heavy hill up from the well.

"I would wish that the pails could go of themselves to the well and home again," she said.

"So they shall," said the fish.

Then she thought of the axe, and how blunt it was.

"I would wish that whatever I strike shall break right off," she said.

"So it shall," said the fish.

And then she remembered that the stuff she was weaving was not long enough.

"I would wish that whatever I pull shall become long," she said.

"That it shall," said the fish. "And now, let me down into the well again."

Yes, that she would, and all at once the pails began to shamble up the hill.

"Dear me, did you ever see anything like it?" The old woman became so glad and pleased that she slapped herself across the knees.

Crack, crack! it sounded; and then both her legs fell off, and she was left sitting on the top of the lid over the well.

Now came a change. She began to cry and wail, and the tears started from her eyes, whereupon she began blowing her nose with her apron, and as she tugged at her nose it grew so long, so long, that it was terrible to see.

That is what she got for her wishes! Well, there she sat, and there she no doubt still sits, on the lid of the well. And if you want to know what it is to have a long nose, you had better go there and ask her, for she can tell you all about it, she can.

THE LAD AND THE FOX

THERE was once upon a time a little lad, who was on his way to church, and when he came to a clearing in the forest he caught sight of a fox, that was lying on the top of a big stone so fast asleep that he did not know the lad had seen him.

"If I catch that fox," said the lad, "and sell the skin, I shall get money for it, and with that money I shall buy some rye, and that rye I shall sow in father's corn-field at home. When the people who are on their way to church pass by my field of rye they 'll say: 'Oh, what splendid rye that lad has got!' Then I shall say to them:

'I say, keep away from my rye!' But they won't heed me. Then I shall shout to them: 'I say, keep away from my rye!' But still they won't take any notice of me. Then I shall scream with all my might: 'Keep away from my rye!' and then they 'll listen to me."

But the lad screamed so loudly that the fox woke up and made off at once for the forest, so that the lad did not even get as much as a handful of his hair.

No; it 's best always to take what you can reach, for of undone deeds you should never screech, as the saying goes.

ADVENTURES OF ASHPOT

NORWEGIAN children are just as fond of fairy stories as are any other children, and they are lucky in having a great number, for that famous story-teller, Hans Christian Andersen, was a Dane, and as the Danish language is very like the Norwegian, his stories were probably known in Norway long before they were known in England. But the Norwegians have plenty of other stories of their own, and they love to sit by the fire of burning logs or round the stove in the long winter evenings and listen to them. Of course, they know all about people like Cinder-

ella and Jack the Giant-Killer, but their favorite hero is called by the name of Ashpot, who is sometimes a kind of boy Cinderella and sometimes a Jack the Giant-Killer.

The following are two stories which the little yellow-haired Norse children never fail to delight in:

Once upon a time there was a man who had been out cutting wood, and when he came home he found that he had left his coat behind, so he told his little daughter to go and fetch it. The child started off, but before she reached the wood

darkness came on, and suddenly a great big hill-giant swooped down upon her.

"Please, Mr. Giant," said she, trembling all over, "don't take me away to-night, as father wants his coat; but to-morrow night, if you will come when I go to the *stabbur* to fetch the bread, I will go away with you quietly."

So the giant agreed, and the next night, when she went to fetch the bread, he came and carried her off. As soon as it was found that she was missing, her father sent her eldest brother to look for her, but he came back without finding her. The second brother was also sent, but with no better result. At last the father turned to his youngest son, who was the drudge of the house, and said: "Now, Ashpot, you go and see if you can find your sister."

So away went Ashpot, and no sooner had he reached the wood than he met a bear.

"Friend bear," said Ashpot, "will you help me?"

"Willingly," answered the bear. "Get up on my back."

And Ashpot mounted the bear's back and rode off. Presently they met a wolf.

"Friend wolf," said Ashpot, "will you do some work for me?"

"Willingly," answered the wolf.

"Then jump up behind," said Ashpot, and the three went on deeper into the wood.

They next met a fox, and then a hare, both of whom were enlisted into Ashpot's service, and, mounted on the back of the bear, were swiftly carried off to the giant's abode.

"Good day, Mr. Giant!" said they.

"Scratch my back!" roared the giant, who lay stretched in front of the fire warming himself.

The hare immediately climbed up and began to scratch as desired; but the giant knocked him over, and down he fell on to the hearthstone, breaking off his forelegs, since which time all hares have had short forelegs.

The fox next clambered up to scratch the giant's back, but he was served like the hare. Then the wolf's turn came, but the giant said that he was no better at scratching than the others.

"You scratch me!" shouted the giant, turning impatiently to the bear.

"All right," answered Bruin; "I know all about scratching," and he forthwith dug his claws into the giant's back and ripped it into a thousand pieces.

Then all the beasts danced on the dead body of the monster, and Ashpot recovered his sister and took her home, carrying off, at the same time, all the giant's gold and silver. The bear and the

wolf burst into the cattle-sheds and devoured all the cows and sheep, the fox feasted in the hen-roost, while the hare had the free run of the oat-field. So every one was satisfied.

The other story is also about Ashpot, whose two elder brothers still treated him very badly, and eventually turned him out of his home. Poor Ashpot wandered away up into the mountains, where he met a huge giant. At first he was terribly afraid, but after a little while he told the giant what had happened to him, and asked him if he could find a job for him.

"You are just the very man I want," said the giant. "Come along with me."

The first work to be done was to make a fire to brew some ale, so they went off together to the forest to cut firewood. The giant carried a club in place of an axe, and when they came to a large birch-tree he asked Ashpot whether he would like to club the tree down or climb up and hold the top of it. The boy thought that the latter would suit him best, and he soon got up to the topmost branches and held on to them. But the giant gave the tree such a blow with his club as to knock it right out of the ground, sending Ashpot flying across the meadows into a marsh. Luckily he landed on soft ground, and was none the worse for his adventure; and they soon managed to get the tree home, when they set to work to make a fire.

But the wood was green, and would not burn, so the giant began to blow. At the first puff Ashpot found himself flying up to the ceiling as if he had been a feather, but he managed to catch hold of a piece of birch-bark among the rafters, and on reaching the ground again he told the giant that he had been up to get something to make the fire burn.

The fire was soon burning splendidly, and the giant commenced to brew the ale, drinking it off as fast as it was made. Ashpot watched him getting gradually stupid, and heard him mutter to himself, "To-night I will kill him," so he began to think of a plan to outwit his master. When he went to bed he placed the giant's cream-whisk, with which the giant used to beat his cream, between the sheets as a dummy, while Ashpot himself crept under the bedstead, where he was safely hidden.

In the middle of the night, just as he had expected, he heard the giant come into his room, and then there was a tremendous whack as the giant brought his club down on to the bed. Next morning the boy came out of his room as if nothing had happened, and his master was very much surprised to find him still alive.

"Hullo!" said the giant. "Did n't you feel anything in the night?"

"I did feel something," said Ashpot; "but I thought that it was only a sausage-peg that had fallen on the bed, so I went to sleep again."

The giant was more astonished than ever, and went off to consult his sister, who lived in a neighboring mountain, and was about ten times his size. At length it was settled that the giantess should set her cooking-pot on the fire, and that Ashpot should be sent to see her, when she was to tip him into the caldron and boil him. In the course of the day the giant sent the boy off with a message to his sister, and when he reached the giantess's dwelling he found her busy cooking. But he soon saw through her design, and he took out of his pocket a nut with a hole in it.

"Look here," he said, showing the nut to the ogress, "you think you can do everything. I will tell you one thing that you can't do: you can't make yourself so small as to be able to creep into the hole in this nut."

"Rubbish!" replied the giantess. "Of course I can!"

And in a moment she became as small as a fly, and crept into the nut, whereupon Ashpot hurled it into the fire, and that was the end of the giantess.

The boy was so delighted that he returned to his old tyrant the giant and told him what had

happened to his sister. This set the big man thinking again as to how he was to rid himself of this sharp-witted little nuisance. He did not understand boys, and he was afraid of Ashpot's tricks, so he offered him as much gold and silver as he could carry if he would go away and never return. Ashpot, however, replied that the amount he could carry would not be worth having, and that he could not think of going unless he got as much as the giant could carry.

The giant, glad to get rid of him at any cost, agreed, and, loading himself with gold and silver and precious stones, he set out with the boy toward his home. When they reached the outskirts of the farms they saw a herd of cattle, and the giant began to tremble.

"What sort of beasts are these?" he asked.

"They are my father's cows," replied Ashpot, "and you had better put down your burden and run back to your mountain, or they may bite you."

The giant was only too happy to get away, so, depositing his load, which was as big as a small hill, he made off, and left the boy to carry his treasure home by himself.

So enormous was the amount of the valuables that it was six years before Ashpot succeeded in removing everything from the field where the giant had set it down; but he and all his relations were rich people for the rest of their lives.

NORWEGIAN BIRD-LEGENDS

THE Norwegians have several quaint old legends connected with some of their birds. This is the story of the goldcrest, known in Norway as the "bird-king":

Once upon a time the golden eagle determined to be publicly acknowledged as king of the birds, and he called a meeting of every kind of bird in the world. As many of the birds would come from tropical countries, he appointed a day in the warmest month; and the place he chose was a vast tract called Grönfjeld, where every species of bird would feel at home, since it bordered on the sea, yet was well provided with trees, shrubs, flowers, rocks, sand, and heather, as well as with lakes and rivers full of fish.

So on the morning of the great congress the birds began to arrive in a steady stream, and by noon every description of bird was represented—even the ostrich, though how he contrived to cross the seas the story does not say. The eagle welcomed them, and when the last humming-bird had settled down he addressed the meeting, saying that there was no doubt that he had a right

to demand to be proclaimed their king. The spread of his wings was prodigious, he could fearlessly look at the sun, and to whatever height he soared he could detect the slightest movement of a fly on the earth.

But the birds objected to the eagle on account of his plundering habits, and then each in turn stated his own case as a claimant for the kingship—the ostrich could run the fastest, the bird of paradise and the peacock could look the prettiest, the parrot could talk the best, the canary could sing the sweetest, and every one of them, for some reason or other, was in his own opinion superior to his fellows. After several days of fruitless discussion it was finally decided that whichever bird could soar the highest should be, once and for all, proclaimed king.

Every bird who could fly at all tried his best, and the golden eagle, confident of success, waited till last. Finally he spread his wings, and as he did so an impudent little goldcrest hopped (unknown to his great rival) on to his back. Up went the eagle, and soon outdistanced every other bird.

Then, when he had almost reached the sun, he shouted out, "Well, here I am, the highest of all!" "Not so," answered the goldcrest, as, leaving the eagle's back, he fluttered upward, until suddenly he knocked his head against the sun and set fire to his crest. Stunned by the shock, the little upstart fell headlong to the ground, but, soon recovering himself, he immediately flew up on to the royal rock and showed the golden crown which he had assumed. Unanimously he was proclaimed king of the birds, and by this name, concludes the legend, he has ever since been known, his sun-burnt crest remaining as a proof of his cunning and daring.

In those parts of Norway where the goldcrest is rarely seen the same story, omitting the part about the sun and the burnt crest, is told of the common wren, who is said to have broken off his tail in his great fall. And to this is applied the moral: "Proud and ambitious people sometimes meet with an unexpected downfall."

There are at least seven kinds of woodpeckers found in Norway, and of these the great black woodpecker is the largest. The woodmen consider it to be a bird which brings bad luck, and avoid it as much as possible. They call it "Gertrude's Bird" because of the following legend:

"Our Saviour once called on an old woman who lived all alone in a little cottage in an extensive forest in Norway. Her name was Gertrude, and she was a hard, avaricious old creature, who had not a kind word for anybody, and although she was not badly off in a worldly point of view, she was too stingy and selfish to assist any poor wayfarer who by chance passed her cottage door. One day our Lord happened to come that way, and, being hungry and thirsty, he asked of Gertrude a morsel of bread to eat and a cup of cold water to drink. But the wicked old woman refused, and turned our Saviour from the door with harsh words. Our Lord stretched forth his hand toward the aged crone, and, as a punishment, she was immediately transformed into a black woodpecker; and ever since that day the wicked old creature has wandered about the world in the shape of a bird, seeking her daily bread from wood to wood and from tree to tree. The red head of the bird is supposed to represent the red nightcap worn by Gertrude.

Legends of this description were doubtless introduced in the early days of Christianity in order to impress the new religion on the people, and several have been preserved. Thus the turtle-dove is revered as a bird which spoke kind words to our Lord on the cross; and, similarly, the swallow is said to have perched upon the cross and to have pitied him; while the legend of the crossbill relates how its beak became twisted in endeavoring to withdraw the nails, and how to this day it bears upon its plumage the red blood-stains from the cross.

One more Christian legend—about the lapwing, or peewit: The lapwing was at one time a handmaiden of the Virgin Mary, and stole her mistress's scissors, for which she was transformed into a bird, and condemned to wear a forked tail resembling scissors. Moreover, the lapwing was doomed forever and ever to fly from tussock to tussock, uttering over and over again the plaintive cry of "Tyvit! tyvit!" ("Thief! thief!")

In the old viking times, before Christianity had found its way so far north, the bird which influenced the people most was the raven. He was credited with much knowledge, as well as with the power to bring good or bad luck. One of the titles of Odin was "Raven-god," and he had as messengers two faithful ravens, "who could speak all manner of tongues, and flew on his behests to the uttermost parts of the earth." In those days the figure of a raven was usually emblazoned on shield and standard, and it was thought that as the battle raged, victory or defeat could be foreseen by the attitude assumed by the embroidered bird on the standard. And it is well known that William the Conqueror (who came of viking stock) flew a banner with raven device at the battle of Hastings where he won such a great victory.

But the greatest use of all to which the sable bird was put was to guide the roving pirates on their expeditions. Before a start was made a raven was let loose, and the direction of his flight gave the viking ships their course. In this manner, according to the old Norse legends, did Floki discover Iceland; and many other extraordinary things happened under the influence of the raven.



STORIES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE

KEESH, THE BEAR-HUNTER

BY JACK LONDON

KEESH lived long ago on the rim of the Polar Sea. He was head man of his village through many and prosperous years, and when he died his name was on the lips of men. Only the old men now remember his name, his name and the tale which the old men to come will tell to their children and their children's children. And in the winter darkness, when the north gales make their long sweep across the ice-pack, and no man may venture forth, is the chosen time for telling how Keesh, from the poorest igloo or snow-house, in the village, rose to power and place over them all.

The father of Keesh had been a brave man, but he had met his death in a time of famine, in killing a great bear. The bear had much meat on him, and the people were saved. Keesh was his only son, and after that time Keesh lived alone and forgotten with his mother. It was at a council one night in the igloo of Klash-Kwan, the chief, that Keesh showed the manhood that stiffened his back. With the dignity of an elder, he rose to his feet and waited for silence amid the babble of voices.

"It is true that meat be apportioned me and mine," he said. "But it is oft-times old and tough, this meat, and moreover, it has an unusual quantity of bones."

The hunters, grizzled and gray, and lusty and young, were aghast. The like had never been known before. A boy that talked like a grown man and said harsh things to their very faces! But steadily Keesh went on:

"For that I know my father, Bok, was a great hunter, I speak these words. It is said that Bok brought home more meat than any of the two best hunters; that with his own hands he attended to the division of it, and that the least old woman and the last old man received fair share."

"Na! Na!" the men cried. "Put the child out! Send him off to bed! He is no man that he should talk to men and graybeards!"

He waited calmly till the uproar died down.

"Thou hast a wife, Ugh-Gluk," he said, "and for her dost thou speak. And thou, too, Massuk, a mother also, and for them dost thou speak. My mother has no one, save me; wherefore I speak. Though Bok be dead because he hunted over-keenly, it is just that I, who am his son, and that Ikeega, who is my mother, should have meat in plenty in this tribe. I, Keesh, the son of Bok, have spoken!"

The anger boiled at white heat. They ordered him to bed, threatened that he should have no meat at all, and promised him sore beatings. Keesh's eyes began to flash and the blood to pound darkly under his skin. In the midst of the abuse he sprang to his feet.

"Hear me, ye men!" he cried. "Never shall I speak in the council again till the men come to me and say: 'It is well, Keesh, that thou shouldst speak.' Take this, now, ye men, for my last word. Bok, my father, was a great hunter. I, too, his son, shall go and hunt the meat that I eat. And be it known that the division of that which I kill shall be fair. No widow or weak one shall cry in the night because there is no meat. I, Keesh, have said it!"

Jeers and laughter followed him out of the igloo, but his jaw was set and he went his way, looking neither to right nor left.

"Mother," he said calmly, "I am going forth to hunt. Look not for me again until I come laden with meat enough for all; not until the old men shall say, 'Keesh is no child, and he is not a coward.'"

Then Ikeega answered him:

"My son, the spirit of your father is within you. It is well that you go, but hear first this counsel and the secret which I have from your father."

The next day he went forth along the shoreline where the tide and the land met together. Those who saw him go marked that he carried across his shoulder his father's big hunting-spear. There was laughter and much talk at the event. Never did the boys of his age go forth to hunt, much less to hunt alone.

"He will be back ere long," they said cheerily to Ikeega.

"Let him go; it will teach him a lesson," the hunters said. "He will come back soon, and he will be meek and soft of speech in the days to follow."

But a day passed, and a second. On the third a wild gale blew, and there was no Keesh. The women blamed the men; and the men made no answer, but prepared to go in search of the body when the storm should pass.

The next morning, Keesh, and none other, strode into the village. But he came not shamefacedly. Across his shoulders he bore a burden of fresh-killed meat, and there was importance in his step.

"Go, ye men, with the dogs and sledges, and take my trail for the better part of a day's travel," he said. "There is much meat on the ice—a she-bear and two half-grown cubs."

Ikeega was overcome with joy, but there was much doubt among the others. The killing of a polar bear is dangerous; thrice dangerous is it, and three times thrice, to kill a mother bear with her cubs.

The men could not bring themselves to believe that the boy Keesh single-handed, had accomplished it. Yet the women spoke of the fresh-killed meat he had brought on his back. So the men departed, grumbling. Arrived at the spot, they found not only the game, but saw that Keesh had quartered the beasts in true hunter fashion.

Thus began the mystery of Keesh, a mystery which deepened with the passing of the days. On his next trip he killed a young bear, nearly full-grown, and on the trip following, a large male bear and his mate. He was generally gone from three to four days, though it was nothing unusual for him to stay a week at a time on the ice-fields. Always he declined company, and the people marveled.

"Why dost thou hunt only the bear?" Klash-Kwan once ventured to ask him.

And Keesh made fitting answer: "It is well known that there is more meat on the bear."

There was talk of witchcraft: "He hunts with evil spirits," said some.

"Mayhap they be not evil but good, these spirits," other people said. "It is known that his father was a mighty hunter. May not his father hunt with him? Who knows?"

None the less his success continued, and the less skilful hunters were often kept busy hauling in his meat. And in the division of it he was just. He saw to it that the least old woman and the last old man received a fair portion, keeping no more for himself than his needs required. And because of this, and of his merit as a hunter, as years went by he was looked upon with respect. There was even talk of making him chief after Old Klash-Kwan, and because of the things he had done they looked for him to appear again in the council, but he never came. And they were ashamed to ask.

"I am minded to build me an igloo," he said one day to Klash-Kwan and a number of the hunters. "It shall be a large igloo, wherein Ikeega and I may dwell in comfort."

"Ay," they nodded gravely.

"But I have no time. My business is hunting and it takes all my time. So it is but just that the men and the women of the village who eat the meat should build me my igloo."

And the igloo was built, on a generous scale. When Keesh and his mother moved in it, it was the first prosperity she had enjoyed since the death of Bok. Then the women began to visit her, to ask her advice, and to speak of her wisdom. But the mystery of Keesh's hunting held chief place in all minds. And one day Ugh-Gluk taxed him with witchcraft to his face.

"Is not the meat good?" Keesh made answer. "Has one in the village yet to fall sick from the eating of it? How dost thou know that witchcraft be concerned? Or dost thou guess, in the dark, merely because of the envy that consumes thee?"

Ugh-Gluk could not answer, and the women laughed at him as he walked away. But in the council one night, it was determined to put spies on Keesh's track. So, on his next trip, Bim and Bawn, two young men, of hunters the craftiest, followed after him, taking care not to be seen. After five days they returned, their eyes bulging with surprise and their tongues a-tremble to tell what they had seen. The council was hastily called in Klash-Kwan's dwelling, and Bim took up the tale.

"Brothers! as was commanded, we journeyed on the trail of Keesh; cunningly we journeyed, so that he might not know. And midway of the first day he picked up with a great he-bear. It

was a very great bear. Yet was the bear not inclined to fight, for he made off slowly over the ice, and came toward us. After him came Keesh, very much unafraid. And he shouted harsh words after the bear, and waved his arms about, and made much noise. Then did the bear grow angry, and rise up on his hind legs, and growl. But Keesh walked right up to the bear."

"Ay," Bawn continued the story. "Right up to the bear. And the bear took after him, and Keesh ran away, as none other in the village can run. But as he ran he dropped a little round ball on the ice. And the bear stopped and smelled of it, then swallowed it. And Keesh continued as he ran to drop little round balls, and the bear continued to swallow them."

"With our own eyes we saw it," said Bim. "And this continued until the bear began to totter and reel. And it was such a large bear!"

"Witchcraft," Ugh-Gluk suggested.

"I know not," Bawn replied. "I tell only what my eyes beheld. The bear wandered, now this way and now that, doubling back and forth and crossing his trail in circles, so that at the end Keesh came up close and speared him to death."

"And then?" Klash-Kwan demanded.

"Then we left Keesh skinning the bear, and came running that the news might be told."

And in the afternoon of that day the women hauled in the meat of the bear while the men sat in council assembled. When Keesh arrived a messenger was sent to him, bidding him to come to the council. But he sent reply, saying that he was hungry and tired, also that his igloo was large and comfortable and could hold many men.

And curiosity was so strong that the whole council, Klash-Kwan to the fore, rose up and went to the igloo of Keesh. He received them

with respect, and seated them according to their rank.

Klash-Kwan recited the information brought by Bim and Bawn, and at its close said in a stern voice: "So explanation is wanted, O Keesh, of thy manner of hunting. Is there witchcraft in it?"

Keesh looked up and smiled. "Nay, O Klash-Kwan. It is not for a boy to know aught of witches. I have but devised a means whereby I may kill the ice-bear with ease, that is all. It be head-craft, not witchcraft."

"And may any man?"

"Any man."

"And—and—and wilt thou tell us, O Keesh?" Klash-Kwan finally asked in a tremulous voice.

"Yes, I will tell," Keesh answered. "If you journey one day and one night toward the north you come to a mighty cliff. Close along its base, where the snows sometimes melt, there grows a vine with heart-shaped leaves. Three of them will bring sleep to the eyes of the strongest bear, even as they say the leaves of the poppy will stupefy men in the Southland. The vine is hard to discover. You may search long and perhaps dig deep beneath the snows ere you find it. But once found, take a small chunk of blubber, thus; wrap it around a leaf and let it freeze into a little round ball. Then, if one has the spirit of a man, and is no laggard, he may feed it to the bear. When the bear is very weary, you kill him with the spear. It is quite simple."

Ugh-Gluk said, "Oh!" and Klash-Kwan said "Ah!" And everybody said something after their manner. And this is the story of Keesh, who lived long ago on the rim of the polar sea. Because he exercised head-craft and not witchcraft, his tribe was prosperous, and neither widow nor weak one cried aloud in the night because there was no meat.

A SECOND JONAH

BY KATHARINE N. BIRDSALL

"THAT was a jolly good story you told us about the tiger-hunt last time you were here, Uncle Tom," said his namesake.

"Was it?" said Uncle Tom, pulling the oars out of the water and leaning on them reflectively.

"Yes," Tommy went on; "and if you should happen to be in the mood for it to-day, I think Jessie would like to hear another." This was a favorite ruse of Tommy's. He knew his uncle had a very soft place in his heart for that particu-

lar niece, and he had an idea that the mention of Jessie's name might accelerate a story.

"Well," said Uncle Tom, "I'm not particularly fond of tiger stories myself, though I've had some exciting experiences with the beasts. But, talking about tigers—did you ever hear of the narrow escape I had from the crocodile in Burma?"

"Crocodile?" gasped Tommy, gazing in a bewildered way at his uncle. "You'd better let me

take the oars, Uncle Tom, 'cause it 's very hard to attend to two things at once, and if you 're telling a story it 's all you can do."

Uncle Tom made no objection to this, and when he was seated in the stern with Jessie, he rubbed his hands together and commenced.

"Some years ago I was considerably younger than I am now. In fact, I was only a lad of twenty when I went down to Burma with some friends to hunt. I was very inexperienced, never having handled anything but a popgun and firecrackers.

"When I was a little boy, you know, I spent all my time in the city, and although we made a great deal of noise on the Fourth of July, it was generally done with firecrackers and lungs. And what a Fourth of July that was!"

"Yes, Uncle Tom, but what about the crocodile?" remarked Tommy as his uncle paused.

"Crocodile!" cried his uncle, indignantly, "who mentioned the crocodile?"

"You did," said Jessie; "and we 'd much rather hear about a crocodile than the Fourth of July."

"Nobody wants to talk about the Fourth of July in August," said Uncle Tom, in a grieved voice. "But if you must have a crocodile, here it is." Which assertion made Jessie jump so that she nearly capsize the boat. When her equanimity had been restored, Uncle Tom resumed:

"It seems to me that you are remarkably restless youngsters," he said. "Well, to pitch right into the story, we had camped out in the jungle, and the other men of the party had great luck in capturing all sorts of wild animals. One day I wandered away from the bungalow, which is what they call a camp out there, and, after walking for some distance through the beautiful woods, I came in sight of a pretty sheet of water—somewhat resembling this lake. I had never thought to bring a gun or a pistol, or even a knife, but I carried my heavy oak stick—the very same one, by the way, that helps me to walk nowadays. I was a little tired by that time, and sat down on the bank to rest, throwing my stick beside me.

"As you have probably heard, that climate is the best in the world for sleep, and a couple of minutes could not have passed before I was lost in slumber. The last thing I can remember before I drowsed off was the song of a magnificent bird of paradise which was perched on the hickory-tree near by, and the buzzing of the Jersey mosquitoes overhead. You may think it rather a rash thing for me to fall asleep in a Burma jungle, but you know I am of a trustful nature, and it never occurred to me that anything might harm me.

"I don't know how long I had been asleep when I was awakened by a snorting noise. As I opened my eyes I noticed that the lake had disappeared, and that the view had changed entirely. I cannot exactly explain what I thought I saw, but at that time, when I was only half awake, it seemed like ridges of reddish hills in front of me, and at the sides of these, snow-capped mountains. Then I glanced behind me, and saw that the noise had been made by a tiger who was regarding me with a hungry look in his eyes. Then I turned to the front again and saw, much to my surprise, that the change in the view was due to the fact that a large crocodile, with his mouth wide open, was directly in front of me. It was the inside of his mouth that I had seen as I awoke, and his teeth were the snow-capped hills.

"Well, of course I was in a quandary. There I was, between these two creatures, each of which was ready to make a meal of me. What to do I did n't know. But it was n't left for me to decide. The tiger must have been awfully hungry, for, as I glanced over my shoulder again, he roared and crouched for a spring. This frightened me dreadfully. Tigers are like mosquitoes—you don't mind them if they 'll only quit their singing. All this time the crocodile had been smiling, and as he saw the tiger's position his smile widened. Then the tiger roared again, and just as he started to spring, I grabbed my stick and leaped to one side. But, alas! the crocodile was too nimble for me. His mouth was there before I was, and I landed in it instead of on the ground. It did not hurt much, for I cleared his teeth and fell upon his fat tongue, but I lost my stick in the jump, and it proved lucky for me that I did. The stick had caught in the crocodile's teeth and wedged his mouth wide open!

"When I recovered my presence of mind, I turned around to look for the tiger; he sat moodily on his haunches, and, from the force of his words to the crocodile, I judged that he told him his opinion of such underhand work. However, he had n't the nerve to follow me in and I was safe for a time—unless the stick should become loosened from the crocodile's teeth.

"It must have been a couple of hours that I lay quiet on the crocodile's tongue, and then he became thirsty and started for the lake. The tiger was disgusted at being defeated, and started for home. Once in the water I knew I was safe, for I could swim like a herring; the trouble was that I valued my walking-stick and did n't want to lose it. But I was calm by that time, and just before we plunged into the water, I tied one end of the rope to the stick and held the other end. When we plunged in, I swam serenely out of the croco-

dile's mouth and went ashore. It was n't long before he followed, for he found it unpleasant to swim with his mouth open. I tied the rope to the trunk of a tree, and then climbed the tree to await developments.

"After an hour or so, the crocodile got thirsty again and started for the water. He did n't go far, for the rope held him. Then the tug of war began; crocodiles are as stubborn as mules, you know, and he was bound he'd have his own way. I really thought that either the rope or the tree would break and leave me in the lurch; but, after a great deal of pulling and tugging—snap! one of the crocodile's teeth broke, loosening the stick, and allowing him to close his mouth. He dashed away to the water in a mad rage, and I jumped down from the tree, grabbed my stick and the piece of tooth, and made for the bungalow like lightning. I can tell you, a narrow escape like that is enough to turn one's hair white."

"Did you get to camp safe?" asked Jessie.

"Very; does n't it look so? Come, Tommy,

pull in shore. I hear the dinner-bell, and I'm as hungry as a—crocodile."

"Have you got the tooth now, Uncle?" asked Jessie.

"Yes, it's in my pocket—here it is," and Uncle Tom handed out something that looked remarkably like ivory, and he sprang from the boat and strolled toward the house, leaving the others to follow.

"It seems to me," said Tommy, "that this tooth resembles that ivory paper-cutter I broke the other day."

"Yes, it does," said Jessie. "Did you know hickory-trees grew in India, Harry? Just think what an enormous mouth the crocodile must have had to have been wedged open by Uncle Tom's cane!"

"That's so," Harry chimed in. "And I never knew before that birds of paradise could sing. One learns a great deal from Uncle Tom's stories. Say, Tommy, where do you suppose Uncle Tom got that rope he tied to his cane?"



THE NEW BOY

A FOOT-BALL EPISODE.

BY S.V.R.

IT was a typical boys' school, with boys of all types and from all parts of the country. There were good boys, bad boys, handsome boys, ugly boys, interesting boys and uninteresting boys, athletic boys and book-worms; but Mr. Cushing, the head master, found them all worth while, and was deservedly popular in his turn. The school was out of town, just where it should be, where there was plenty of skating, tobogganing, foot-ball, base-ball, and rowing. It had just reopened after the summer

vacation, and the boys were beginning to swarm back. There were groups of them about the grounds and in the buildings, and a general hub-bub pervaded the place. The "new boys" wandered helplessly about, not knowing what to do with themselves, and eying with envy the "old boys," who rushed back and forth, calling to one another in a jolly, intimate way, and seeming so entirely at home. A few of them made friends with one another, and walked off together down to the foot-ball field, or talked in the corridors and tried to seem at home also. Few of the old boys took any notice of them, as they were too busy and had too much to say to one another. And then, besides, the foot-ball captain had ordered all candidates down to the field, so that all the athletic crowd had disappeared.

A knot of such were hurrying along in their togs, and all talking at once. They were big fellows, some of them veterans of the previous year. They had nearly reached the field when they saw, sauntering along ahead of them, in a nonchalant manner, one of the "new boys." He wore a brown golf-suit, a cap on the back of his head, and his hands were thrust into his pockets, as he walked slowly along, swinging one leg in front of the other.

"Who 's this?" asked one of the veterans, noticing him.

"New boy. Good figure, has n't he?" said another.

"Yes. Wonder if he intends to play in that suit of clothes?"

"They 're new—he got them to come up here in."

A general snicker followed this shot, and they all turned a little to look at the target as they passed him. He glanced up also, and they saw a handsome face with a pair of dark eyes looking out curiously at them from under rather a shock of light-brown hair. He scanned them with a good-humored stare.

The crowd hurried past him, and no one spoke until they were some distance ahead. Finally Ames, the full-back, said, "I wonder how old that fellow was."

"Sixteen or so, I guess," returned Gould, the substitute tackle.

"Good-looking, was n't he?" put in Dean, who was handsome himself and always wore a nose-guard.

No answer was made to this, as they had reached the field, where Goodale, the captain, was tearing round from man to man, endeavoring to put some method into the confusion that reigned. One of the masters was there also, with the old men, and punts, drop-kicks, and place-kicks were flying from all quarters of the field.

"Here you are at last," he panted, stopping before the arrivals. "You, Ames, go down to where Mr. Williams is, and see if you can kick a goal before those new men. We 're going to line up two scrubs in a few minutes."

Then he rushed off again, leaving the boys to find their own places.

Meanwhile the "new boy" had sauntered on and had reached the field also. He climbed leisurely on to the fence which surrounded the gridiron, and surveyed the proceedings with an interested air.

Dean soon caught sight of him, and questioned Goodale. "Has that fellow tried for anything yet?"

"What fellow?"

"That good-looking one on the fence."

"No. Who is he?"

"Don't know—some new boy."

Just then a foot-ball bounded over the fence and rolled along the ground beyond.

"Thank you!" called several voices, directed toward the new boy.

He jumped down from his perch and chased the ball. Then he picked it up, gave a lunge, and sent it flying down across the fence to the other end of the field. It was a good seventy-yard punt, and drew forth a dozen exclamations of surprise and approval.

"Jove! Look at that!" ejaculated Dean. But Goodale was already hurrying toward the new boy, who had restored his hands to his pockets and was standing with an amused smile on his lips. Goodale felt, as he approached, that, somehow, he could not use his patronizing air of captain with this fellow, and, also, that the upper hand seemed to be on the other side. Still, this prize was not to be lost.

"Look here," he began awkwardly, "want to try for full-back on the team?"

The new boy regarded him a moment, and then answered with a smile that showed a double row of handsome teeth:

"Of course I would n't mind trying."

"All right; come on. Got any togs here?"

"I have some back at the school."

"Can't you find some here? We 're going to play a scrub game in a minute. Wait and I 'll get you some."

He rushed into the building, and the new boy followed him, still with his amused smile.

Goodale appeared, in a moment, with several suits in his arms.

"Get into one of these, quick as you can," he said. "Hold on—er—er—what 's your name?"

"My name?—oh, er—Parkinson."

Goodale hurried off and told his tale to some of the boys, and then, with the help of Mr. Williams, lined up two elevens. By the time all was arranged, Parkinson came on to the field, looking quite distinguished, and, somehow, older than when in his golf-suit. All eyes were fixed on him, and no one noticed Mr. Williams's start of surprise, nor did they understand the glance Parkinson directed at him.

"Come on, Parkinson," called Goodale. "Get down there at full-back. Now, boys, stand on your toes. Play hard and fast, and let 's see what the first game of the season will show! Mr. Williams, you 'll umpire, please."

The game began, and Parkinson was playing on Goodale's eleven. The other team had the ball. They gained five yards apiece on the first

two rushes, and Goodale exclaimed, "This won't do! Come, get together! Parkinson, play up more—you don't get into the interference."

One more rush, and the opposing full-back skirted the end and tore down toward Parkinson. between the goal-posts, the boys' enthusiasm knew no bounds.

The play lasted only two ten-minute halves, and during the next half Goodale did not order Parkinson about quite so much.



"THE 'NEW BOY' NEVER STOPPED UNTIL THE TOUCH-DOWN WAS MADE."

Goodale yelled, "Nail him, nail him! Get down more!" as he ran after.

Parkinson waited calmly, and then reached out and caught the runner in a clean tackle. Goodale was beside himself in his patronizing approval. They got the ball by a fumble in the next play, and the quarter-back passed it to Parkinson. He started to the right, following the interference, when he suddenly broke to the left, and in a minute more was tearing along with a clear field ahead of him, never stopping until the touch-down was made. And when he completed the feat by stepping back and kicking the ball squarely

Immediately after the game, however, Parkinson rushed into his dressing-room, and that was the last the boys saw of him. When those who had dressed at the building had reappeared and assembled in front to escort the hero back to school, Mr. Williams approached them, laughing.

"Whom are you waiting for, boys?" he asked.

"Parkinson," Goodale answered.

"Well, I would n't waste time doing that. He's gone."

"Gone where? Back to school?"

"No. He has gone back to Cambridge. Who

do you think that fellow was? Bob Forbes, the Harvard captain!"

"Forbes!" exclaimed Goodale. "Why, Mr. Williams, you're joking. He's Parkinson, a new boy."

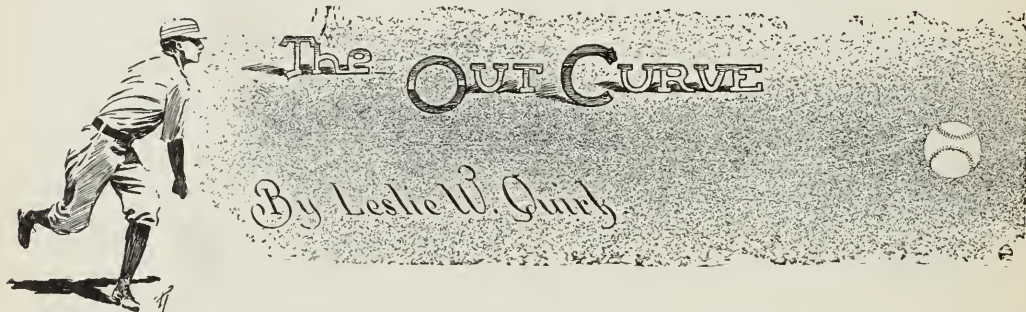
"I beg your pardon. That was Bob Forbes, whom I know very well. Of course he was n't going to let you suspect by his name; but I knew what he was up to. He has just brought his little brother up here, and finding none of you knew him by sight, he played a joke on you. It's just

like him, too!" And Mr. Williams laughed till the boys joined with him.

"Do you think I ought to write and apologize?" Goodale said shamefacedly. "I was awfully flip with him."

"My dear boy, no!" Mr. Williams said. "It is the best joke of the year, and that would spoil it. At any rate, you all know Forbes now, and I've no doubt but that he will send you all tickets during the season."

And he did.



THE minute the game was ended, Kenton, the captain of the varsity crew, rushed out on the diamond and grasped the hand of Elton, the big pitcher.

"You pitched a perfect game, Baby," he cried, with his face flushed and his eyes bright. "Now there's only one victory between us and the championship. We must win it!"

"We will," said Elton. He hesitated just an instant. "At least, I hope so."

The home nine was trotting off the field after winning the game.

"Oh, Kenton," called Elton, as the man was turning away, "I want to have a little talk with you. Will you be in your room to-night?"

"Office hours from seven to ten," declared Kenton, good-naturedly. "Come when you like, and stay as long as you please." He noticed that Elton did not smile; even the honor of winning a critical game seemed to have left the pitcher in low spirits.

Elton called early, and was ill at ease. He found Kenton sitting on the lounge playing the mandolin. After a time the conversation turned to base-ball, and Kenton grew enthusiastic over the probability of winning the pennant. Elton's fingers clenched about the arm of his chair.

"It's that game," he said, with a little catch in his voice, "that I wanted to talk to you about."

Kenton looked up quickly. "Yes," he said encouragingly.

"Well, it is n't till Saturday, and I know Landebin will put me in the box again. My arm is pretty strong, and will be as good as ever by that time. But—" he stopped and looked out the window—"but I'm afraid."

"Oh, it will be a game worth seeing," said Kenton, "but I don't think we need worry."

"It is n't that," said Elton. "It's simply that I'm afraid. I lack steadiness. Do you suppose I did n't know how things were, even back in the early spring, when we were practising in the cage? Do you suppose I did n't understand when Landebin used to watch me throw at that parallelogram on the canvas, and used to say, 'Good!' and 'Neat!' every time the ball curved in between the black lines, and then used to tell me to go easy and take my time? He knew I was apt to 'go to pieces,' and I did it, lots of times, up there in the cage. Sometimes the lines on the hand-ball-court used to bother me and I'd throw wide. And sometimes that mocking parallelogram looked twice as high as a man's shoulders and twice as wide as a home plate."

"Other times it seemed to shrink down to nothing, and I could n't hit it at all. I used to throw and throw till the sharp pains caught my arm, and then I'd get so angry that there was n't one chance in a million of putting the ball where I wanted it. I'm afraid I'll 'go to pieces' in Saturday's game, that's all. I could n't tell this to anybody but you, Kenton."

The big oarsman looked at Elton thoughtfully. "Yes, Baby," he said encouragingly, "I understand. I've been watching you all season, perhaps a little closer than you imagined. I talked with Coach Landebin about this same thing once, when *he* was afraid you would fail us. I told him that you would not; that there was too much in you for anything of the kind; that you would hold yourself in check by sheer will power."

but I knew you had done a very great deal for me."

"I had done nothing," declared Kenton, "except to show you that you must not fail us, and that you need not. I was perfectly confident that day, and I am just as confident about you in Saturday's game. Dobbins and Peters and Edgren and the rest of the heavy batters may get the glory, but the winning or losing will be in your



"'YES, BABY,' HE SAID ENCOURAGINGLY, 'I UNDERSTAND. I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU ALL SEASON, PERHAPS A LITTLE CLOSER THAN YOU IMAGINED.'"

He stopped and looked at the boy. Elton was breathing quickly.

"Once you came to me with this same confession in your heart. I pretended not to see it there, and we sat and talked of other subjects. I told you of other fellows whose courage had been doubted, and who stood firm and true at the last. I took up my mandolin and strummed a few chords of 'Varsity! Varsity!' Your lips closed, Baby, and your mouth grew firmer; and the next day—do you remember that Michigan game?—you went into the box and pitched as no man ever pitched on our diamond before."

Elton laughed in an embarrassed manner, and rose to go. At the door he turned around to his big comforter and said:

"Yes, I remember it very well. I played that game as if my life depended upon it. Then, when it was over, and you held my hand a minute and said, 'You're true blue, kid!' I felt like sitting down and crying. I did n't understand,

hands. I am not in the least afraid of your failing us. Good night, Baby."

SATURDAY dawned clear and warm. Early in the morning, before the sun was hot, Coach Landebin took his squad of players out to the athletic field, and for an hour they batted and fielded. Elton was put to work tossing a few balls to Peters, the big catcher. The boy's arm felt strong, and his curves were good.

He had thrown perhaps a dozen balls when Peters called for an out-curve. Elton shifted the ball in his hands, and his fingers gripped it firmly. Then he stepped forward and threw. The ball went wide.

Again they tried it, and again the ball was a foot from the plate.

Peters frowned just a little, and changed the signal. Presently he tried the out-curve once more. This time the throw was hopelessly wide, and Peters, who understood, gave up the at-

tempt. He would call for as few outs as possible during the game.

By three o'clock the grand stand was full, and the "rooters" were piling into the "bleachers."

Up in its place in the grand stand, the university band was playing rollicking airs. Both nines were on the field.

Elton was standing near the players' bench, looking up into the sea of faces in the grand stand. His foot was keeping time with the music, and there was a bright flush on his cheeks.

"I would n't do that, Baby," said Coach Landebin's voice. Elton turned quickly, and found the man eying the foot with which he had been beating time.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I did n't know I was doing it."

Landebin laughed. "Oh, there's no harm in it," he said, "only it is apt to make you look as if you were nervous. We want a cool pitcher to-day, Baby. By the way, you and Peters had better get to work warming up. We bat first, but our half of the inning won't last long."

It did not. Two of the batters fanned, and the other one knocked a ball straight into the hands of the short-stop.

Elton walked out to the pitcher's box with his heart thumping rapidly. Peters slipped on his mask and protector, and held out his hands. A sudden desire to show his catcher that he could put the out-curve over the plate made Elton send in the ball without warning. He threw it with the snap of his wrist that meant speed, and it curved neatly over the center of the plate. Peters grinned.

"Play ball!" ordered the umpire.

The first batter was a short, wiry fellow. He smiled pleasantly at the pitcher, and Elton tried to smile back. But the attempt was a pitiful failure, for the fear which he had been fighting gripped his heart. Then Peters opened the clumsy catcher's mit, and signaled for an out-curve.

Elton put his fingers carefully about the ball and hesitated. The batter seemed hundreds of feet away, and the home plate looked like a white dot in the distance. Peters waited impatiently.

Then Elton threw. The ball started straight for the plate, but after going a few feet curved slowly away from the batter.

"One ball!" said the umpire.

Peters signaled for another out-curve.

"Two balls!" said the umpire.

It was to be an in-curve this time. Elton's heart felt like a throbbing engine, and he seemed to see the batter through a haze.

"Three balls!" called the umpire, and there came a groan from the bleachers.

"He will expect another ball," Elton told himself, "and won't try to hit it. I must throw a strike. Peters must understand—"

The big catcher did understand. He called for a straight ball, and Elton threw one.

An instant later there was a sudden sharp report. The rooters of the other nine yelled and cheered frantically. Horns tooted. Megaphones bellowed. The noise was frightful.

It was a home run; even Elton knew that. The batter had caught the ball just right, and sent it far over the head of the left-fielder. It meant a run in the first inning, and runs are precious things in a critical game.

Peters was unmoved by the home run. He smiled a little and slipped on his mask again. Then he stepped into position, and called for the next ball. It came, whistling shrilly and cutting the plate in two. Another, with the same curve, fooled the batter; and after the third ball the umpire said, "Batter out!" and Peters and Elton grinned at each other like two children.

It was a wonderful game. The innings passed without a score. Elton pitched faultless ball, but Peters dared not call for the out-curve.

In the first half of the ninth, Edgren unexpectedly lined out a three-base hit, and scored on a single which Peters dropped into right field. A minute later Peters stole second. It was the first stolen base of the game, and the crowd cheered frantically. Ganley, who played first, was up. He gripped the bat firmly, and stepped up to the plate. Two strikes were called on him as he stood waiting for the ball he wanted. At last it came, waist-high and swift, and he met it squarely with his bat. Peters was off for third at the crack of the stick. Elton was coaching, and as he saw the right-fielder fail to handle the ball neatly he yelled for Peters to go home.

The player had the ball almost before Peters left third. Elton raced toward home with the big catcher, keeping just outside the line, and urging him on wildly. It was nip and tuck between Peters and the ball. Elton yelled to him to slide, and the big catcher put out his hands and dived for the plate. A cloud of dust arose, and almost hid the play. But out of it came the even voice of the umpire:

"Safe!"

It was Elton himself who struck wildly at the first three balls pitched to him, and who retired the side without another run. Pitchers are notoriously poor batters, and Elton was no exception. He stood up to the plate with a great desire down in his heart. He wanted a safe hit; he wanted a two-base one. Little Ranton, who played short, had been given his base on balls. Ganley was on



"IT WAS ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED,
AND ELTON KNEW IT."

second. There was no need to tell the boy that he might make victory certain with a double-bagger: he knew it; and when he struck out, a lump came up in his throat. He threw down the

bat with a queer look on his face that made Peters wince.

"Peters," he said, with the little egotistical note in his voice that the big catcher liked, "we are one run ahead, and it 's the last half of the ninth. I am going to throw that out-curve now, and I shall put it over."

So Peters called for the out-curve. It came, straight over this time; but the batter caught it and singled to left field. Elton gave the next man his base on balls, and was safely hit again. The bases were full, and nobody was out.

"It has come," said the boy to himself, dreadingly. "I went 'up in the air' just when I should have been steady. I knew it."

Landebin called to him. Elton nodded. "I am to be put on the bench, I suppose, and Farley is to finish the game. I deserve it, but—" He walked slowly over to the coach.

"Baby," said Landebin, with a smile, "you have pitched the best game of your life up to now. Just keep it up. You 're in a bit of a tight place, but you will pull out. That 's all. Go back and win."

Elton's shoulders squared. "I will, Mr. Lande-bin," he said.

He went back into the box and picked up the ball. He hoped Peters would call for the out-curve, but the catcher did not dare. He noticed that the sun was not as hot now, and that a little breeze had sprung up.

"Play ball!" ordered the umpire.

The next player waited, impatient for the honor of winning the game. Elton grinned at him, and Peters, behind the bat, saw the boy's face and grinned too. Then Elton twisted his fingers about the ball, swung his arm in a half-circle, and threw. Three times he did it, and three times the batter swung without touching the ball. The crowd was down on the grounds now, piled fifty deep just outside the picket fence.

Elton threw two balls to the next batter, then two strikes, another ball, and the third strike. Two men were out.

The next batter was one who had not secured a safe hit during the game. He stood close to the plate, and Elton was afraid he would hit him. So the first three pitched balls went wide.

The crowd groaned. The situation was very critical. The bases were full, and the man at bat had three balls and no strikes.

"I must do it," said Elton, half aloud; "I must do it!"

Peters took a minute to adjust his mask, and the boy knew it was to give him time to cool down. Somebody over at the fence yelled, "All right, Baby!" and Elton recognized Kenton's calm voice. He shot the ball straight into Peters's waiting hands.

"One strike!" said the umpire.

Elton's heart was thumping again, and his cheeks burned. He was holding himself down by saying over and over, "I must do it; I must do it!" He drew back his arm and threw the ball.

"Two strikes!" said the umpire.

A perfect bedlam of noise broke forth from the crowd. The minute Elton had the ball again, the sudden stillness was terrible.

The batter looked at his coach; then he stepped a little closer to the plate. Even from the box Elton could see an unnatural strained look in his face. His forehead was drawn into deep wrinkles. Elton thought he looked as if he were about to be shot. Then he understood.

The bases were full. Four balls would force in a run, but the other coach had given up expecting anything but a third strike. The batter's chances of getting a safe hit were hopelessly small. There

was only one alternative. The batter must allow himself to be hit by the next pitched ball and thus force in a run.

Elton took the ball in his right hand, and Peters called for an in-curve. He shook his head at Peters. The catcher's brow was puckered, but he signaled for an up-shoot, then for a down. Still Elton shook his head. Then Peters, who believed in the boy as nobody else on the team did, called for the out-curve.

It was one chance in a hundred, and Elton knew it. Even when he was calmer he had failed to put the ball where he wanted it. But he was no longer afraid. Something of the confidence of the coach, and of good old Peters, and of Kenton, inspired him. He drew back his arm in the semicircle to which the players had grown accustomed, and threw an out-curve, with all the speed and all the rotary motion he could put into the ball.

It started straight as a bullet for the batter. The fellow saw it coming, and though a perceptible quiver ran over him, he stood his ground like a Trojan. The ball would hit him. There was no need to step forward. So he braced himself as best he could, and closed his eyes.

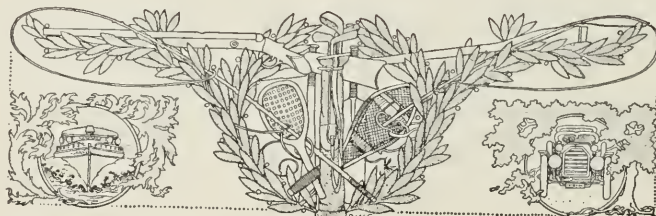
The ball curved gracefully out from the batter, and sailed straight over the center of the plate.

"Three strikes and out!" called the umpire. The side was retired, and the game won.

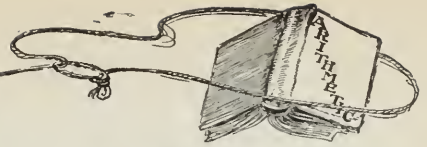
Landebin was the first to reach the boy. "Thank you, old man!" was all he said, but Elton knew he understood.

Peters grasped his hand with a vise-like grip. "I knew you 'd do it," he grinned.

By this time Kenton was over the fence. "You did n't fail us, Baby," he said huskily. Then he repeated it, "You did n't fail us."



SPORTS



A LITTLE DIPLOMAT

BY MARY V. WORSTELL

some mathematics, the latter showed Eloise the letter from Montana.

"Three months, Eloise," said Mrs. Dwight, "only three months, and Uncle Billy will be here for at least a fortnight. Listen to what he has written about you: 'So our little girl finds her main difficulty with mathematics? Too bad, for that was my weak point. But tell her to brace up, study harder than ever, and if study can help matters she shall have a suitable reward when I come on, in June.'"

"Oh, Mother dear, is n't he a jewel! To offer to reward me for studying hard. What do you think it will be?"

"Listen," continued Mrs. Dwight, turning again to the letter; she read on: "I shall depend on you to give me a hint as to what this would better be."

"Oh, Mother, do you think I could have one of those pretty pink linen dresses, embroidered in white? Several of the girls are to have embroidered linens this summer."

"The very thing, Eloise. I was wishing that I could buy you one."

WHILE Eloise Dwight stood well in most of her classes, her best friends had to admit that mathematics were not her forte. She attended a large public school in a pretty town just the right distance from New York, for it was far enough away to give one the feeling of going on quite a journey when starting off for a day's shopping, yet near enough to make the great, fascinating metropolis seem part of one's life.

Mrs. Dwight was openly disturbed by the thought of the stumbling-block which her small daughter encountered in her school work, but she was a wise little woman, and, instead of fretting in secret or discussing it with other grown-ups, she talked it all over frankly and hopefully with Eloise, who faithfully promised to apply herself as never before to the only study that had proved really difficult.

One day came a letter from Uncle Billy, who lived on a big Montana ranch and only came East once in two or three years. He said that New York was too stuffy and crowded, and that the skyscrapers made him dizzy. He declared that he would rather get caught in a bunch of stampeded cattle than cross the Brooklyn Bridge during the rush hours.

So it happened that after Eloise and her mother had been talking over the matter of the trouble-

By June the whole Dwight household had forgotten everything but the coming of Uncle Billy—dear, big, blustering, handsome, generous Uncle Billy.

And Eloise had no fear of her troublesome report, for conscientious study had done wonders, and mathematics were triumphantly marked "95 per cent."

Then came the day of days when Eloise and Uncle Billy were to go to the city for a royal good time. He must have learned, somehow, of the coveted "pink, embroidered linen," for together uncle and niece went first of all to one of New York's great department stores.

On their way to the city, Uncle Billy had confided to Eloise that he wished to get something nice for her mother.

"And what shall it be?" he had asked.

Eloise suggested a writing-desk and he had exclaimed, "Exactly the thing!"

In fact, the matter of this wonderful surprise for her mother quite banished, for a time, all thoughts of embroidered linens, and when they reached the big store they went at once to the furniture department on the third floor. They were shown dozens of pretty desks, but Uncle Billy's choice fell on a dainty, inlaid affair, and before Eloise realized it the purchase was made.

Then Uncle Billy suggested luncheon in the restaurant on the seventh floor, so once more they turned their steps to the elevators. But only one of them was running and the boy in charge seemed to think that he must carry only those who got on down-stairs. He paid no attention to their signal, and seemed quite determined that they should go no higher than the third floor. After the elevator had gone up half a dozen times Uncle Billy, I am sorry to say, quite lost his temper.

"I wonder how much a person is expected to spend in this old town," said he, "in order to entitle him to ride in a stuffy elevator!"

"Perhaps," ventured Eloise timidly, "the boy thinks you had n't bought anything, you made the selection so quickly."

"Well, he ought to be reported, and I 'll see that he *is* reported," answered Uncle Billy impatiently.

Twice more the elevator went up and up and twice more the signal was disregarded. Uncle Billy was on the point of striding off to find some one in authority when Eloise said:

"Please, Uncle Billy, may I try what *I* can do?"

And Uncle Billy, forgetting his anger, smiled down at the troubled little face beside him.

"Why, yes; certainly, dear, do anything you please to bring that rascally boy to his senses."

"I will try."

About one minute later the elevator was going down, empty.

"*Down*, please," said Eloise.

Reluctantly, as if well aware of the discourtesy he had shown, the boy stopped the elevator, opened the lattice-door and the two stepped in. Sooner than it takes to tell it, the ground floor was reached and the door was flung open angrily for the elevator-boy was eager to be rid of passengers who might justly enter a complaint against him.

"Now we 'll go *up*, please, to the restaurant," said Eloise.

The next moment she felt Uncle Billy place a protecting arm around her shoulders as the waiting people surged in and crowded them to the back of the car. She happened to glance up at him but he was holding his hat in front of his face. All she could make out were little wrinkles around his eyes. She was almost sure he was laughing. She could catch only a glimpse of the



"'NOW WE 'LL GO UP,' SAID ELOISE."

elevator-boy, and he wore a very puzzled look. When they reached the big, airy restaurant, with its flowers and palms and music, then and there Uncle Billy had his laugh out, and Eloise joined in, while the waiter stood by, in dignified disapproval of all their merriment.

"So, little girl, mathematics are your weak point! Nevertheless, I 'll trust your 'calculation' every time. Did you catch the expression on the face of that elevator-boy when you said, 'Now we 'll go *up*!' The best ever! Eloise, who said anything about pink calico or chintz or whatever it was! It 's going to be silk, Eloise, just the prettiest pink silk dress we can find!"

And it was.

THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT

BY M. BROWN

FAR, far up among the crags was built the nest. It was just on the edge of a great bluff, and had been placed against a rock that protected it from the cold, biting winds of the north. The nest was built of twigs, and willows, and bits of string, and was lined throughout with horsehair. The mother eagle had taken great care to make it strong and warm, and the three little eaglets, snuggled close together within, thought it the nicest nest in all the world.

When the sun shone brightly, the little eagles would peer over the edge of the nest, and the things that they saw were very wonderful indeed. There was a wide, wide plain, with nothing on it excepting little bushes of sage-brush, scattered here and there. Sometimes rabbits and prairie-dogs scampered among the bushes, and the little eagles did not know why their hearts grew big and hot at the sight of those little, running things. Then beyond the plain was a streak that was sometimes brown and sometimes blue. At first they did not know what it was; but, as their eyes grew stronger, they saw that it was a river. It was from the direction of the river that their mother came with fish for them to eat. Then, just as they would be getting tired of gazing over the great plain, the mother would come with the evening meal. After they had eaten, they all went to sleep under her wings, and slept till the beautiful morning came again.

Now there was one of these eaglets that was larger and stronger than the rest. He thought a great deal about the things he saw, and questioned his mother about the places she had visited. And his mother was very proud of him, and believed that he would some day be the greatest among the eagles. So she called him Keneu, the great war-eagle, and she told him of her journeys and of the things she had seen.

One day, when Keneu had grown strong enough to hop along the rocks in the sun, he came to, his mother, who was standing with folded wings on a great, high rock. She did not notice Keneu, for she was looking away into the south where all the land was covered with a blue haze.

"Mother," said Keneu, when he had climbed up beside her, "Mother, tell me of my father."

For a time his mother did not answer; then she said, "I will tell you of your father. Over there beyond the river, there are creatures called men, who live only to kill. They do not kill for

food only, as we do, but because they like to see things die; and then they boast among their fellows of the great numbers they have slain. When they kill, they use something that can strike anything a long way off. One day, as your father came in from his hunt, I could see him far off, flying, first high, then low, but bearing ever toward home. Suddenly I saw a white puff, like a little cloud, near the surface of the plain; then there was a strange noise in the air; then I saw your father falling—falling—and he never rose again."

For a long time his mother did not say any more, and Keneu stood very still beside her. But his eyes were shining, for in him was roused the hatred and fear of man, which is in the deepest life of all wild things. And with the fear came a great longing, for he heard the voice of the desert, that calls and calls to the heart of the eagle.

Then his mother spoke again. "Keneu, you are very like your father, and he was the mightiest of all living eagles. You will be strong and beautiful, as he was; but, my son, do not go near the dwellings of men, for they are cruel. Always remember this that I have told you."

Keneu went off by himself, and thought of all the things that his mother had said to him.

It was not long before he began to fly a little, and he daily grew stronger and more glad that he was alive. His mother soon began to make short journeys with him; then they became longer, and finally, on one great day, she took him to the river and showed him how to catch the fish. Keneu proved himself very skilful, and did not want to come away when the sun began to get low in the west. All that night he dreamed of the mighty deeds he would do when he went out into the great wide world. All night long he heard the churn and roar of the river; and it flowed through his heart as it did through the burning sand, till he could not sleep. Looking up, he saw the great kind stars; and he wondered much about that strange being of which his mother had spoken, man.

It was not very long after this that Keneu left the home far behind him, and flew away to the south and west. He flew over great stretches of desert, where there was not a drop of water, over mountains crowned with snow, over great forests of pine and through beautiful valleys. The valleys often contained what he at first



"SOMETIMES OTHER EAGLES CAME AND FOUGHT WITH HIM OVER THE PREY."

thought a group of big stones. But he soon discovered they were huts, or the dwellings of men, of which his mother had spoken. He kept high

were dwellings of men on the plain between the bluffs and the river; but he flew high above them, for he never had forgotten his mother's

above them; and wondered a little that so many men ran out of the huts, and looked and pointed upward. He did not know that he was a very large and beautiful eagle, and that it was at him they were looking.

He flew on westward till he came to a river, the like of which he never had seen before. It seemed to have only one bank; and its roar was unlike that of any other river; and the taste of its water was bitter. After a time, he learned that this was the sea. He grew to love it, and, for a long time, he sought his nightly shelter among its rocky headlands. Sometimes other eagles came and fought with him over the prey; but he always conquered them, for he was the swiftest and strongest of them all.

One day, as Keneu fished in the sea, a strange feeling came to him. It seemed to him that he felt the wind of the desert under his wings, instead of the salt breeze from the sea; and there seemed to be sand blown in his eyes instead of spray. This feeling lasted many days, and every day it made him sadder. Finally he knew what it meant: it was the home-longing that comes some time in the life of every eagle. The voice of the sea was very sweet to him; but the voice of the desert was stronger, and called and called, by day and by night.

So at last he flew north and east. He journeyed many days; and finally came in sight of the bluffs that once had been his home. He saw that there

warning. He found that the old nest had been replaced by a new one, and that there were three eggs in it. He went farther along the rocks and felt very lonely because his mother and brothers were not there.

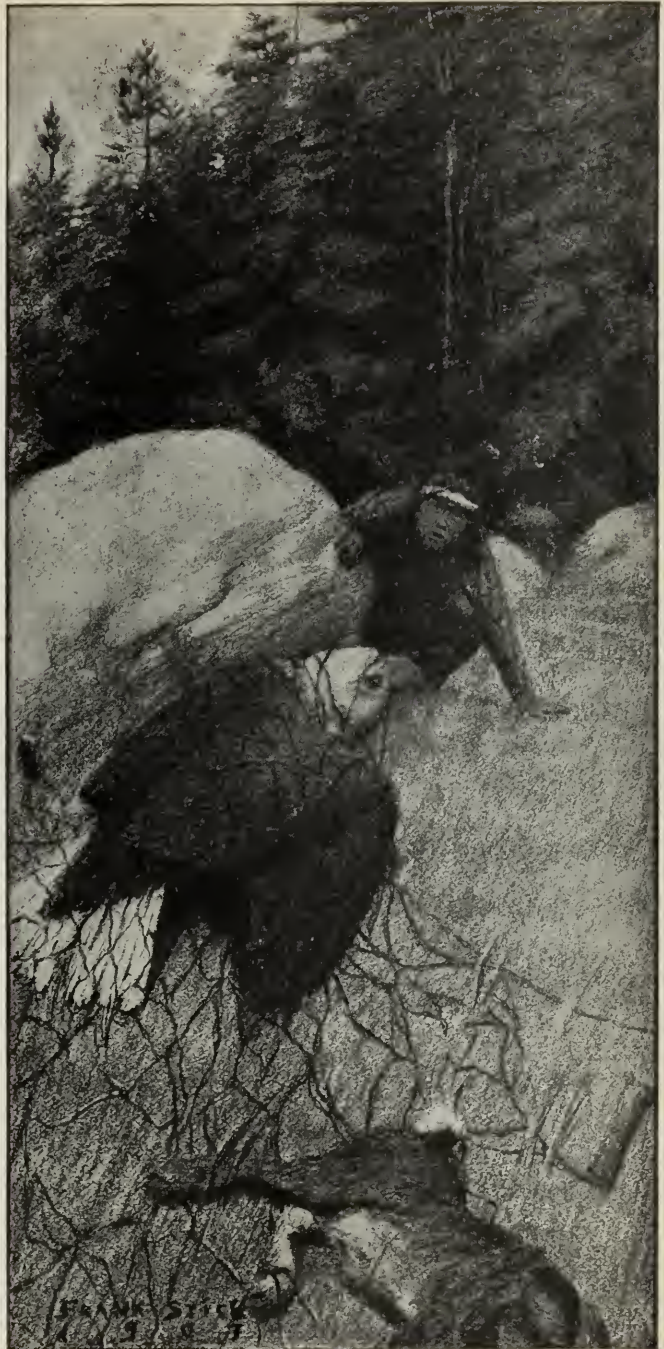
One day, as he flew over the old, familiar ground, he saw a live rabbit fastened in a little hollow, and struggling frantically to get free. Now Keneu had lived so far from men that he did not know of the devices they used to capture their prey. He did not see the net that had been spread all about the rabbit; and when he swooped down upon it, he suddenly found himself entangled with strong cords. The harder he fought to free himself, the tighter they became, till he stood quite helpless.

Then, from behind a boulder, crept a little Indian boy whose eyes were big and dark with excitement. A week before, his father had set the trap to capture one of the eagles that had their nest on the bluff. But the little Indian boy had seen this great eagle, that had been in the country only a few days; and he had loved it for its beauty and its strength. And now it stood captured before him and his heart throbbed exultingly. He turned to run and tell his father of the capture, but something held him. He looked again.

The heart of Keneu was breaking. After all those proud, free years, to die in captivity, to submit to the tyrant—man! No more could he beat through the sand-storm, no more taste the bitter water, or fight on the crags for his food.

And the little Indian boy, watching, saw the bright eyes of the eagle grow dull, saw the great wings droop; and his heart began to throb with pain instead of joy. He remembered how beautiful the eagle had looked as it soared through the air. He knew how he himself would feel, if those ugly cords bound him. He loved the eagle greatly and its sorrow made him unhappy.

He dared not go too near, for he knew how an



"THEN, FROM BEHIND A BOULDER, CREPT
A LITTLE INDIAN BOY."

eagle can fight. Perhaps in his heart he was even a little afraid. But, as he looked, he longed to see the fierce bird rise and fly, and to hear its great

wings beating the air, as it swung up and up and up. The boy drew a sharp knife, and cut away the cords. He trembled as he worked, for he knew well the wrath of his father. But he would rather face that than see the great eagle slain.

Keneu did not understand at first; but, after every cord was cut and the boy stood back, he raised a claw and found it free. Then his eyes

brightened; he lifted his wings and slowly rose, higher and higher and higher; and the boy watched him with a sob in his throat, but with a glad light in his eyes.

And the eagle flew southward and ever southward into the sunlit blue haze, till he was only a speck; and the sky closed about him, and he was gone forever from that land.

THE COUNT AND THE ROBBERS

IN the twelfth century lived a certain Count Bordewyn, whose fathers had reigned for many years before him. He was the lord of Bruges, which town, in those days, was one of the most important centers of the Netherlands, and he was a kind and good man, whose only thought was to make his people happy. So that they might not be afraid to tell him their needs, he often went about among them alone and dressed very simply, and they, thinking he was one of themselves, spoke out freely in his presence. One night he left his castle, and, poorly dressed, went out into the country to see if there was any good he could do. It was a dark, cold night, and after walking for some time he was glad to see the lights of a house in the distance. When he reached the building he knocked at the door and went in. He found himself at a wedding-party, given by a farmer whose daughter had been married that day. The good Count was very happy to be of the party, and without letting the people know who he was, he sat down with them and sang and feasted. It was very late when they, much against their will, let him leave them, and he walked back through the lonely country, making plans for his people's happiness.

Suddenly he heard a whistle, and five men rushed out from a clump of trees and threw themselves upon him. The Count struggled to the trees, set his back against one, and prepared to fight. The robbers were armed with knives, but the Count had only a big stick. On they rushed at him. He struck at the first one with all his strength, and hit him so hard that he fell to the ground. Another one crept up to his side, and would have cut his head open, but the Count turned quickly and, catching the stroke on his stick, snatched the knife from the robber's hand, and with a blow sent him to join his comrade senseless on the ground. This left three against one, and the Count felt his strength giving way under their blows. Still, full of courage, he

swung the stick round his head to keep the wretches at a distance, and, as loudly as he could, he prayed to God to send him help. At this moment he saw dimly outlined against the darkness a human figure. In its hands it wielded a strange weapon, which fell again and again, whistling through the air, on the heads and shoulders of the three bandits, until they took to their heels and ran. At first the count thought it was some angel from heaven come to his help, but as the figure drew nearer he saw it was a farmer, and the mysterious weapon a flail.

The count and the farmer embraced each other, and for a moment did not speak. Then said the count:

"My brave fellow! How can I thank you? You have saved my life!"

But the farmer would not listen to his thanks.

"No, no!" said he. "I have only done what you would have done for me in the same circumstances, and nothing more need be said. I take it that you are a merchant earning a living for your wife and family, as I try to do for mine."

But the count insisted that the farmer should ask some favor.

"Listen!" said he. "I am in the service of the count, and perhaps can do you some great good."

For a time the farmer was silent, and then, hesitating very much, he told the count his dearest wish.

"For thirty years I have worked on a piece of land; with this flail I have beaten the corn, and I have loved my farm as my child. Yesterday my master died, and the land will pass into strange hands, and out of my care."

The count had listened quietly to his story, and at last he spoke:

"But, my friend, this is not such a difficult matter. How would you like the land for your own?"

The poor farmer wept with emotion.

"Really, is it possible that you have such influence?" said he.

"Come to the castle to-morrow," said the count, "and ask for the captain of the guard."

And the farmer, mystified and wondering, went slowly home. When his wife opened the door she was very angry with him for being so late; but Cornelius—that was the farmer's name—explained what had happened, and although the wife could scarcely believe that such good fortune could be theirs, yet they went to bed so full of hope, that they could not sleep all night.

At daybreak Cornelius dressed in his best and set off for the castle, followed by the prayers and blessings of his wife. When he arrived he was

"In this hall you will see the count, and you must ask for what you wish," he said.

But Cornelius said he was so much afraid that he dare not ask. "Besides, how shall I know the count from all his followers?" he inquired.

And the answer was that all the people in the room would kneel bareheaded except Count Bordewyn himself. So Cornelius followed his guide into the great hall, where all the court was assembled in grandeur, and, looking round him, he perceived that the only persons standing were himself and the man whose life he had saved. Seeing this, he at once knew that this man was



"HIS ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO MAKE HIS PEOPLE HAPPY."

so frightened that he could hardly speak to the big soldiers who guarded the door, but at last he gave his message and asked to see the captain. He followed the soldier into a splendid hall richly hung with tapestries, and soon the man whose life he had saved came into the room. He was dressed so beautifully in silk and cloth of gold that Cornelius hardly recognized him, and when he did he was afraid to ask his question. But his friend told him not to fear, that the count was favorable to him. He led the trembling Cornelius through many rooms, and at last stopped outside a big door.

the count, and he flung himself on his knees and begged forgiveness for his presumption in speaking to him as he had done. But the count, taking his hands, raised him to his feet and embraced him, and telling his court the history of the previous night, he commanded them to treat Cornelius with every respect. He gave him the farm and land for his own, and stocked it with grain and cattle.

To this day there is a street in Bruges called the "Street of the Flail," which was so named in commemoration of this kind act.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE RAM

BY O. C. VICO

IN mountainous districts of Norway the farmers usually in the spring send their dairy-maids, hired men, and shepherd-boys with their cattle—cows, oxen, horses, pigs, sheep, and goats—up on the mountains to the *saeters*, where they keep them in pasture during the summer. A *saeter* is a collection of houses, surrounded by green fields inclosed with a fence, and outside of this are stretched the great grazing-grounds, over mountains and valleys, through woods, along rivers, brooks, and lakes. When everything has been put in readiness and the weather has become more like summer, the housewives come and take the places of the dairy-maids, and these and the hired men are sent home.

I will not describe to you the many dangers to which herd- and shepherd-boys were formerly exposed, when wolves and bears were hunting around for lambs, sheep, calves, and other animals for their breakfast or dinner; but I will tell you about the bright side of these boys' life, to show that they can also play their little tricks and manage to get a good deal of fun out of their daily work, lonesome though they are in those lofty regions.

Nature has blessed them with a wonderfully clear and healthful air, with plenty of sunshine and outdoor life. Though they often are drenched in rain to the skin and have to wade in water all the day long, often for many days at a time, rheumatism, nervousness, dyspepsia, and toothache are unknown in their experience. Theirs is a life in clear, healthful, and invigorating mountain air, hundreds, often thousands, of feet above sea-level. They are very generally healthy, sound in mind and body, playful, and full of good humor. Their ringing laughter, a good sign of a sound constitution, reëchoed from mountain-side to mountain-side, is like the sound of pleasant music.

One summer my father and mother—living in Gol, Hallingdal, a mountainous district in

the southern part of the country—had in their herd a big ram with large horns bent backward into spirals. For some reason or other, this ran could not stand to see the shepherd-boy having on his rain-shawl—a large shawl that the boys put on to cover the head and shoulders on rainy days. As soon as he caught sight of the shepherd-boy with the shawl on, he would look at him a moment, his eyes would suddenly flash fire, he would display anger in his face, he would back up a few feet, and then with all his strength he would leap forward and butt the boy, so that he would tumble heels over head along the ground. This was quite dangerous, as the ram had great bodily strength, so the boy had to look out for him every time he wore his shawl.

One day the boy made up his mind he would play a trick on the ram.

The herd was grazing through the woods, at the foot of a high mountain, toward the shore of Tisleia Fjord. At this point the bank of the lake is very high, and it runs up nearly perpendicularly from the water. A few feet from the edge of the bank the boy found a stub of a tree. The stub was just of the same size as the boy, and it was so decayed that only a small kick would send it crumbling over the ground. Over this stub the boy hung his shawl, on its top he placed his cap, and in other ways made it look like himself. Then he hid himself behind some trees, watching the herd, that now was coming grazing toward the bank.

All of a sudden the ram caught sight of the stub-boy and the shawl! He threw up his head, looked at the figure a moment, the old fire came into his eyes again, he backed up a few feet, put his neck into a stiff curve, and laid his ears flat back on his woolly neck. You could read anger all over his face. Calculating only the distance to the stub-boy, he uttered a harsh *baa*, and then suddenly, with all his strength, threw himself forward into a run and rushed

toward what he supposed was the boy. The stub with a loud crack flew into a thousand rotten pieces that, together with a cloud of dust from decayed wood, completely covered the ram's face and the front of his body, the shawl covering his head blinding him,—and bump! with tremendous force out over the bank flew the ram, still covered with the shawl,—and with a great splash fell into the lake!

In a moment he came to the surface again,

But you should have seen the boy when the big ram started on that expedition of his through air and water!

As soon as the ram butted the stub, with that great "crack," and plunged out into the water, he jumped out from behind the trees, doubled up with side-splitting laughter.

And when the poor ram crawled up on the bank, drenched to the very skin and looking very "sheepish," the boy ran over to him



"AND BUMP! WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE OUT OVER THE BANK FLEW THE RAM, STILL COVERED WITH THE SHAWL."

managed to get the shawl from his head, and swam to the shore. With drooping ears and water streaming down from all over his body, he crawled out and up the bank, every now and then shaking himself violently to get rid of the water. Having reached the top of the bank, he slowly rejoined the grazing herd.

and greeted him with peals of laughter again and again.

"Oh, Billy," he said derisively; "where have you been, Billy? How did you like it, Billy? Was it good—will you try it once more, Billy?"

But Billy never again tried to butt the boy.

AN ALPINE ADVENTURE

BY GRACE WICKHAM CURRAN

THE Mortimer family had but the night before arrived at the tiny Alpine village in the high Bernese Oberland.

The next morning Arthur, Mr. Mortimer's thirteen-year-old son, clamored for an expedition, and immediately after breakfast donned his stout, hobnailed shoes, seized his alpenstock, and with the rest of the family party set forth by a little path through the meadows and forests to some rocky crags beyond, a famous view-point of the locality.

Not a breeze stirred, not a sound could be heard save the drone of insects among the flowers. All at once Arthur was startled by a few clear, musical notes, which seemed to come from beyond a pile of rocks ahead of him. He started to a sitting posture, and in an instant the air about him, the sky overhead, was filled with wonderful strains of music, like the chanting of some great cathedral choir. For a time, Arthur sat bewildered and enchanted by the strange, weird music which was again and again repeated. Finally, tiptoeing forward, he peeped around the intervening rocks. There, stretched on the ground beside a long Alpine horn, was a rugged, sun-tanned Swiss lad of his own age. His had been the few clear notes, and the after-music was the wonderful echo of the same back and forth among the overhanging crags.

Just then the horn-blower raised his head, and looking about him caught sight of Arthur.

"Good morning," exclaimed Arthur, in his most polite school-German, as he stepped out into view, and received a courteous welcome.

"Won't you let me look at your horn? Is it hard to blow? I should like to try it, and see if I could make the echo answer. Did you make the horn yourself? I believe I could make one. Do you do this all the time? Do they pay you for it? Do you like to do it?"

All these questions, in a jumble of German and English, tumbled out of Arthur's lips in rapid succession, as he came forward and examined the horn with great interest and curiosity. After a little, by repeating his questions more slowly, he succeeded in making himself understood, and better still, in getting answers in the uncouth German-Swiss dialect, whose meaning he partly caught and partly guessed at. By the time his father and the rest of the party had appeared, Arthur had acquired a brief outline of the Swiss boy's past history, his present mode of life, and

his future ambitions, and had even tried a note or two on the horn himself.

The others had also heard and been captivated by the notes of the horn and the exquisite music of the echo. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, smiling at Arthur's enthusiasm, exchanged greetings with the player and slipped a few bright coins into his hand before continuing on their way.

"Good-by," said Arthur, "I'm coming up here every day to hear you play, and you will teach me to do it, too. I shall not forget."

"He is just my age, father," continued Arthur, as they went on up the path. "His name is Ulric Baumann. His father was a guide, but fell and was killed on one of the big mountains. Ulric is going to be a guide when he is old enough. His uncle, who is also a guide, is going to train him. He blows the horn all summer to earn money for his mother and three little sisters. The tourists give him money for the echo music. His mother works in the potato field and his oldest sister helps take care of the goats, and they get along very well, but when he is old enough to be a guide, they will be quite rich, he says, for guides often get a hundred francs for one trip, and then he will build a chimney in his mother's house like those in the valley."

"Well, my boy, you have learned a great deal in a short time," said Mr. Mortimer.

Little by little this chance acquaintanceship ripened into a warm friendship. Perhaps this was due to the very contrast of the boys' natures, for while the one was quick, impulsive, heedless, and inclined even to recklessness, the other was slow, sure, cautious, and faithful in the minutest detail. As Ulric was charmed and entertained by Arthur's glowing accounts of the outside world, and especially of the wonders of America, Arthur, in turn, was fascinated and enraptured by the store of mountain tales which Ulric related to him, as they sat for long hours on the cushiony heather in the open, sunny pasture.

The topic which engrossed them the most, however, was a guide's life, his possible adventures, his certain dangers, his chances for fame and his responsibilities.

Arthur envied Ulric his future and regretted the plans for college and professional life which his father had laid for him.

"Oh, Ulric! think of your chances! This glorious mountain life forever, and the opportunity

to climb to the top of those highest peaks. Oh, it makes me sick to think of that stuffy office and revolving chair to which I shall be tied all my life! Never mind, I shall try to make money enough in it so that I can come every summer to Switzerland, and you shall be my own special guide and we'll do some 'stunts' in mountain climbing that will surprise the world."

At words like these, Ulric would shake his head slowly.

"No, I can never be your guide. I think too much of you, and you do not know the obedience which is necessary. It is a terrible thing to be a guide—for there is always the fear that you may make some mistake, and lives depend upon your strength and wisdom! Then so many of the foreign gentlemen who come to climb are not wise and do not obey. They think because they know so much of other things that they know even more than their guide of the mountain ways and secrets, and then comes the disaster! Sometimes I think I will give it all up, but it is in the blood. My father was a guide, my grandfather, and his father before him. Oh! you can not get away from it when it is in the blood!"

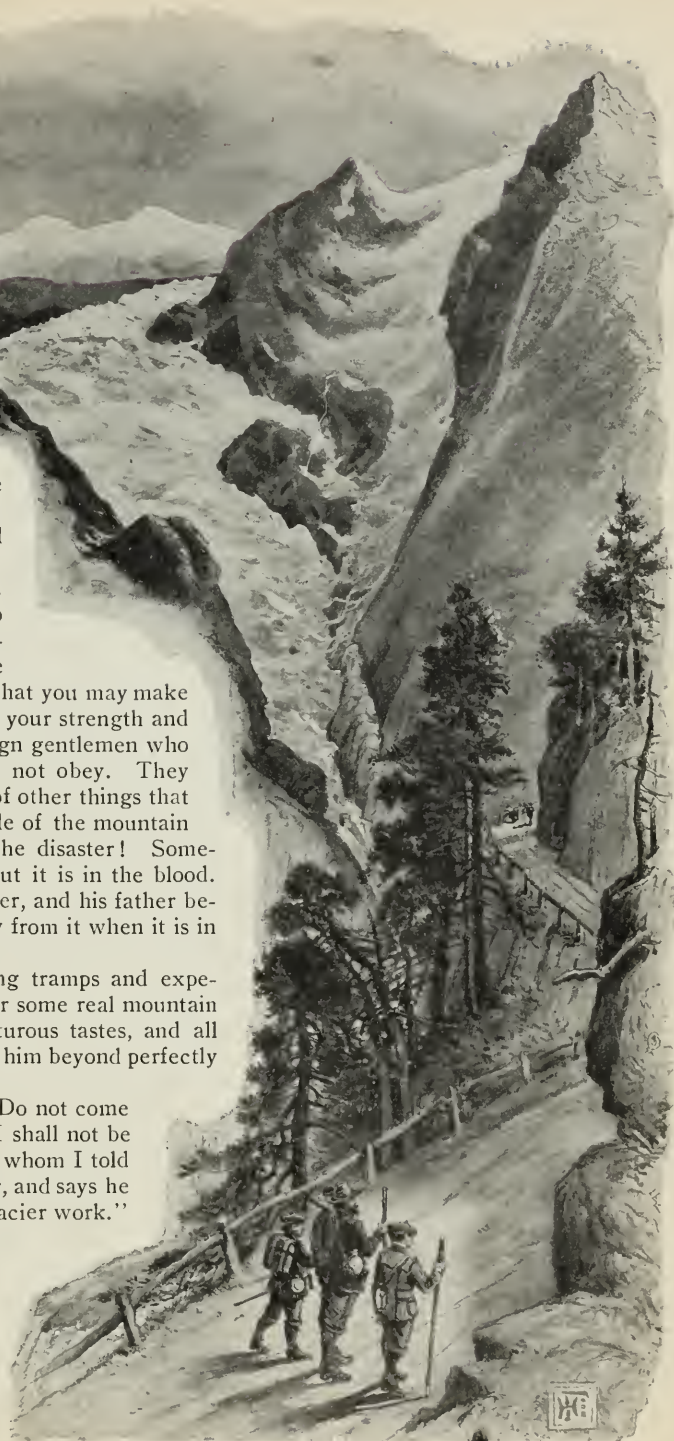
Though Arthur went on many long tramps and expeditions with his father, he longed for some real mountain climbing. His father had no adventurous tastes, and all of Arthur's pleadings could not tempt him beyond perfectly safe and secure pathways.

One day Ulric said to Arthur, "Do not come up to the echo field to-morrow, for I shall not be there. My Uncle Hans, the guide of whom I told you, is going across the Eiger Glacier, and says he will take me to give me a lesson in glacier work."

"Oh, Ulric! I wish I could go, too. Do you think your uncle would take me? My father would let me go with a real guide, I am sure."

Ulric shook his head thoughtfully. "My uncle would not object, but, Arthur, you are so quick. I am afraid you would not think the little things necessary to obey."

But Arthur begged so hard, and



"THERE WAS A LONG TRAMP AND CLIMB TO BE TAKEN BEFORE REACHING THE EDGE OF THE GLACIER."

promised so faithfully, that Ulric's fears were silenced, and with his father's permission and Uncle Hans' consent, he joined them the following morning early, before the sun had risen, as there was a long tramp and climb to be taken before reaching the edge of the glacier.

How beautiful the mountains looked in this morning twilight! The deep valleys of the Lauterbrünnen and the Trümmelbach were still mysterious with the purple shadows of night. Far overhead the topmost peak of the snowy Jungfrau was tinged with the faint rosy glow preceding sunrise. By the time they had reached the upper pasture of the Wengern Alp and paused at the herder's summer station for a drink of warm milk, the whole face of the great mountain was aglow.

Before setting forth, Uncle Hans explained to the boys the treacherous surface with which they had to deal, full of unexpected cracks and crevasses, owing to the slow and steady moving of the great ice river.

"Although I crossed here ten days ago," he said, "I may find, where there were unbroken stretches then, deep cracks, difficult to cross, and we must go slowly and carefully. We shall tie ourselves together with this rope, Master Arthur in the middle, as he is our guest; and you must remember, boys, never to let the rope grow slack. Keep it always taut and then if one should slip and fall the rest of us can easily pull him to his feet again. But beware of a slack rope, for a sudden fall may snap and break it."

All went well, and long before noon they were far out in the midst of the icy field. Arthur was elated with their success, for they had crossed a number of difficult cracks and he felt himself to be already an expert. After eating a lunch of bread and good Swiss cheese, they started on with refreshed vigor. As it was necessary for Uncle Hans at the head of the line to look ahead and watch and plan their route, it was Arthur's task to watch the space of rope between them, and Ulric's to take care of the distance between him and Arthur. At the wider cracks they all stopped until the whole party were safely across, but it was easy to bestride many, indeed the majority, of the narrower ones, and progress would have been too slow if all had stopped for each of them. Uncle Hans and Arthur had just passed one of these narrow cracks, which, they had noticed in passing, looked unusually deep, and Ulric was on the point of stepping over. Arthur, in his impulsiveness, seeing an unbroken stretch ahead of them, and having already forgotten the crevasse he had just crossed, hurried ahead to ask some question of Uncle Hans, thereby allowing the rope between them to

slacken considerably. His sudden start ahead gave an unusual pull on the rope behind, causing Ulric to jerk forward and his foot to slip on the very edge of the crevasse. He clutched wildly in the air trying to regain his balance, but the treacherous ice was too slippery and he shot swiftly downward, dragging Arthur backward over the ice because of the slackened rope ahead. Then came the inevitable result. The swiftness of the fall and his weight, for he was a large and heavy boy for his years, snapped asunder the rope and he fell with violent force into the depths of the crevasse. Fortunately, some forty feet down the ice walls narrowed so that his fall was checked, but he was so tightly wedged in that he could move neither hand nor foot.

Arthur had been dragged swiftly backward almost to the edge of the crevasse, and he scarcely realized what was happening until he felt himself stopped by the sudden snapping of the rope. Uncle Hans, with the cool courage and resourcefulness of the Swiss guide, was at the edge in a moment, calling down heartening words to Ulric and devising a means of rescue. Noosing one end of his extra coil of rope, he lowered it, calling as he did so:

"Fasten it under your arms, Ulric, my boy, and we'll soon have you up again."

At first Ulric found it impossible to free his arms from the ice, but exerting his utmost strength he finally succeeded and fastened the rope according to his uncle's directions, with fingers already growing numb with the cold.

But pull as they might, they could not move him, for from the waist down he was tightly jammed between the walls, driven in by the force of his fall. Then as Arthur was too weak to lower Uncle Hans, Arthur himself was lowered, pick in hand, to make an effort to chop away the ice. But the crevasse was so narrow that it was difficult to wield the implement, and the task soon proved too great for his inexperience and lack of strength. Uncle Hans quickly came to the conclusion that the only thing remaining to do, was for him to return as swiftly as he might and secure help.

"I cannot take you with me, Master Arthur, as I must make haste or Ulric will die of the cold before we can get him out."

"Indeed, I would not go with you, if I could," answered Arthur, almost angrily. "Do you think I would leave Ulric here alone? Before you go, lower me again to him and give me the brandy bottle. I can keep him awake and give him courage till you come back. It is all my fault! Oh, if I had only remembered—only obeyed!"

"It is a good idea—that of lowering you. I

should not have thought of it. Down you go then. Keep the lad awake, for if he goes to sleep in the cold he will never wake again. And do not sleep yourself. Your own danger is not great, for you can move about and exercise. Good-by," and he was off.

A great loneliness came over Arthur as the two boys were thus left alone in the icy desert, deep in that cruel ice crack, and a more vivid sense came over him of the desperate danger which faced Ulric. Indeed, it faced them both, for if by any chance Uncle Hans should slip and fall, or be prevented from returning, Ulric certainly, and probably he, too, would be frozen to death before any search-party would be sent to seek them out.

Ulric was a brave lad and a mountaineer, and knew the danger he was in. Now that his arms were free, he began to use them continually and vigorously in exercise, swinging them up and out, and inhaling deep breaths to keep up his circulation. Now and then Arthur gave him a tiny swallow of the fiery brandy, which started the sluggish blood afresh and sent it down into his rapidly chilling legs and feet. Arthur himself kept plying the ice-pick, more to keep himself warm than anything else, for he seemed to be able to make no impression on the solid walls which imprisoned Ulric.

The minutes seemed hours, and the hours dragged themselves out interminably. At length Arthur began to notice that Ulric's efforts at exercise grew weaker, that the brave, cheerful talk which he had thus far kept up, slackened. He began chafing his hands and wrists, beating his back and shoulders. Oh, those

pitiless green walls on either side! Oh, the bitter cold!

"Ulric—don't stop trying! You *must not* sleep!"

Even as he spoke he saw Ulric's eyelids begin to droop, his head to sway. He murmured drowsily:

"Don't — mind — Arthur. Let me sleep—one minute—then I will wake."

The lad's head fell forward on his breast and his eyes closed. Arthur, in an agony of fear, seized him by the shoulders and shook him fiercely, desperately, pried open his jaws and poured a great draught of brandy down his throat. "Wake, Ulric, *wake!*"

Just then from far up and across the ice he heard a sound of faint hallooing, which increased with every instant, drawing nearer. It was Uncle Hans and his band of helpers, shouting as they came to give courage to the helpless and almost frozen boys.

Laughing aloud in his relief, Arthur shook and pounded Ulric with fresh energy, and kept the drowsy eyes open a little longer, until the help came. Strong arms soon cut the almost frozen boy loose and carried him up into the sunshine. Restoratives were applied, and the life, which had almost slipped away forever, was in a little while brought back for a long period of useful service.

Arthur had learned a lesson which he never forgot. His thoughtlessness had almost cost his friend's life, but his brave courage and resourcefulness in staying by him, in some measure atoned for the fault of that day, and the bond of friendship be-



ARTHUR IS LOWERED INTO THE CREVASSE.

tween these two has never been weakened by time nor by the wide ocean which rolls between them.

STORIES FROM IRELAND

THE FOUR WHITE SWANS

In the days of long ago there lived in the Green Isle of Erin a race of brave men and fair women—the race of the Dedannans. North, south, east, and west did this noble people dwell, doing homage to many chiefs.

But one blue morning after a great battle the Dedannans met on a wide plain to choose a king. "Let us," they said, "have one king over all. Let us no longer have many rulers."

Forth from among the princes rose five well fitted to wield a scepter and to wear a crown, yet most royal stood Bove Derg and Lir. And forth did the five chiefs wander, that the Dedannan folk might freely say to whom they would most gladly do homage as king.

Not far did they roam, for soon there arose a great cry, "Bove Derg is King! Bove Derg is King!" And all were glad, save Lir.

But Lir was angry, and he left the plain where the Dedannan people were, taking leave of none, and doing Bove Derg no reverence. For jealousy filled the heart of Lir.

Then were the Dedannans wroth, and a hundred swords were unsheathed and flashed in the sunlight on the plain. "We go to slay Lir who doeth not homage to our King and regardeth not the choice of the people."

But wise and generous was Bove Derg, and he bade the warriors do no hurt to the offended prince.

For long years did Lir live in discontent, yielding obedience to none. But at length a great sorrow fell upon him, for his wife, who was dear unto him, died, and she had been ill but three days. Loudly did he lament her death, and heavy was his heart with sorrow.

When tidings of Lir's grief reached Bove Derg, he was surrounded by his mightiest chiefs. "Go forth," he said, "in fifty chariots go forth. Tell Lir I am his friend as ever, and ask that he come with you hither. Three fair foster-children are mine, and one may he yet have to wife,

will he but bow to the will of the people, who have chosen me their King."

When these words were told to Lir, his heart was glad. Speedily he called around him his train, and in fifty chariots set forth. Nor did they slacken speed until they reached the palace of Bove Derg by the Great Lake. And there at the still close of day, as the setting rays of the sun fell athwart the silver waters, did Lir do homage to Bove Derg. And Bove Derg kissed Lir and vowed to be his friend forever.

And when it was known throughout the Dedannan host that peace reigned between these mighty chiefs, brave men and fair women and little children rejoiced, and nowhere were there happier hearts than in the Green Isle of Erin.

Time passed, and Lir still dwelt with Bove Derg in his palace by the Great Lake. One morning the King said: "Full well thou knowest my three fair foster-daughters, nor have I forgotten my promise that one thou shouldst have to wife. Choose her whom thou wilt."

Then Lir answered: "All are indeed fair, and choice is hard. But give unto me the eldest, if it be that she be willing to wed."

And Eve, the eldest of the fair maidens, was glad, and that day was she married to Lir, and after two weeks she left the palace by the Great Lake and drove with her husband to her new home.

Happily dwelt Lir's household and merrily sped the months. Then were born unto Lir twin babes. The girl they called Finola, and her brother did they name Aed.

Yet another year passed and again twins were born, but before the infant boys knew their mother, she died. So sorely did Lir grieve for his beautiful wife that he would have died of sorrow, but for the great love he bore his motherless children.

When news of Eve's death reached the palace of Bove Derg by the Great Lake all mourned

aloud for love of Eve and sore pity for Lir and his four babes. And Bove Derg said to his mighty chiefs: "Great indeed is our grief, but in this dark hour shall Lir know our friendship. Ride forth, make known to him that Eva, my second fair foster-child, shall in time become his wedded wife and shall cherish his lone babies."

So messengers rode forth to carry these tidings to Lir, and in time Lir came again to the palace of Bove Derg by the Great Lake, and he married the beautiful Eva and took her back with him to his little daughter, Finola, and to her three brothers, Aed and Fiacra and Conn.

Four lovely and gentle children they were, and with tenderness did Eva care for the little ones who were their father's joy and the pride of the Dedannans.

As for Lir, so great was the love he bore them, that at early dawn he would rise, and, pulling aside the deerskin that separated his sleeping-room from theirs, would fondle and frolic with the children until morning broke.

And Bove Derg loved them well-nigh as did Lir himself. Ofttimes would he come to see them and ofttimes were they brought to his palace by the Great Lake.

And through all the Green Isle, where dwelt the Dedannan people, there also was spread the fame of the beauty of the children of Lir.

Time crept on, and Finola was a maid of twelve summers. Then did a wicked jealousy find root in Eva's heart, and so did it grow that it strangled the love which she had borne her sister's children. In bitterness she cried: "Lir careth not for me; to Finola and her brothers hath he given all his love."

And for weeks and months Eva lay in bed planning how she might do hurt to the children of Lir.

At length, one midsummer morn, she ordered forth her chariot, that with the four children she might come to the palace of Bove Derg.

When Finola heard it, her fair face grew pale, for in a dream had it been revealed unto her that Eva, her stepmother, should that day do a dark deed among those of her own household. Therefore was Finola sore afraid, but only her large eyes and pale cheeks spake her woe, as she and her brothers drove along with Eva and her train.

On they drove, the boys laughing merrily, heedless alike of the black shadow resting on their stepmother's brow, and of the pale, trembling lips of their sister. As they reached a gloomy pass, Eva whispered to her attendants: "Kill, I pray you, these children of Lir, for their father careth not for me, because of his great

love for them. Kill them, and great wealth shall be yours."

But the attendants answered in horror: "We will not kill them. Fearful, O Eva, were the deed, and great is the evil that will befall thee, for having it in thine heart to do this thing."

Then Eva, filled with rage, drew forth her sword to slay them with her own hand, but too weak for the monstrous deed, she sank back in the chariot.

Onward they drove, out of the gloomy pass into the bright sunlight of the white road. Daisies with wide-open eyes looked up into the blue sky overhead. Golden glistened the buttercups among the shamrock. From the ditches peeped forget-me-not. Honeysuckle scented the hedgerows. Around, above, and afar, caroled the linnet, the lark, and the thrush. All was color and sunshine, scent and song, as the children of Lir drove onward to their doom.

Not until they reached a still lake were the horses unyoked for rest. There Eva bade the children undress and go bathe in the waters. And when the children of Lir reached the water's edge, Eva was there behind them, holding in her hand a fairy wand. And with the wand she touched the shoulder of each. And, lo! as she touched Finola, the maiden was changed into a snow-white swan, and behold! as she touched Aed, Fiacra, and Conn, the three brothers were as the maid. Four snow-white swans floated on the blue lake, and to them the wicked Eva chanted a song of doom.

As she finished, the swans turned toward her, and Finola spake:

"Evil is the deed thy magic wand hath wrought, O Eva, on us the children of Lir, but greater evil shall befall thee, because of the hardness and jealousy of thine heart." And Finola's white swan-breast heaved as she sang of their pitiless doom.

The song ended, again spake the swan-maiden: "Tell us, O Eva, when death shall set us free."

And Eva made answer: "Three hundred years shall your home be on the smooth waters of this lone lake. Three hundred years shall ye pass on the stormy waters of the sea betwixt Erin and Alba, and three hundred years shall ye be tempest-tossed on the wild Western Sea. Until Decca be the Queen of Larnnen, and the good saint come to Erin, and ye hear the chime of the Christ-bell, neither your complaints nor prayers, neither the love of your father Lir, nor the might of your King, Bove Derg, shall have power to deliver you from your doom. But lone white swans though ye be, ye shall keep forever your own sweet Gaelic speech, and ye shall sing, with

plaintive voices, songs so haunting that your music will bring peace to the souls of those who hear. And still beneath your snowy plumage shall beat the hearts of Finola, Aed, Fiacra and Conn, and still forever shall ye be the children of Lir."

Then did Eva order the horses to be yoked to the chariot, and away westward did she drive.

And swimming on the lone lake were four white swans.

When Eva reached the palace of Bove Derg alone, greatly was he troubled lest evil had befallen the children of Lir.

But the attendants, because of their great fear of Eva, dared not to tell the King of the magic spell she had wrought by the way. Therefore Bove Derg asked, "Wherefore, O Eva, come not Finola and her brothers to the palace this day?"

And Eva answered: "Because, O King, Lir no longer trusteth thee, therefore would he not let the children come hither."

But Bove Derg believed not his foster-daughter, and that night he secretly sent messengers across the hills to the dwelling of Lir.

When the messengers came there, and told their errand, great was the grief of the father. And in the morning with a heavy heart he summoned a company of the Dedannans, and together they set out for the palace of Bove Derg. And it was not until sunset as they reached the lone shore of Lake Darvra, that they slackened speed.

Lir alighted from his chariot and stood spell-bound. What was that plaintive sound? The Gaelic words, his dear daughter's voice more enchanting even than of old, and yet, before and around, only the lone blue lake. The haunting music rang clearer, and as the last words died away, four snow-white swans glided from behind the sedges, and with a wild flap of wings flew toward the eastern shore. There, stricken with wonder, stood Lir.

"Know, O Lir," said Finola, "that we are thy children, changed by the wicked magic of our stepmother into four white swans." When Lir and the Dedannan people heard these words, they wept aloud.

Still spake the swan-maiden: "Three hundred years must we float on this lone lake, three hundred years shall we be storm-tossed on the waters between Erin and Alba, and three hundred years on the wild Western Sea. Not until Decca be the Queen of Larnen, not until the good saint come to Erin and the chime of the Christ-bell be heard in the land, not until then shall we be saved from our doom."

Then great cries of sorrow went up from the

Dedannans, and again Lir sobbed aloud. But at the last silence fell upon his grief, and Finola told how she and her brothers would keep forever their own sweet Gaelic speech, how they would sing songs so haunting that their music would bring peace to the souls of all who heard. She told how, beneath their snowy plumage, the human hearts of Finola, Aed, Fiacra, and Conn should still beat—the hearts of the children of Lir. "Stay with us to-night by the lone lake," she ended, "and our music will steal to you across its moonlit waters and lull you into peaceful slumber. Stay, stay with us."

And Lir and his people stayed on the shore that night and until the morning glimmered. Then, with the dim dawn, silence stole over the lake.

Speedily did Lir rise, and in haste did he bid farewell to his children, that he might seek Eva and see her tremble before him.

Swiftly did he drive and straight, until he came to the palace of Bove Derg, and there by the waters of the Great Lake did Bove Derg meet him. "Oh, Lir, wherefore have thy children come not hither?" And Eva stood by the King.

Stern and sad rang the answer of Lir: "Alas! Eva, your foster-child, hath by her wicked magic changed them into four snow-white swans. On the blue waters of Lake Darvra dwell Finola, Aed, Fiacra, and Conn, and thence come I that I may avenge their doom."

A silence as the silence of death fell upon the three, and all was still save that Eva trembled greatly. But ere long Bove Derg spake. Fierce and angry did he look, as, high above his foster-daughter, he held his magic wand. Awful was his voice as he pronounced her doom: "Wretched woman, henceforth shalt thou no longer darken this fair earth, but as a demon of the air shalt thou dwell in misery till the end of time." And of a sudden from out her shoulders grew black, shadowy wings, and, with a piercing scream, she swirled upward, until the awe-stricken Dedannans saw nought save a black speck vanish among the lowering clouds. And as a demon of the air do Eva's black wings swirl her through space to this day.

But great and good was Bove Derg. He laid aside his magic wand and so spake: "Let us, my people, leave the Great Lake, and let us pitch our tents on the shores of Lake Darvra. Exceeding dear unto us are the children of Lir, and I, Bove Derg, and Lir, their father, have vowed henceforth to make our home forever by the lone waters where they dwell."

And when it was told throughout the Green

Island of Erin of the fate of the children of Lir and of the vow that Bove Derg had vowed, from north, south, east, and west did the Dedannans flock to the lake, until a mighty host dwelt by its shores.

And by day Finola and her brothers knew not loneliness, for in the sweet Gaelic speech they told of their joys and fears; and by night the mighty Dedannans knew no sorrowful memories, for by haunting songs were they lulled to sleep, and the music brought peace to their souls.

Slowly did the years go by, and upon the shoulders of Bove Derg and Lir fell the long white hair. Fearful grew the four swans, for the time was not far off when they must wing their flight north to the wild sea of Moyle.

And when at length the sad day dawned, Finola told her brothers how their three hundred happy years on Lake Darvra were at an end, and how they must now leave the peace of its lone waters for evermore.

Then, slowly and sadly, did the four swans glide to the margin of the lake. Never had the snowy whiteness of their plumage so dazzled the beholders, never had music so sweet and sorrowful floated to Lake Darvra's sunlit shores. As the swans reached the water's edge, silent were the three brothers, and alone Finola chanted a farewell song.

With bowed white heads did the Dedannan host listen to Finola's chant, and when the music ceased and only sobs broke the stillness, the four swans spread their wings, and, soaring high, paused but for one short moment to gaze on the kneeling forms of Lir and Bove Derg. Then, stretching their graceful necks toward the north, they winged their flight to the waters of the stormy sea that separates the blue Alba from the Green Island of Erin.

And when it was known throughout the Green Isle that the four white swans had flown, so great was the sorrow of the people that they made a law that no swan should be killed in Erin from that day forth.

With hearts that burned with longing for their father and their friends, did Finola and her brothers reach the sea of Moyle. Cold were its wintry waters, black and fearful were the steep rocks overhanging Alba's far-stretching coasts. From hunger, too, the swans suffered. Dark indeed was all, and darker yet as the children of Lir remembered the still waters of Lake Darvra and the fond Dedannan host on its peaceful shores. Here the sighing of the wind among the reeds no longer soothed their sorrow, but the roar of the breaking surf struck fresh terror in their souls. In misery and terror did their days

pass, until one night the black, lowering clouds overhead told that a great tempest was nigh. Then did Finola call to her Aed, Fiacra, and Conn. "Beloved brothers, a great fear is at my heart, for, in the fury of the coming gale, we may be driven the one from the other. Therefore, let us say where we may hope to meet when the storm is spent."

And Aed answered: "Wise art thou, dear, gentle sister. If we be driven apart, may it be to meet again on the rocky isle that has oftentimes been our haven, for well known is it to us all, and from far can it be seen."

Darker grew the night, louder raged the wind, as the four swans dived and rose again on the giant billows. Yet fiercer blew the gale, until at midnight loud bursts of thunder mingled with the roaring wind, but, in the glare of the blue lightning's flashes, the children of Lir beheld each the snowy form of the other. The mad fury of the hurricane yet increased, and the force of it lifted one swan from its wild home on the billows, and swept it through the blackness of the night. Another blue lightning-flash, and each swan saw its loneliness, and uttered a great cry of desolation. Tossed hither and thither by wind and wave, the white birds were well-nigh dead when dawn broke. And with the dawn fell calm.

Swift as her tired wings would bear her, Finola sailed to the rocky isle, where she hoped to find her brothers. But alas! no sign was there of one of them. Then to the highest summit of the rocks she flew. North, south, east, and west did she look, yet nought saw she save a watery wilderness. Now did her heart fail her, and she sang the saddest song she had yet sung.

As the last notes died Finola raised her eyes, and lo! Conn came slowly swimming toward her with drenched plumage and head that drooped. And as she looked, behold! Fiacra appeared, but it was as though his strength failed. Then did Finola swim toward her fainting brother and lend him her aid, and soon the twins were safe on the sunlit rock, nestling for warmth beneath their sister's wings.

Yet Finola's heart still beat with alarm as she sheltered her younger brothers, for Aed came not, and she feared lest he were lost forever. But, at noon, sailing he came over the breast of the blue waters, with head erect and plumage sunlit. And under the feathers of her breast did Finola draw him, for Conn and Fiacra still cradled beneath her wings. "Rest here, while ye may, dear brothers," she said.

And she sang to them a lullaby so surpassing sweet that the sea-birds hushed their cries and

flocked to listen to the sad, slow music. And when Aed and Fiacra and Conn were lulled to sleep, Finola's notes grew more and more faint and her head drooped, and soon she, too, slept peacefully in the warm sunlight.

But few were the sunny days on the sea of Moyle, and many were the tempests that ruffled its waters. Still keener grew the winter frosts, and the misery of the four white swans was greater than ever before. Even their most sorrowful Gaelic songs told not half their woe. From the fury of the storm they still sought shelter on that rocky isle where Finola had despaired of seeing her dear ones more.

Slowly passed the years of doom, until one midwinter a frost more keen than any known before froze the sea into a floor of solid black ice. By night the swans crouched together on the rocky isle for warmth, but each morning they were frozen to the ground and could free themselves only with sore pain, for they left clinging to the ice-bound rock the soft down of their breasts, the quills from their white wings, and the skin of their poor feet.

And when the sun melted the ice-bound surface of the waters, and the swans swam once more in the sea of Moyle, the salt water entered their wounds, and they well-nigh died of pain. But in time the down on their breasts and the feathers on their wings grew, and they were healed of their wounds.

The years dragged on, and by day Finola and her brothers would fly toward the shores of the Green Island of Erin, or to the rocky blue headlands of Alba, or they would swim far out into a dim gray wilderness of waters. But ever as night fell it was their doom to return to the sea of Moyle.

One day, as they looked toward the Green Isle, they saw coming to the coast a troop of horsemen mounted on snow-white steeds, and their armor glittered in the sun.

A cry of great joy went up from the children of Lir, for they had seen no human form since they spread their wings above Lake Darvra, and flew to the stormy sea of Moyle.

"Speak," said Finola to her brothers, "speak, and say if these be not our own Dedannan folk." And Aed and Fiacra and Conn strained their eyes, and Aed answered, "It seemeth, dear sister, to me, that it is indeed our own people."

As the horsemen drew nearer and saw the four swans, each man shouted in the Gaelic tongue, "Behold the children of Lir!"

And when Finola and her brothers heard once more the sweet Gaelic speech, and saw the faces of their own people, their happiness was greater

than can be told. For long they were silent, but at length Finola spoke.

Of their life on the sea of Moyle she told, of the dreary rains and blustering winds, of the giant waves and the roaring thunder, of the black frost, and of their own poor battered and wounded bodies. Of their loneliness of soul, of that she could not speak. "But tell us," she went on, "tell us of our father, Lir. Lives he still, and Bove Derg, and our dear Dedannan friends?"

Scarce could the Dedannans speak for the sorrow they had for Finola and her brothers, but they told how Lir and Bove Derg were alive and well, and were even now celebrating the Feast of Age at the house of Lir. "But for their longing for you, your father and friends would be happy indeed."

Glad then and of great comfort were the hearts of Finola and her brothers. But they could not hear more, for they must hasten to fly from the pleasant shores of Erin to the sea-stream of Moyle, which was their doom. And as they flew, Finola sang, and faint floated her voice over the kneeling host.

As the sad song grew fainter and more faint, the Dedannans wept aloud. Then, as the snow-white birds faded from sight, the sorrowful company turned the heads of their white steeds from the shore, and rode southward to the home of Lir.

And when it was told there of the sufferings of Finola and her brothers, great was the sorrow of the Dedannans. Yet was Lir glad that his children were alive, and he thought of the day when the magic spell would be broken, and those so dear to him would be freed from their bitter woe.

Once more were ended three hundred years of doom, and glad were the four white swans to leave the cruel sea of Moyle. Yet might they fly only to the wild Western Sea, and tempest-tossed as before, here they in no way escaped the pitiless fury of wind and wave. Worse than aught they had before endured was a frost that drove the brothers to despair. Well-nigh frozen to a rock, they one night cried aloud to Finola that they longed for death. And she, too, would fain have died.

But that same night did a dream come to the swan-maiden, and, when she awoke, she cried to her brothers to take heart. "Believe, dear brothers, in the great God who hath created the earth with its fruits and the sea with its terrible wonders. Trust in him, and he will yet save you." And her brothers answered, "We will trust."

And Finola also put her trust in God, and they all fell into a deep slumber.

When the children of Lir awoke, behold! the sun shone, and thereafter, until the three hundred years on the Western Sea were ended, neither wind nor wave nor rain nor frost did hurt the four swans.

On a grassy isle they lived and sang their wondrous songs by day, and by night they nestled together on their soft couch, and awoke in the morning to sunshine and to peace. And there on the grassy island was their home, until the three hundred years were at an end. Then Finola called to her brothers, and tremblingly she told, and tremblingly they heard, that they might now fly eastward to seek their own old home.

Lightly did they rise on outstretched wings, and swiftly did they fly until they reached land. There they alighted and gazed each at the other, but too great for speech was their joy. Then again did they spread their wings and fly above the green grass on and on, until they reached the hills and trees that surrounded their old home. But, alas! only the ruins of Lir's dwelling were left. Around was a wilderness overgrown with rank grass, nettles, and weeds.

Too downhearted to stir, the swans slept that night within the ruined walls of their old home, but, when day broke, each could no longer bear the loneliness, and again they flew westward. And it was not until they came to Inis Glora that they alighted. On a small lake in the heart of the island they made their home, and, by their enchanting music, they drew to its shores all the birds of the west, until the lake came to be called "The Lake of the Bird-flocks."

Slowly passed the years, but a great longing filled the hearts of the children of Lir. When would the good saint come to Erin? When would the chime of the Christ-bell peal over land and sea?

One rosy dawn the swans awoke among the rushes of the Lake of the Bird-flocks, and strange and faint was the sound that floated to them from afar. Trembling, they nestled close the one to the other, until the brothers stretched their wings and fluttered hither and thither in great fear. Yet trembling they flew back to their sister, who had remained silent among the sedges. Crouching by her side they asked, "What, dear sister, can be the strange, faint sound that steals across our island?"

With quiet, deep joy Finola answered: "Dear brothers, it is the chime of the Christ-bell that ye hear, the Christ-bell of which we have dreamed through thrice three hundred years.

Soon the spell will be broken, soon our sufferings will end." Then did Finola glide from the shelter of the sedges across the rose-lit lake, and there by the shore of the Western Sea she chanted a song of hope.

Calm crept into the hearts of the brothers as Finola sang, and, as she ended, once more the chime stole across the isle. No longer did it strike terror into the hearts of the children of Lir, rather as a note of peace did it sink into their souls.

Then, when the last chime died, Finola said, "Let us sing to the great King of Heaven and Earth."

Far stole the sweet strains of the white swans, far across Inis Glora, until they reached the good Saint Kemoc, for whose early prayers the Christ-bell had chimed.

And he, filled with wonder at the surpassing sweetness of the music, stood mute, but when it was revealed unto him that the voices he heard were the voices of Finola and Aed and Fiacra and Conn, who thanked the High God for the chime of the Christ-bell, he knelt and also gave thanks, for it was to seek the children of Lir that the saint had come to Inis Glora.

In the glory of noon, Kemoc reached the shore of the little lake, and saw four white swans gliding on its waters. And no need had the saint to ask whether these indeed were the children of Lir. Rather did he give thanks to the High God who had brought him hither.

Then gravely the good Kemoc said to the swans: "Come ye now to land, and put your trust in me, for it is in this place that ye shall be freed from your enchantment."

These words the four white swans heard with great joy, and coming to the shore they placed themselves under the care of the saint. And he led them to his cell, and there they dwelt with him. And Kemoc sent to Erin for a skilful workman, and ordered that two slender chains of shining silver be made. Betwixt Finola and Aed did he clasp one silver chain, and with the other did he bind Fiacra and Conn.

Then did the children of Lir dwell with the holy Kemoc, and he taught them the wonderful story of Christ that he and Saint Patrick had brought to the Green Isle. And the story so gladdened their hearts that the misery of their past sufferings was well-nigh forgotten, and they lived in great happiness with the saint. Dear to him were they, dear as though they had been his own children.

Thrice three hundred years had gone since Eva had chanted the fate of the children of Lir. "Until Decca be the Queen of Largnen, until

the good saint come to Erin, and ye hear the chime of the Christ-bell, shall ye not be delivered from your doom."

The good saint had indeed come, and the sweet chimes of the Christ-bell had been heard, and the fair Decca was now the Queen of King Largnen.

Soon were tidings brought to Decca of the swan-maiden and her three swan-brothers. Strange tales did she hear of their haunting songs. It was told her, too, of their cruel miseries. Then begged she her husband, the King, that he would go to Kemoc and bring to her these human birds.

But Largnen did not wish to ask Kemoc to part with the swans, and therefore he did not go.

Then was Decca angry, and swore she would live no longer with Largnen, until he brought the singing swans to the palace. And that same night she set out for her father's kingdom in the south.

Nevertheless Largnen loved Decca, and great was his grief when he heard that she had fled. And he commanded messengers to go after her, saying he would send for the white swans if she would but come back. Therefore Decca returned to the palace, and Largnen sent to Kemoc to beg of him the four white swans. But the messenger returned without the birds.

Then was Largnen wroth, and set out himself for the cell of Kemoc. But he found the saint in the little church, and before the altar were the four white swans.

"Is it truly told me that you refused these birds to Queen Decca?" asked the King.

"It is truly told," replied Kemoc.

Then Largnen was more wroth than before, and seizing the silver chain of Finola and Aed in the one hand, and the chain of Fiacra and Conn in the other, he dragged the birds from the altar and down the aisle, and it seemed as though he would leave the church. And in great fear did the saint follow.

But lo! as they reached the door, the snow-

white feathers of the four swans fell to the ground, and the children of Lir were delivered from their doom. For was not Decca the bride of Largnen, and the good saint had he not come, and the chime of the Christ-bell was it not heard in the land?

But aged and feeble were the children of Lir. Wrinkled were their once fair faces, and bent their little white bodies.

At the sight Largnen, affrighted, fled from the church, and the good Kemoc cried aloud, "Woe to thee, O King!"

Then did the children of Lir turn toward the saint, and thus Finola spake: "Baptize us now, we pray thee, for death is nigh. Heavy with sorrow are our hearts that we must part from thee, thou holy one, and that in loneliness must thy days on earth be spent. But such is the will of the high God. Here let our graves be digged, and here bury our four bodies, Conn standing at my right side, Fiacra at my left, and Aed before my face, for thus did I shelter my dear brothers for thrice three hundred years 'neath wing and breast."

Then did the good Kemoc baptize the children of Lir, and thereafter the saint looked up, and lo! he saw a vision of four lovely children with silvery wings, and faces radiant as the sun; and as he gazed they floated ever upward, until they were lost in a mist of blue. Then was the good Kemoc glad, for he knew that they had gone to heaven.

But, when he looked downward, four worn bodies lay at the church door, and Kemoc wept sore.

And the saint ordered a wide grave to be digged close by the little church, and there were the children of Lir buried, Conn standing at Finola's right hand, and Fiacra at her left, and before her face her twin brother Aed.

And the grass grew green above them, and a white tombstone bore their names, and across the grave floated morning and evening the chime of the sweet Christ-bell.

THE MISHAPS OF HANDY ANDY

ANDY ROONEY was a fellow who had the most singularly ingenious knack of doing everything the wrong way. He grew up in his humble Irish home full of mischief to the eyes of every one save his admiring mother. But, to do him justice, he never meant harm in the course of his life, and he was most anxious to offer his ser-

vices on every occasion to all who would accept them. Here is the account of how Andy first went into service:

When Andy grew up to be what in country parlance is called "a brave lump of a boy," and his mother, thought he was old enough to do something for himself, she took him one day



CUCHULAIN IN BATTLE
From the painting by J. C. Leyendecker

along with her to the squire's, and waited outside the door, loitering up and down the yard behind the house, among a crowd of beggars and great lazy dogs that were thrusting their heads into every iron pot that stood outside the kitchen door, until chance might give her "a sight of the squire afore he wint out, or afore he wint in"; and, after spending her entire day in this idle way, at last the squire made his appearance, and Judy presented her son, who kept scraping his foot, and pulling his forelock, that stuck out like a piece of ragged thatch from his forehead, making his obeisance to the squire, while his mother was sounding his praises for being the "handiest craythur alive, and so willin'—nothin' comes wrong to him."

"I suppose the English of all this is, you want me to take him?" said the squire.

"Throth, an' your honor, that 's just it—if your honor would be plazed."

"What can he do?"

"Anything, your honor."

"That means *nothing*, I suppose," said the squire.

"Oh, no, sir! Everything, I mane, that you would desire him to do."

To every one of these assurances on his mother's part Andy made a bow and a scrape.

"Can he take care of horses?"

"The best of care, sir," said the mother.

"Let him come, then, and help in the stables, and we 'll see what we can do."

The next day found Andy duly installed in the office of stable-helper; and, as he was a good rider, he was soon made whipper-in to the hounds, and became a favorite with the squire, who was one of those rollicking "boys" of the old school, who let any one that chance threw in his way bring him his boots, or his hot water for shaving, or brush his coat, whenever it *was* brushed. The squire, you see, scorned the attentions of a regular valet. But Andy knew a great deal more about horses than about the duties of a valet. One morning he came to his master's room with hot water and tapped at the door.

"Who 's that?" said the squire, who had just risen.

"It 's me, sir."

"Oh, Andy! Come in."

"Here 's the hot water, sir," said Andy, bearing an enormous tin can.

"Why, what brings that enormous tin can here? You might as well bring the stable-bucket."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy, retreating. In two minutes more Andy came back,

and, tapping at the door, put in his head cautiously.

HOW ANDY BROUGHT HIS MASTER'S HOT WATER IN THE MORNING

"THE maids in the kitchen, your honor, say there 's not so much hot water ready."

"Did I not see it a moment since in your hand?"

"Yes, sir; but that 's not nigh the full o' the stable-bucket."

"Go along, you stupid thief, and get me some hot water directly."

"Will the can do, sir?"

"Ay, anything, so you make haste."

Off posted Andy, and back he came with the can.

"Where 'll I put it, sir?"

"Throw this out," said the squire, handing Andy a jug containing some cold water, meaning the jug to be replenished with the hot.

Andy took the jug, and the window of the room being open, he very deliberately threw the jug out. The squire stared with wonder, and at last said:

"What did you do that for?"

"Sure, you *towld* me to throw it out, sir."

"Go out of this, you thick-headed villain," said the squire, throwing his boots at Andy's head; whereupon Andy retreated, and, like all stupid people, thought himself a very ill-used person.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN ANDY OPENED A BOTTLE OF SODA AT THE DINNER

ANDY was soon the laughing-stock of the household. When, for example, he first saw silver forks he declared that "he had never seen a silver spoon split that way before." When told to "cut the cord" of a soda-water bottle on one occasion when the squire was entertaining a number of guests at dinner, he "did as he was desired."

He happened at that time to hold the bottle on the level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch, and the moment he made the incision, bang went the bottle of soda, knocking out two of the lights with the projected cork, which struck the squire himself in the eye at the foot of the table; while the hostess, at the head, had a cold bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length, at every fizz it made, exclaiming: "Ow! Ow! Ow!" and at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out: "Oh, oh, it 's all gone!"

Great was the commotion. Few could resist laughter, except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water. The extinguished candles were relighted, the squire got his eyes open again, and the next time he perceived the butler sufficiently near to speak to him, he said, in a low and hurried tone of deep anger, while he knit his brow:

"Send that fellow out of the room." Suspended from indoor service, Andy was not long before he distinguished himself out of doors in such a way as to involve his master in a coil of trouble, and, incidentally, to retard the good fortune that came to himself in the end.

THE SQUIRE SENDS ANDY TO THE POST-OFFICE FOR A LETTER

The squire said to him one day:

"Ride into the town and see if there 's a letter for me."

"Yes, sir," said Andy.

"Do you know where to go?" inquired his master.

"To the town, sir," was the reply.

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"

"Sure, I 'd find out, sir."

"Did n't I often tell you to ask what you 're to do when you don't know?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire, though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance. "Well, go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?" continued his master in sarcastic tones.

"Yes, sir; where they sell gunpowder."

"You 're right for once," said the squire—for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go, then, to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember, not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office.

On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broadcloth, and linen-drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter, and said:

"I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life. So Andy, in his ignorance and pride, thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying

impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

ANDY HAS A VERY FOOLISH QUARREL WITH THE POSTMASTER

"I WANT a letter, sir, if you please."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What 's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letter here—that 's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The master."

"And who 's your master?"

"What consarn is that of yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal, if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you 're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I 'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence!" said Andy. "Is it Squire Egan you dare to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan 's your master, then?"

"Yes. Have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, you 'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire unless I know you 're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy. "It 's not every one is as ignorant as you."

WHY ANDY WOULD NOT PAY ELEVEN PENCE FOR A LETTER

JUST at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one. "Fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage (the story, it must be remembered, belongs to the earlier half of the last century, before the days of the penny post), and left the shop with his letter.

"Here 's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster. "You 've to pay me elevenpence postage."

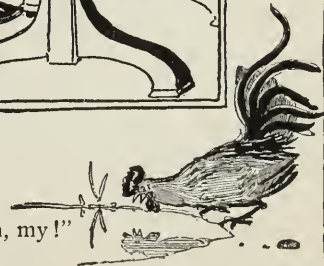
"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

THE BEAU.



THERE was a man in Dedham town
Who put on a wig and a dressing-gown,
Flowered slippers and a flowing tie;
Then he looked in the mirror and said, "Oh, my!"



"Get out wid you! Did n't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letther for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this? And now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing? Do you think I 'm a fool?"

"No; but I 'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you 're welkum, to be sure; but don't be delayin' me now. Here 's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" (the word "thief" was often used in Ireland in the humorous way we sometimes use the word "rascal") said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

WHY ANDY WENT BACK TO THE SQUIRE WITHOUT HIS LETTER

WHILE this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers and saying:

"Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence. The squire, in the meantime, was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I have n't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He would n't give it to me, sir."

"Who would n't give it to you?"

ANDY IS SENT BACK TO THE POST-OFFICE BY HIS ANGRY MASTER

"THAT owld chate beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it 's a double letter. Why did n't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It 's not a double letther at all; not above half the size o' one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You 'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel, or I 'll horsewhip you; and if you 're longer than an hour, I 'll have you ducked in the horsepond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter. At the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I 've come for that letther," said Andy.

"I 'll attend to you by and by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry 's over."

"He 'll murther me if I 'm not back soon."

"I 'm glad to hear it."

CALLED A "THIEF" IN JEST, ANDY DOES A LITTLE THIEVING IN EARNEST

WHILE the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter. So, while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough until it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket, and, holding three letters over his head while he said: "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying:

"Well, if he did make me pay elevenpence, I brought your honor the worth o' your money, anyhow."

Now, the letter addressed to the squire was from his law-agent, and concerned an approaching election in the county. His old friend, Mr. Gustavus O'Grady, the master of Neck-or-Nothing Hall, was, it appeared, working in the interest of the honorable Sackville Scatterbrain, and against Squire Egan.

THE TROUBLE THAT CAME OF ANDY'S FAMOUS VISITS TO THE POST-OFFICE

THIS unexpected information threw him into a great rage, in the midst of which his eye caught sight of one of the letters Andy had taken from the post-office. This was addressed to Mr. O'Grady, and as it bore the Dublin postmark,

Mr. Egan yielded to the temptation of making the letter gape at its extremities—this was before the days of the envelope—and so read its contents, which were highly uncomplimentary to the reader. As Mr. O'Grady was much in debt financially to Mr. Egan, the latter decided to put all the pressure of the law upon his one-time friend, and, to save trouble with the authorities, destroyed both of the stolen letters and pledged Andy to secrecy.

Neck-or-Nothing Hall was carefully guarded from intruders, and Mr. Egan's agent, Mr. Murphy, greatly doubted if it would be possible to serve its master with a writ. Our friend Andy, however, unconsciously solved the difficulty.

Being sent over to the law-agent's for the writ, and at the same time bidden to call at the apothecary's for a prescription, he managed to mix up the two documents, leaving the writ, without its accompanying letter, at the apothecary's, whence it was duly forwarded to Neck-or-Nothing Hall with certain medicines for Mr. O'Grady, who was then lying ill in bed. The law-agent's letter, in its turn, was brought to Squire Egan by Andy, together with a blister which was meant for Mr. O'Grady. Imagine the recipient's anger when he read the following missive and, on opening the package it was with, found a real and not a figurative blister:

"MY DEAR SQUIRE: I send you the blister for O'Grady as you insist on it; but I think you won't find it easy to serve him with it.

"Your obedient and obliged,

"MURTOUGH MURPHY."

The result in his case was a hurried ride to the law-agent's and the administration to that devoted personage of a severe hiding. This was followed by a duel, in which, happily, neither combatant was hurt. Then, after the firing, satisfactory explanations were made. On Mr. O'Grady's part, there was an almost simultaneous descent upon the unsuspecting apothecary, and the administration to the man of drugs and blisters of a terrible drubbing. Next a duel was arranged between the two old friends. Andy again distinguished himself.

HOW ANDY WAS FINALLY DISCHARGED FROM THE SERVICE OF SQUIRE EGAN

WHEN his employer's second was not looking, Andy thought he would do Squire Egan a good turn by inserting bullets in his pistols before they were loaded. The intention of Andy was to give Mr. Egan the advantage of double bullets, but the result was that, when the weapons were loaded, Andy's bullets lay between the powder

and the touch-hole. Mr. O'Grady missed his aim twice, and Mr. Egan missed his fire. The cause being discovered, Andy was unmercifully chased and punished by the second, and ignominiously dismissed from Mr. Egan's service.

By an accident, Andy shortly afterward was the means of driving a Mr. Furlong to Squire Egan's place instead of to Squire O'Grady's. Mr. Furlong was an agent from Dublin Castle, whose commission it was to aid the cause of the Honorable Mr. Scatterbrain. Of course, Andy, when he was told, on taking the place of the driver of the vehicle in which Mr. Furlong was traveling, to drive this important personage to "the squire's," at once jumped to the conclusion that by "the squire's" was meant Mr. Egan's. Here, before the mistake was found out by the victim, Mr. Furlong was unburdened of much important information. While this process was going on at Mr. Egan's, a hue and cry was on foot at Mr. O'Grady's, for the lost Mr. Furlong, and poor, blundering Andy was arrested and charged with murdering him.

ANOTHER OF ANDY'S BLUNDERS HAS A HAPPY RESULT FOR HIS OLD MASTER

HE was soon set free and taken into Mr. O'Grady's service when Mr. Furlong had made his appearance before the owner of Neck-or-Nothing Hall. But a clever rascal named Larry Hogan divined by accident and the help of his native wit the secret of the stolen letters, and Andy was forced by terror to flee from Neck-or-Nothing Hall.

His subsequent adventures took him through the heat of the election, at which his ingenuity was displayed in unwittingly stopping up the mouth of the trumpet on which the Honorable Mr. Scatterbrain's supporters relied to drown Mr. Egan's speeches and those of his men. He thus did a good turn to his old master without knowing it, having merely imitated the action of the trumpeter, who had pretended to cork up the instrument before momentarily laying it aside.

When his fortunes seemed to be at their lowest ebb, Andy was discovered to be the rightful heir to the Scatterbrain title and estates, his claims to which were set forth in the second of the two letters stolen from the post-office, which had been destroyed by the squire without his reading it.

ANDY TURNS OUT TO BE OF GENTLE BIRTH AND COMES INTO HIS OWN

Soon afterward, through his old master's influence, Andy was taken to London, and by dint of

much effort remedied many of the defects of his early education. Then, marrying his cousin, Onoah, who had shared his mother's cabin in the old days, and to save whom from a desperado

Andy had, this time knowingly, braved great personal danger, our hero settled down to the enjoyment of a life such as he had never dreamed of in his humble days.

THE GREEDY SHEPHERD

ONCE upon a time there lived in the South Country two brothers, whose business it was to keep sheep. No one lived on that plain but shepherds, who watched their sheep so carefully that no lamb was ever lost.

There was none among them more careful than these two brothers, one of whom was called Clutch, and the other Kind. Though brothers, no two men could be more unlike in disposition. Clutch thought of nothing but how to make some profit for himself, while Kind would have shared his last morsel with a hungry dog. This covetous mind made Clutch keep all his father's sheep when the old man was dead, because he was the eldest brother, allowing Kind nothing but the place of a servant to help him in looking after them.

For some time the brothers lived peaceably in their father's cottage, and kept their flock on the grassy plain, till new troubles arose through Clutch's covetousness.

One midsummer it so happened that the traders praised the wool of Clutch's flock more than all they found on the plain, and gave him the highest price for it. That was an unlucky thing for the sheep, for after that Clutch thought he could never get enough wool off them. At shearing time nobody clipped so close as Clutch, and, in spite of all Kind could do or say, he left the poor sheep as bare as if they had been shaven. Kind did n't like these doings, but Clutch always tried to persuade him that close clipping was good for the sheep, and Kind always tried to make him think he had got all the wool. Still Clutch sold the wool, and stored up his profits, and one midsummer after another passed. The shepherds began to think him a rich man, and close clipping might have become the fashion but for a strange thing which happened to his flock.

The wool had grown well that summer. He had taken two crops off the sheep, and was thinking of a third, when first the lambs, and then the ewes, began to stray away; and, search as the brothers would, none of them was ever found again. The flocks grew smaller every day, and all the brothers could find out was that the closest clipped were the first to go.

Kind grew tired of watching, and Clutch lost

his sleep with vexation. The other shepherds, to whom he had boasted of his wool and his profits, were not sorry to see pride having a fall. Still the flock melted away as the months wore on, and when the spring came back nothing remained with Clutch and Kind but three old ewes. The two brothers were watching these ewes one evening when Clutch said:

"Brother, there is wool to be had on their backs."

"It is too little to keep them warm," said Kind. "The east wind still blows sometimes." But Clutch was off to the cottage for the bag and shears.

Kind was grieved to see his brother so covetous, and to divert his mind he looked up at the great hills. As he looked, three creatures like sheeps scoured up a cleft in one of the hills, as fleet as any deer; and when Kind turned he saw his brother coming with the bag and shears, but not a single ewe was to be seen. Clutch's first question was, what had become of them; and when Kind told him what he saw, the eldest brother scolded him for not watching better.

"Now we have not a single sheep," said he, "and the other shepherds will hardly give us room among them at shearing time or harvest. If you like to come with me, we shall get service somewhere. I have heard my father say that there were great shepherds living in old times beyond the hills; let us go and see if they will take us for sheep-boys."

Accordingly, next morning Clutch took his bag and shears, Kind took his crook and pipe, and away they went over the plain and up the hills. All who saw them thought that they had lost their senses, for no shepherd had gone there for a hundred years, and nothing was to be seen but wide moorlands, full of rugged rocks, and sloping up, it seemed, to the very sky.

By noon they came to the stony cleft up which the three old ewes had scoured like deer; but both were tired, and sat down to rest. As they sat there, there came a sound of music down the hills as if a thousand shepherds had been playing on their pipes. Clutch and Kind had never heard such music before, and, getting up, they followed the sound up the cleft, and over a wide

heath, till at sunset they came to the hill-top, where they saw a flock of thousands of snow-white sheep feeding, while an old man sat in the midst of them playing merrily on his pipe.

"Good father," said Kind, for his eldest brother hung back and was afraid, "tell us what land is this, and where we can find service; for my brother and I are shepherds, and can keep flocks from straying, though we have lost our own."

"These are the hill pastures," said the old man, "and I am the ancient shepherd. My flocks never stray, but I have employment for you. Which of you can shear best?"

"Good father," said Clutch, taking courage, "I am the closest shearer in all the plain country; you would not find enough wool to make a thread on a sheep when I have done with it."

"You are the man for my business," said the old shepherd. "When the moon rises, I will call the flock you have to shear."

The sun went down and the moon rose, and all the snow-white sheep laid themselves down behind him. Then up the hills came a troop of shaggy wolves, with hair so long that their eyes could scarcely be seen. Clutch would have fled for fear, but the wolves stopped, and the old man said:

"Rise and shear—this flock of mine have too much wool on them."

Clutch had never shorn wolves before, yet he

went forward bravely; but the first of the wolves showed its teeth, and all the rest raised such a howl that Clutch was glad to throw down his shears and run behind the old man for safety.

"Good father," cried he, "I will shear sheep, but not wolves!"

"They must be shorn," said the old man, "or you go back to the plains, and them after you; but whichever of you can shear them will get the whole flock."

On hearing this, Kind caught up the shears Clutch had thrown away in his fright, and went boldly up to the nearest wolf. To his great surprise, the wild creature seemed to know him, and stood quietly to be shorn. Kind clipped neatly, but not too closely, and when he had done with one, another came forward, till the whole flock were shorn. Then the man said:

"You have done well; take the wool and the flock for your wages, return with them to the plain, and take this brother of yours for a boy to keep them."

Kind did not much like keeping wolves, but before he could answer they had all changed into the very sheep which had strayed away, and the hair he had cut off was now a heap of fine and soft wool.

Clutch gathered it up in his bag, and went back to the plain with his brother. They keep the sheep together till this day, but Clutch has grown less greedy, and Kind alone uses the shears.

THE COBBLERS AND THE CUCKOO

ONCE upon a time there stood in the midst of a bleak moor, in the North Country, a certain village; all its inhabitants were poor, for their fields were barren, and they had little trade. But the poorest of them all were two brothers called Scrub and Spare, who followed the cobbler's craft, and had but one stall between them. It was a hut built of clay and wattles. There they worked in most brotherly friendship, though with little encouragement.

The people of that village were not extravagant in shoes, and better cobblers than Scrub and Spare might be found. Nevertheless, Scrub and Spare managed to live between their own trade, a small barley-field, and a cottage-garden, till one unlucky day when a new cobbler arrived in the village. He had lived in the capital city of the kingdom, and, by his own account, cobbled for the queen and the princesses. His awls were sharp, his lasts were new; he set up his stall in a neat cottage with two windows.

The villagers soon found out that one patch of his would outwear two of the brothers'. In short, all the mending left Scrub and Spare, and went to the new cobbler. So the brothers were poor that winter, and when Christmas came they had nothing to feast on but a barley loaf, a piece of musty bacon, and some small beer of their own brewing. But they made a great fire of logs, which crackled and blazed with red embers, and in high glee the cobblers sat down to their beer and bacon. The door was shut, for there was nothing but cold moonlight and snow outside; but the hut, strewn with fir boughs, and ornamented with holly, looked cheerful as the ruddy blaze flared up and rejoiced their hearts.

"Long life and good fortune to ourselves, brother!" said Spare. "I hope you will drink that toast, and may we never have a worse fire on Christmas—but what is that?"

Spare set down the drinking-horn, and the brothers listened astonished, for out of the blaz-

ing root they heard "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" as plain as ever the spring bird's voice came over the moor on a May morning.

"It is something bad," said Scrub, terribly frightened.

"May be not," said Spare.

And out of the deep hole at the side which the fire had not reached flew a large gray cuckoo, and lit on the table before them. Much as the cobblers had been surprised, they were still more so when the bird began to speak.

"Good gentlemen," it said slowly, "can you tell me what season this is?"

"It 's Christmas," answered Spare.

"Then a merry Christmas to you!" said the cuckoo. "I went to sleep in the hollow of that old root one evening last summer, and never woke till the heat of your fire made me think it was summer again; but now, since you have burned my lodging, let me stay in your hut till the spring comes round—I only want a hole to sleep in—and when I go on my travels next summer be assured that I will bring you some present for your trouble."

"Stay, and welcome," said Spare.

"I 'll make you a good warm hole in the thatch. But you must be hungry after that long sleep. Here is a slice of barley bread. Come, help us to keep Christmas!"

The cuckoo ate up the slice, drank water from the brown jug—for he would take no beer—and flew into a snug hole which Spare scooped for him in the thatch of the hut. So the snow melted, the heavy rains came, the cold grew less, the days lengthened, and one sunny morning the brothers were awakened by the cuckoo shouting its own cry to let them know that at last the spring had come.

"Now," said the bird, "I am going on my travels over the world to tell men of the spring. There is no country where trees bud or flowers bloom that I will not cry in before the year goes round. Give me another slice of barley bread to keep me on my journey, and tell me what present I shall bring you at the end of the twelve months."

"Good Master Cuckoo," said Scrub, "a diamond or pearl would help such poor men as my brother and I to provide something better than barley bread for your next entertainment."

"I know nothing of diamonds or pearls," said the cuckoo; "they are in the hearts of rocks and the sands of rivers. My knowledge is only of that which grows on the earth. But there are two trees hard by the well that lies at the world's end. One of them is called the golden tree, for its leaves are all of beaten gold. As for the

other, it is always green, like a laurel. Some call it the wise, and some the merry tree. Its leaves never fall, but they that get one of them keep a blithe heart in spite of all misfortunes, and can make themselves as merry in a poor hut as in a handsome palace."

"Good Master Cuckoo, bring me a leaf off that tree!" cried Spare.

"Now, brother, don't be foolish!" said Scrub. "Think of the leaves of beaten gold! Dear Master Cuckoo, bring me one of them."

Before another word could be spoken, the cuckoo had flown.

The brothers were poorer than ever that year; nobody would send them a single shoe to mend. The new cobbler said, in scorn, they should come to be his apprentices; and Scrub and Spare would have left the village but for their barley field, their cabbage garden, and a maid called Fairfeather, whom both the cobblers had courted for more than seven years.

At the end of the winter Scrub and Spare had grown so poor and ragged that Fairfeather thought them beneath her notice. Old neighbors forgot to invite them to wedding feasts or merry-makings; and they thought the cuckoo had forgotten them, too, when at daybreak, on the first of April, they heard a hard beak knocking at their door, and a voice crying:

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! Let me in."

Spare ran to open the door, and in came the cuckoo, carrying on one side of his bill a golden leaf, larger than that of any tree in the North Country; and in the other, one like that of the common laurel, only it had a fresher green.

"Here!" it said, giving the gold to Scrub and the green to Spare.

So much gold had never been in the cobbler's hands before, and he could not help exulting over his brother.

"See the wisdom of my choice," he said, holding up the large leaf of gold. "As for yours, as good might be plucked from any hedge. I wonder a sensible bird should carry the like so far."

"Good Master Cobbler," cried the cuckoo, finishing the slice, "your conclusions are more hasty than courteous. If your brother be disappointed this time, I go on the same journey every year, and, for your hospitable entertainment, will think it no trouble to bring each of you whichever leaf you desire."

"Darling cuckoo," cried Scrub, "bring me a golden one."

And Spare, looking up from the green leaf on which he gazed, said:

"Be sure to bring me one from the merry tree."

And away flew the cuckoo once again.

Scrub vowed that his brother was not fit to live with a respectable man; and taking his lasts, his awls, and his golden leaf, he left the wattle hut, and went to tell the villagers.

They were astonished at the folly of Spare, and charmed with Scrub's good sense, particularly when he showed them the golden leaf, and told them that the cuckoo would bring him one every spring. The new cobbler immediately took him into partnership; the greatest people sent him their shoes to mend; Fairfeather smiled graciously upon him, and in the course of that summer they were married, with a grand wedding feast, at which the whole village danced, except Spare, who was not invited.

As for Scrub, he established himself with Fairfeather in a cottage close by that of the new cobbler, and quite as fine. There he mended shoes to everybody's satisfaction, had a scarlet coat for holidays, and a fat goose for dinner every wedding-day anniversary. Spare lived on in the old hut and worked in the cabbage garden. Every day his coat grew more ragged, and the hut more weather-beaten; but people remarked that he never looked sad or sour; and the wonder was that, from the time they began to keep his company the tinker grew kinder to the poor ass with which he traveled the country, the beggar-boy kept out of mischief, and the old woman was never cross to her cat or angry with the children.

I know not how many years passed in this manner, when a certain great lord, who owned that village, came to the neighborhood. His castle was ancient and strong, with high towers and a deep moat. All the country, as far as one could see from the highest turret, belonged to this lord; but he had not been there for twenty years, and would not have come then, only he was melancholy.

The cause of his grief and sorrow was that he had been prime minister at court, and in high favor, till somebody told the Crown Prince that he had spoken disrespectfully concerning the turning out of his Royal Highness's toes, whereon the North Country lord was turned out of office, and banished to his own estate. There he lived for some weeks in very bad temper; but one day in the harvest time his lordship chanced to meet Spare gathering watercresses at a meadow stream, and fell into talk.

How it was nobody could tell, but from the hour of that discourse the great lord cast away his melancholy, and went about with a noble train, making merry in his hall, where all travelers were entertained and all the poor were welcome.

This strange story soon spread through the North Country, and a great company came to the cobbler's hut—rich men who had lost their money, poor men who had lost their friends, beauties who had grown old, wits who had gone out of fashion—all came to talk with Spare, and, whatever their troubles, all went home merry. The rich gave him presents, the poor gave him thanks.

By this time his fame had reached the court. There were a great many discontented people there besides the King, who had lately fallen into ill humor because a neighboring princess, with seven islands for her dowry, would not marry his eldest son. So a royal messenger was sent to Spare, with a command that he should go to court.

"To-morrow is the first of April," said Spare, "and I will go with you two hours after sunrise."

The messenger lodged all night at the castle, and the cuckoo came at sunrise with the merry leaf.

"Court is a fine place," he said, when the cobbler told him he was going; "but I cannot go there—they would lay snares and catch me. So be careful of the leaves I have brought you, and give me a farewell slice of barley bread."

Spare was sorry to part with the cuckoo, but he gave him a thick slice, and, having sewed up the leaves in the lining of his leather doublet, he set out with the messenger on his way to the royal court.

His coming caused great surprise; but scarce had his Majesty conversed with him half an hour when the princess and her seven islands were forgotten, and orders given that a feast for all comers should be spread in the banquet-hall. The princes of the blood, the great lords and ladies, ministers of state, and judges of the land, after that discoursed with Spare, and the more they talked the lighter grew their hearts, so that such changes had never been seen.

As for Spare, he had a chamber assigned him in the palace, and a seat at the King's table; one sent him rich robes and another costly jewels; but in the midst of all his grandeur he still wore the leathern doublet, which the palace servants thought remarkably mean. One day the King's attention being drawn to it by the chief page, his Majesty inquired why Spare did n't give it to a beggar. But the cobbler said:

"High and mighty monarch, this doublet was with me before silk and velvet came—I find it easier to wear than the court cut; moreover, it serves to keep me humble, by recalling the days when it was my holiday garment."

The King thought this a wise speech, and com-

manded that no one should find fault with the leathern doublet. So things went, and Spare

prospered at court until the day when he lost his doublet, of which we read in the next story.

THE MERRY COBBLER AND HIS COAT

SPARE, the merry cobbler, of whom we read in the last story, was treated like a prince at the King's court; and the news of his good fortune reached his brother Scrub in the moorland cottage one first of April, when the cuckoo came again with two golden leaves.

"Think of that!" said Fairfeather. "Here we are spending our lives in this humdrum place, and Spare making his fortune at court with two or three paltry green leaves! What would they say to our golden ones? Let us make our way to the King's palace."

Scrub thought this excellent reasoning. So, putting on their holiday clothes, Fairfeather took her looking-glass and Scrub his drinking-horn, which happened to have a very thin rim of silver, and, each carrying a golden leaf carefully wrapped up that none might see it till they reached the palace, the pair set out in great expectation.

"How far Scrub and Fairfeather journeyed we cannot say, but when the sun was high and warm at noon they came into a wood feeling both tired and hungry.

"Let us rest ourselves under this tree," said Fairfeather, "and look at our golden leaves to see if they are quite safe."

In looking at the leaves, and talking of their fine prospects, Scrub and Fairfeather did not perceive that a very thin old woman had slipped from behind the tree, with a long staff in her hand and a great wallet by her side.

"Noble lord and lady," she said, "will ye condescend to tell me where I may find some water to mix a bottle of mead which I carry in my wallet, because it is too strong for me?"

As the old woman spoke, she pulled out a large wooden bottle such as shepherds used in the ancient times, corked with leaves rolled together, and having a small wooden cup hanging from its handle.

"Perhaps ye will do me the favor to taste," she said. "It is only made of the best honey. I have also cream cheese and a wheaten loaf here, if such honorable persons as you would not think it beneath you to eat the like."

Scrub and Fairfeather became very condescending after this speech. They were now sure that there must be some appearance of nobility about them; besides, they were very hungry, and, hav-

ing hastily wrapped up the golden leaves, they assured the old woman they were not at all proud, notwithstanding the lands and castles they had left behind them in the North Country, and would willingly help to lighten the wallet.

The old woman was a wood-witch; her name was Buttertongue; and all her time was spent in making mead, which, being boiled with curious herbs and spells, had the power of making all who drank it fall asleep and dream with their eyes open. She had two dwarfs of sons; one was named Spy, and the other Pounce. Wherever their mother went, they were not far behind; and whoever tasted her mead was sure to be robbed by the dwarfs.

Scrub and Fairfeather sat leaning against the old tree. The cobbler had a lump of cheese in his hand; his wife held fast a hunch of bread. Their eyes and mouths were both open, but they were dreaming of great grandeur at court, when the old woman raised her shrill voice:

"What ho, my sons! Come here, and carry home the harvest!"

No sooner had she spoken than the two little dwarfs darted out of the neighboring thicket.

"Idle boys!" cried the mother. "What have ye done to-day to help our living?"

"I have been to the city," said Spy, "and could see nothing. These are hard times for us—everybody minds his business so contentedly since that cobbler came. But here is a leathern doublet which his page threw out of the window; it's of no use, but I brought it to let you see I was not idle." And he tossed down Spare's doublet, with the merry leaves in it, which he had been carrying like a bundle on his little back.

To explain how Spy came by it, it must be said that the forest was not far from the great city where Spare lived in such high esteem. All things had gone well with the cobbler till the King thought that it was quite unbecoming to see such a worthy man without a servant. His Majesty therefore appointed one of his own pages to wait upon him. The name of this youth was Tinseltoes, and nobody in all the court had grander notions. Nothing could please him that had not gold or silver about it, and his grandmother feared he would hang himself for being appointed page to a cobbler. As for Spare, the honest man had been so used to serve himself

that the page was always in the way, but his merry leaves came to his assistance.

Tinseltoes took wonderfully to the new service. Some said it was because Spare gave him nothing to do but play at bowls all day on the palace green. Yet one thing grieved the heart of Tinseltoes, and that was his master's leathern doublet, and at last, finding nothing better would do, the page got up one fine morning earlier than his master, and tossed the leathern doublet out of the window into a lane, where Spy found it.

"That nasty thing!" said the old woman. "Where is the good in it?"

By this time Pounce had taken everything of value from Scrub and Fairfeather—the looking-glass, the silver-rimmed horn, the husband's scarlet coat, the wife's gay mantle, and, above all, the golden leaves, which so rejoiced old Buttertongue and her sons that they threw the leathern doublet over the sleeping cobbler for a jest, and went off to their hut in the heart of the forest.

The sun was going down when Scrub and Fairfeather awoke from dreaming that they had been made a lord and a lady, and sat clothed in silk and velvet, feasting with the King in his palace hall. It was a great disappointment to find their golden leaves and all their best things gone. Scrub tore his hair, and vowed to take the old woman's life; while Fairfeather lamented sore. But Scrub, feeling cold for want of his coat, put on the leathern doublet without asking whence it came.

Scarcely was it buttoned on when a change came over him. He addressed such merry discourse to Fairfeather that, instead of lamentations, she made the wood ring with laughter. Both busied themselves in setting up a hut of boughs, in which Scrub kindled a fire with a flint of steel, which, together with his pipe, he had brought unknown to Fairfeather, who had told him the like was never heard of at court. Then they found a pheasant's nest at the root of an old oak, made a meal of roasted eggs, and went to sleep on a heap of long green grass which they had gathered, with nightingales singing all night long in the old trees about them.

In the meantime Spare had got up and missed his doublet. Tinseltoes, of course, said he knew nothing about it. The whole palace was searched, and every servant questioned, till all the court wondered why such a fuss was made about an old leathern doublet. That very day things came back to their old fashion. Quarrels began among the lords, and jealousies among the ladies. The King said his subjects did not pay him half enough taxes, the Queen wanted more

jewels, the servants took to their old bickerings and got up some new ones. Spare found himself getting wonderfully dull, and very much out of place, and nobles began to ask what business a cobbler had at the King's table; till at last his Majesty issued a decree banishing the cobbler forever from court, and confiscating all his goods in favor of Tinseltoes.

That royal edict was scarcely published before the page was in full possession of his rich chamber, his costly garments, and all the presents the courtiers had given him; while Spare was glad to make his escape out of the back window, for fear of the angry people.

The window from which Spare let himself down with a strong rope was that from which Tinseltoes had tossed the doublet, and as the cobbler came down late in the twilight, a poor woodman, with a heavy load of fagots, stopped and stared in astonishment.

"What's the matter, friend?" said Spare. "Did you never see a man coming down from a back window before?"

"Why," said the woodman, "the last morning I passed here a leathern doublet came out of that window, and I 'll be bound you are the owner of it."

"That I am, friend," said the cobbler with great eagerness. "Can you tell me which way that doublet went?"

"As I walked on," the woodman said, "a dwarf called Spy, bundled it up and ran off into the forest."

Determined to find his doublet, Spare went on his way, and was soon among the tall trees; but neither hut nor dwarf could he see. At last the red light of a fire, gleaming through a thicket, led him to the door of a low hut. It stood half open, as if there was nothing to fear, and within he saw his brother Scrub snoring loudly on a bed of grass, at the foot of which lay his own leathern doublet; while Fairfeather, in a kirtle made of plaited rushes, sat roasting pheasants' eggs by the fire.

"Good evening, mistress!" said Spare.

The blaze shone on him, but so changed was her brother-in-law with his court life that Fairfeather did not know him, and she answered far more courteously than was her wont.

"Good evening, master! Whence come ye so late? But speak low, for my good man has sorely tired himself cleaving wood, and is taking a sleep, as you see, before supper."

"A good rest to him," said Spare, perceiving he was not known. "I come from the court for a day's hunting, and have lost my way in the forest."

"Sit down and have a share of our supper," said Fairfeather; "I will put some more eggs in the ashes; and tell me the news of court."

"Did you never go there?" said the cobbler. "So fair a dame as you would make the ladies marvel."

"You are pleased to flatter," said Fairfeather; "but my husband has a brother there, and we left our moorland village to try our fortune also. An old woman enticed us with fair words and strong drink at the entrance of this forest, where we fell asleep and dreamt of great things; but when we woke everything had been robbed from us, and, in place of all, the robbers left him that old leathern doublet, which he has worn ever since, and never was so merry in all his life, though we live in this poor hut."

"It is a shabby doublet, that," said Spare, taking up the garment, and seeing that it was his own, for the merry leaves were still sewed in its lining. "It would be good for hunting in, however. Your husband would be glad to part with it, I dare say, in exchange for this handsome cloak." And he pulled off the green mantle and buttoned on the doublet, much to Fairfeather's delight, for she shook Scrub, crying:

"Husband, husband, rise and see what a good bargain I have made!"

Scrub rubbed his eyes, gazed up at his brother, and said:

"Spare, is that really you? How did you like the court, and have you made your fortune?"

"That I have, brother," said Spare, "in getting back my own good leathern doublet. Come, let us

eat eggs, and rest ourselves here this night. In the morning we will return to our own old hut, at the end of the moorland village, where the Christmas cuckoo will come and bring us leaves."

Scrub and Fairfeather agreed. So in the morning they all returned, and found the old hut little the worse for wear and weather. The neighbors came about them to ask the news of court, and see if they had made their fortune. Everybody was astonished to find the three poorer than ever, but somehow they liked to be back to the hut. Spare brought out the lasts and awls he had hidden in a corner; Scrub and he began their old trade, and the whole North Country found out that there never were such cobblers. Everybody wondered why the brothers had not been more appreciated before they went away to the court of the King, but, from the highest to the lowest, all were glad to have Spare and Scrub back again.

They mended the shoes of lords and ladies as well as the common people; everybody was satisfied. Their custom increased from day to day, and all that were disappointed, discontented, or unlucky, came to the hut as in old times, before Spare went to court.

The hut itself changed, no one knew how. Flowering honeysuckle grew over its roof; red and white roses grew thick about its door. Moreover, the Christmas cuckoo always came on the first of April, bringing three leaves of the merry tree—for Scrub and Fairfeather would have no more golden ones. So it was with them when the last news came from the North Country.





QUEEN MEAVE
From the painting by J. C. Leyendecker



MODERN SHORT STORIES

WHAT DIFFIDENCE DID

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

THERE never was such a wonderful locket, Diffidence Wyatt was certain of that. And that it should be hers—her very own—was even yet more wonderful. She would frequently hold the treasure in her hands, feel its pearl-incrusted surface, and then pinch herself to make sure she was not asleep and dreaming, so unbelievable did it all seem. But first you must know how Diffidence Wyatt came by the beautiful seed-pearl locket. Let us begin at the beginning!

The tiny, drowsy village of Lebanon, Connecticut, awoke in the year 1776 to find itself the center of startling activities. It was here that Governor Trumbull kept his supply station for the American army, in his rambling, one-story, hip-roofed store. Soldiers were constantly coming and going, and nearly every prominent officer of the Revolution found himself in busy little Lebanon at some period of the war.

But by far the strangest, gayest year was in 1780, when the French Duke de Lauzun, one of Lafayette's commanders, brought his troops to the old town to go into winter quarters. All over the village green they erected their barracks, and their bugle-calls echoed morning and night on the keen, frosty air. The Duke and his officers found lodgment in the homes of the village people.

Those were strange, exciting days! Diffidence Wyatt felt her heart bound and her cheeks tingle at every roll of the drums, and she was never weary of watching these Frenchmen drilling on the green, directed by their handsome young commander. Late one afternoon she was returning from a long ramble across the hills, skipping

and sliding over the frozen snow, her cheeks pink with the exercise and the bounding health of her thirteen years. Her way lay through a narrow lane, a short cut between two highroads.

Suddenly rounding a turn, she came with a start of surprise upon a beautiful horse fallen on its side, one leg hanging useless and broken. Pinned under the animal's side lay a man whom Diffidence instantly recognized as the Duke de Lauzun. His head was stained with blood, and his leg was caught under the horse's heavy body. She took in the situation at a glance. The man had evidently been taking this cross-cut to the main road, his horse had slipped, fallen, and pinned him inextricably under its side. At the same time the fall had caused him a severe wound on the head. He was half-unconscious, and no one had passed that way since the accident.

Diffidence whipped off her little blue camlet cloak, rolled it up, and placed it gently under the Duke's head. Then she ran as swiftly as her young feet would carry her, to her own home, which happened to be the nearest, to obtain further assistance. In less than an hour the Duke lay in good Mistress Wyatt's best spare bedroom, his head swathed to the eyes in bandages, sleeping the sleep of sheer exhaustion. His ankle had not been broken, as was at first thought, but merely strained, and his head had received only a scalp wound.

For three days he remained under the careful nursing of Mistress Wyatt; and Diffidence, assisting her mother, tended him prettily. During that time a firm friendship was established be-

tween the bright French nobleman and the little Puritan girl, and all regretted when the time came for him to take his leave, on the fourth day. He left the house limping slightly, and Diffidence waved him a gay farewell from the porch. But next evening he returned to call on his new friends, bringing with him a faded velvet case.

"I wish, with your permission, to present this to Mademoiselle Diffidence," he explained to Mistress Wyatt, "as a slight token of my thankfulness to her." Opening the case, he displayed to their wondering eyes a magnificent golden locket, completely incrustated both back and front by perfect seed-pearls. On the front was the initial "D," in little, finely cut diamonds. It was hung on a slender golden chain that fastened with a small, pearl-incrusted clasp.

"It belonged to an aunt of mine," he went on to tell them. "She wore it many a time at the court of Louis XV, and gave it to me, among some other trinkets, when she died. The initial was for her own name, Denise, but it shall now stand for that of our little mademoiselle."

"Ah, but I cannot allow my daughter to accept such a sumptuous gift!" expostulated good Mistress Wyatt. "It is too much! It is not fitting! She did nothing but what she should have done. I fear it will encourage vanity!"

"Oh, Madame, it is but a *bijou*—a trifle!" exclaimed the Duke, much disappointed. "Do allow me to present it! It will give me so much pleasure!" Diffidence prudently held her peace, as a dutiful little New England daughter was supposed to do, but her whole soul was in her eyes as she gazed supplicatingly at her mother. And so, between the imploring glances of her daughter, and the eloquent pleading of the gallant nobleman, Mistress Wyatt, sorely perplexed, was forced to yield. The trinket was clasped around the neck of the delighted child,—and that is how Diffidence came by the locket.

II

QUIET old Lebanon had never experienced within its borders such gay affairs as transpired that memorable winter. The lively French soldiers were the idols of the whole town. Grand tea-drinkings, sleighing-parties, dinners, and assemblies occupied every moment of the time not filled by the more serious matters of the drilling and various other military duties. The hospitality of the good housewives was taxed to the utmost, yet none found these added cares irksome.

Since the time of her adventure, Diffidence found herself mysteriously included in many of these pleasant revels, and attributed the fact to

the kindly interposition of the Duke, who loved to put enjoyment in her way. Nothing, however, gave her quite so much pleasure as the contemplation of her beloved locket. She never opened the drawer where it was kept, without the fear that it might have disappeared; and once she actually got up in the middle of the night, bare-footed and candle in hand, to ascertain whether her treasure were in its accustomed place. Her mother frequently sighed, and wondered if the child's head were being turned by so much attention and the possession of so costly a trinket.

One afternoon Diffidence met the Duke de Lauzun at the village store. He bowed with his exquisite French manner, inquired after the health of all her household, and then remarked:

"Little mademoiselle, I have news for you that I think will please you. General Washington is to pass through this town next week, on his way to meet Count Rochambeau at Newport. We will give him a great welcome. In the afternoon we will hold a review of the troops, and in the evening there will be a grand assembly at the mansion of Governor Trumbull in the General's honor."

"That will surely be fine!" replied Diffidence, delighted. "I have always longed to behold our great General, and how I shall enjoy seeing the review! It is truly a wonderful treat!"

"Ah, but there is something still better for you!" went on the Duke.

"What can that be!" exclaimed Diffidence opening her eyes wide.

"Good Madame Wyatt, your mother, is to be among the invited guests at the evening assembly, and I have persuaded Madame Trumbull to include you also in the invitation. What do you think of that, *petite* mademoiselle?" Diffidence drew in her breath with an astonished gasp. *She!*—only thirteen,—not yet a young lady,—to be invited to a grand assembly at the Governor's! Wonders would never cease! Her surprise rendered her all but speechless.

"But my mother!" she breathed. "I sadly doubt that she will allow me to attend; I am yet so young!"

"Tell her that I beg her to do so, since it will give us all pleasure," answered the Duke. Thanking him with a delighted look, Diffidence flew home to tell the news. Her mother demurred, as she had expected, but finally gave her consent. Then what a flurry of preparation ensued! Diffidence must have an appropriate gown, and busy fingers were for days employed in cutting over and re-fashioning a beautiful flowered silk gown that had been Mistress Wyatt's before she was married. Innumerable happy thoughts did Diffidence sew into the stitches she took, and at last it was completed and laid away



"DIFFIDENCE UNCLASPED THE LOCKET AND LAID IT ON THE EVER-INCREASING FILE."

"I shall without fail wear the seed-pearl locket that night," Diffidence promised herself. "I shall indeed be very grand!"

III

It was Sunday morning, and Diffidence was quietly and thoughtfully preparing for church. Opening her bureau-drawer, she fingered the velvet case uncertainly.

"Mother," she queried anxiously, "would it be sinful for me to wear my locket to the house of God?"

"It is only sinful, my child, if your mind is on it, as I mistrust it will be, and not on the worship."

"I think, Mother, that my mind will be on it

cupied the end, with Madame Trumbull by his side. She wore a beautiful scarlet cloak trimmed with ermine, and fastened by a jeweled clasp. This cloak was said to be a gift from Count Rochambeau, and she was very proud of it.

The service proceeded with the usual quiet simplicity, and after the sermon the aged pastor announced that he had a proclamation from the Governor to read. A proclamation from the Governor being a distinct event, there was a breathless silence to listen.

"News has reached us that our army, in winter quarters at Valley Forge and Morristown, is suffering most keenly from the rigors of the season and the inadequacy of food and clothing. Many are starving, while others leave the bloody prints of their bare feet in the snow. None, not even



"THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A WONDERFUL LOCKET! DIFFIDENCE WYATT WAS SURE OF THAT."

more if I leave it at home than if I wear it!" responded Diffidence meekly.

"Then wear it, by all means. But I fear its possession is leading you to vanity!" replied her mother. And so the locket was clasped about her neck, and she rode away behind her mother on the pillion, in the best of spirits, though she strove to hide her pleasure under sober thoughts. But Diffidence knew not what she was to face in church that day!

The high, straight-backed pews were filled to overflowing with the large families, not only from the village but from the country for many miles around. Every one attended church in those days, even the servants, and the galleries were packed with a dark but reverent band of slaves. Across the aisle from where Diffidence and her mother sat was the pew of the Governor. Gray-haired, dignified old Jonathan Trumbull oc-

cupied the end, with Madame Trumbull by his side. Will you not help? Will you not make some sacrifice to aid our brave men? What will you do to-day?"

The pastor ceased, and for a moment there was an intense silence. Then, in the face of all, Madame Trumbull arose, walked with stately steps to the front, unfastened her beautiful scarlet cloak, laid it on the table by the pulpit, and quietly returned to her seat. Instantly a wave of enthusiasm swept over the church. Fired by her example, men and women rose and pressed toward the front in a steady file, depositing on the table not only purses, rings, brooches, chains, and greatcoats, but even boots, caps, mittens, and written promises of provisions. There was not a soul but made some contribution to the beloved cause.

Meanwhile, Diffidence sat rigid and pale, her heart beating fast, her hand clasping her dearest

treasure under her cloak. She was thinking, thinking, thinking! Ought she do it? Must she do it? *Dare* she do it? What would the Duke say? He was not in church that day, or perhaps he might understand. Now he would never understand, and without doubt be grieved and astonished. Yet Madame Trumbull had set the example. Did she not fear what Count Rochambeau might think? Diffidence longed to question her. Presently Mistress Wyatt left her place, and deposited on the table the amethyst brooch given her by her husband now fighting with General Marion in the south. That decided Diffidence. With a little half-audible sob, she unclasped the locket, left her seat, and laid it on the ever-increasing pile. Madame Trumbull smiled on her as she returned to her seat, and her mother pressed her hand proudly. She felt amply repaid, yet a most disagreeable lump would persist in remaining in her throat.

That night she wrote a tear-stained, badly spelled note to the Duke de Lauzun, who was away at Hartford. It shows clearly that spelling was not the strong point of little New England maidens of that day!

"To the Duke de Lauzun

"DERE SIR [it ran]: It givs me payne to tell you that I have parted with your most generus gift. But it was in a good caus and it was all I had to giv. I beg you to forgiv me as I only ask it in the name of our sufferng soldyers at Valley Forge.

"your sincer friend
"DIFFIDENCE WYATT."

IV

THEN came the great day of Washington's arrival. In the afternoon took place the splendid review of the Duke de Lauzun's troops. Diffidence watched the brilliant sight with awe. The French soldiers in their gorgeous blue-and-gold uniforms, the breasts of their officers glittering with jeweled orders, charged, wheeled, broke ranks, reunited, waved their swords, and saluted their colors with an absolute perfection of military precision. They were cheered to the echo by the crowds who witnessed the sight. Washington and his escort were arrayed in full buff-and-blue uniforms, and the Governor and his staff in crimson coats and embroidered vests. No one ever forgot the wonderful scene.

But the assembly in the evening was to Diffidence the crowning joy of the occasion. She looked forward to it, however, with both delight and fear, for she had not since spoken to the

Duke, and she trembled lest their pleasant friendship should be forfeited by her sacrifice. A dainty picture she made in her little, flowered silk gown fashioned in the quaint style of the time, and she stifled more than one regretful thought for the locket that was to have graced her pretty throat.

"But I must not regret it!" she told herself. "I *will* not grieve for it!" And she tried to smile brightly. All during the first part of the reception she clung tightly to her mother's hand, following with her eyes the Duke, who was helping to receive the guests. Presently she spied him coming toward her with smiling face, followed by,—whom but the great General Washington, grave, courteous, and dignified.

"My dear Madame Wyatt and Mademoiselle Diffidence, I am honored to see you once more!" began the Duke, while mother and daughter courtesied bravely. "And now allow me to present General Washington to you and to your daughter. I have told him all about the affair of the locket, and he wishes to know you personally. The General bowed graciously to Mistress Wyatt, and laid a kindly hand on the head of little Diffidence.

"I honor the sacrifice she has made," he said. "It is a spirit such as this in the youth of our land that will do most toward rendering it a free and independent nation. Little Mistress Diffidence, I am proud to know you, and be assured I shall never forget you and what you have done!" With a few more remarks of a general character, Washington moved away to further social duties.

Diffidence felt as though she were exalted to the skies. She trod on air. The world glowed in a rose-colored mist! She had never been so happy in her life. But there was yet another honor in store for her.

After the reception the dancing commenced,—the stately, intricate minuets, reels, and lancers that had been introduced into the staid New England town with the advent of the French. The first was to be a minuet performed by Washington with Madame Trumbull, and the Duke de Lauzun, who had not yet selected his partner. Diffidence watched with breathless interest to see whom he would choose. She had decided that it would probably be pretty Molly Huntington, whose little feet fairly tapped the floor in their impatience to be tripping, when, to her astonishment, she saw him making his way straight to her corner.

"Will Mademoiselle honor me with the dance?" he asked, bowing low. It was incredible! Diffidence took his arm in a whirl of wonder, and stepped with him to the center of the room. All



"NO PRETTIER SIGHT HAD EVER GRACED THE TRUMBULL MANSION."

eyes were upon them; a buzz of laughing admiration ran through the room, the fiddlers struck up a swinging air, and the dance commenced.

No prettier sight had ever graced the Trumbull Mansion. Stately, gray-haired Madame Trumbull and her equally dignified partner, Washington, made a most charming contrast to the handsome young French officer and dainty, flushed little Diffidence, who moved through the intricate figures with a quaint grace and half-restrained gaiety. When the dance was over a ringing burst of delighted applause testified to the approval of the onlookers. The Duke gallantly led her to her mother, and Diffidence nestled down at her side, too overcome with happiness to speak. She could never remember afterward, anything much that happened during the rest of the evening, so absorbed was she in the thought of the honor that she had received and the joy of the dance.

When the happy affair was over, she and her mother, wrapped in their quilted riding-cloaks, their pretty skirts tucked up, mounted their horse for the homeward journey. The crisp snow crunched under their horse's hoofs, and the stars twinkled brilliantly. Gay shouts were heard at intervals, from others wending their way home in the darkness. Diffidence, on the pillion, clasping her mother tightly, was so quiet that she might have been asleep; but sleepy she was not,—on the contrary, her mind was never more keenly alert.

Presently she pulled down her mother's head and giving her a tender kiss on the cheek, she whispered in her ear:

"You must tell no one, Mother, dear, especially the Duke de Lauzun, but I would not exchange this evening and what happened,—no, not for *twenty* seed-pearl locketts!"

STORM-BOUND SPARROWS

BY W. LEWIS FRASER

IT is probably quite true that in some parts of the country the English sparrow—saucy little ball of feathers and fluff, with short, hard bill—by its quarrelsomeness has often driven away the song-birds. But I am not convinced that there is not some prejudice in the complaints made against this little foreigner. Of one thing I am sure, and that is that the sparrow does not drive away the brown thrush; for, one spring, two thrushes made their appearance in Union Square, New York, and remained there for a week or ten days; and I am a witness that they were more than a match for the sparrows. Many times, with a dozen or more passers-by, I have halted to watch them.

Bankers and brokers, to whom the presence of these country songsters in the very heart of the city was so great a novelty that (forgetting their interest in those creatures so well known to their vocabulary, the "bulls" and "bears") they stood for a long time looking at the birds. They were absorbed in watching these two birds drive their long mandibles into the soft earth where earth-worms live. Meanwhile a dozen or two of envious sparrows gathered around gazing with hungry eyes at the tempting morsels, yet without daring to enter the lists with the thrushes, although outnumbering them twelve to one.

I am really sorry, if it be true, that the warblers

and bobolinks are suffering from the vicious temper of the sparrows; still, being one who lives in the city and sees the country for only a few weeks in the summer, I wish long life to the plucky little strangers from over the seas. The thrush and the bobolink do not come to sing in my orchard, because I have no orchard for their accommodation, but only the ordinary city "yard," some twenty-five feet by twenty. The orioles never swing their nests from some inaccessible twig upon the topmost bough of the elm in my door-yard, because the best substitute I have for an elm-tree is an ugly telegraph-pole, scarred and torn with the stabs of many "climbing-irons" on the boots of the telegraph men.

But my friends the sparrows are a continual delight. They find some little cranny under the cornice of the house, some angle, perhaps where the water conduit leaves the roof, and begin housekeeping. And how busily they work! Just across the street a wagon stops. It comes from the wholesale butcher's, and is laden with meat in enormous pieces. A good thick layer of straw covers the bottom of the wagon. Down swoops Mr. Sparrow. Here's material for his new home; and up he rises with a straw so long and large that it bears almost the same proportion to his size that a telegraph-pole would to mine. He

fights and struggles with it. The weight is too great; he cannot raise it high enough. Down drops Mrs. Sparrow, who has been looking on from the front door of the new home under the cornice; but in spite of her good will, she cannot help him much, and they have to let it fall. Do you think he has abandoned it? Not at all. He takes a few seconds to rest and picks it up again. Up he goes,—has almost reached his house,—sinks ten or fifteen feet—rises again, five—a gust of wind comes around the corner of the street and tugs away at the loose end of the straw. For a moment Mr. Sparrow holds on, but the odds are too much for him. He is forced to let go, and away floats the straw to the ground, half a block distant.

Now it's Mrs. Sparrow's turn,—for there is perfect concord between Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow when the house is to be made or furnished. She pursues the straw, picks it up, and waits a moment. Her feminine instinct teaches her that sometimes a thing can be done by coaxing, when all other methods fail. Winging her flight to the top of the porch, she rests there with her foot on the straw; then she takes another flight,—this time to the cap of a third-floor window. Another rest, another flight, the nest is reached, and a tier is added to their building.

Then for a soft, warm lining, the plastering and papering of their house. Every morning Jane carries out the Eastern rugs from the house, and shakes and beats those wonderful harmonies of color, woven at Bagdad or Ispahan a century or more ago, and perhaps walked on by sandaled feet or touched in prayer by cotton or velvet-covered knees when the muezzin called. The sparrows perch expectantly upon the fence, for (cunning little creatures that they are) they know that French-heeled slippers and thick-soled boots have the trick of wearing the wool from antique rugs, and that after Jane has taken the rugs into the house there will be downy little flakes of soft red and gold-colored wool—just the things for baby-sparrows to nestle into.

So these birds teach me something. The Bible says that God cares for the sparrows, and tells us we may judge, since he cares for these though their value is so slight that two of them are sold for a farthing, how much more he will care for us, boys and girls, men and women. We are assured, therefore, that little birds are not beyond the care of Providence. But how they have to scurry round and work for a living! They are at work all the time, from the first silver streak in the morning to the dusky mirk which closes a city day. A maid shakes out a table-cloth. Down swoop the sparrows—invisible before, they seem

to come by magic. A truckman ties a nose-bag on his horse's nose for the noon meal of oats. The horse in his eagerness shakes the bag about; a few particles of grain fall from it. Presto! a cloud of sparrows are fighting and contending for the yellow tidbits. The ash-cart rattles along the street, and in a lazy, careless, slovenly way (as is his custom) the ash-man spills some of the con-

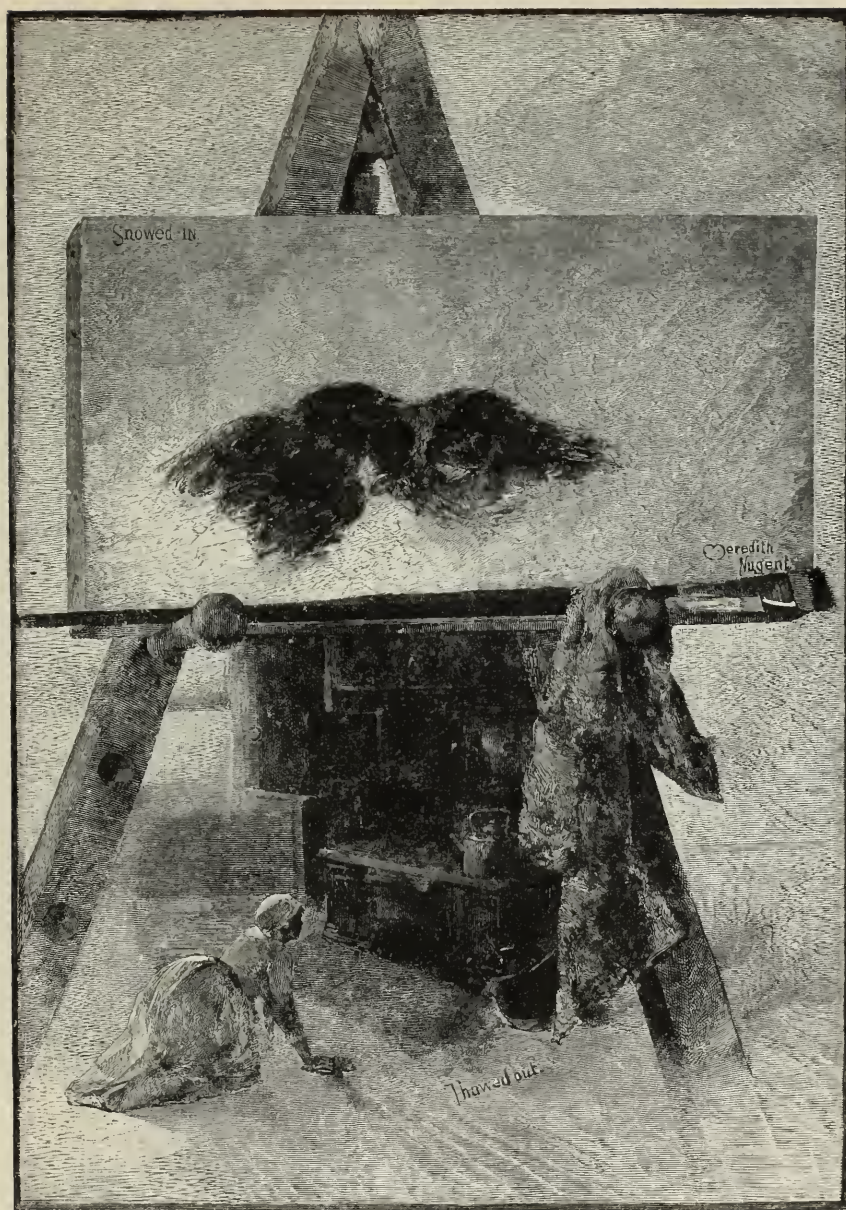


BEGGING FOR BREAKFAST.

tents of the barrels. Ah! there are crusts there, and the sparrows are at once at work.

Surely we may learn not to fold our hands believing that we shall be cared for without effort of our own, since these sparrows have been given to us as an illustration of creatures for whom Providence provides.

Brave, plucky, and industrious little fellows! Right under the noses and feet of the horses, between the wheels of the wagons, at the feet of the busy passers-by, in crowded Broadway or in the quiet of the city parks, always seeking a living; never idle, never lazy. Neither is life all



"SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT ANY WARNING, OUT FROM THE OVEN FLEW THE APPARENTLY DEAD BIRD."

sunshine for them. Alas, they too have their ups and downs! When the cold chill rains of autumn come, and when house-tops and telegraph wires glitter with the scintillations of the diamond-like hoar-frost, the tender little feet must be so cold! For our sparrows are not like rich city people. They never go to Florida. Nor are they like the country birds, children of warmth

and summer, who migrate when the chill fall comes. The sparrows take 'pot-luck' with us all winter, and very bad luck it is, sometimes; as when comes that most unwelcome thing, a snow-storm in New York. When, in the country, the downy flakes sift gently from a gray sky; and when country boys and girls bring out the sleds or toboggans; and when the farmer thinks that



DRIVEN IN BY THE BLIZZARD.

soon he will be able to send teams into the woods, to haul the logs or the cord-wood: then we in the city wonder, when we leave the house for the office, how we shall get home again; whether we shall be able to squeeze into the overcrowded cars. Ah! then the sparrows have a sad time—a sad, cold, hungry time! For the white mantle which covers the earth covers also the cook's crumbs, and the oats, and the waste scraps. Then poor Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow may fly far and search long, and but for the kindness of a few thoughtful people, their little crops will be empty after all. Should the snow last many days, despite

their cunning and industry, thousands of the little strangers must die of starvation or of cold.

In March, 1888, when the city of New York experienced the sensation of a genuine blizzard, when the snow fell in those hard, frozen particles which sting the face like tiny sharp instruments, and when in a few hours drifts had obstructed the streets so that all traffic was at a standstill; when people almost lost their lives traveling but a few blocks; when street-cars were left in the streets and half hidden by the drifts; when at one time it seemed even as if the inhabitants of the great city might be in danger of starving—the

blizzard having blockaded all railroads and ferries, so that no provisions could arrive—what became of the sparrows? Thousands and thousands perished; and after the snow had thawed, their poor little frozen bodies were collected by bushels in the parks and squares.

she said, but there was that in her voice which they comprehended; for one of them fluttered his wings, shook himself together, and without waiting for an invitation, or even saying "by your leave," hopped past Maria and into the passage-way. His mate seemed for a moment astonished



A WARM PERCH.

On the second day of the blizzard, when the drifts before our house were so high that from the sidewalk it was impossible to see even the hat of a passer-by across the street, the boy from the grocery, who had come to our rescue with milk and eggs and other necessities, rang the bell. When Maria, our kitchen-maid, opened the basement door, she saw two sparrows huddled together in a corner under the stoop where they had taken refuge from the storm. Their feathers were sticking from their little bodies almost at right angles. Their heads were buried deep in their feathers, their eyes were closed, and their bodies had the swaying movement of a tipsy man. The coming of the boy had not frightened nor disturbed them; but when the warm air which rushed through the open doorway reached them they opened their eyes and lifted their heads and seemed to look in an inquiring way, as if wondering what had happened, and whether summer had come again. Maria's heart was touched—she also is from across the sea, and perhaps a fellow-feeling made her kind. However that may be, she was in no hurry to close the door, despite the bitter cold.

"Well, well," said Maria, "poor little birdies, I wonder if you are hungry. You're very cold; I'll go and get you something to eat."

Now, I don't think the birds understood what

at this boldness, and then seeing that no harm had befallen the intruder, followed.

"Well, I never!" said Maria, and closing the door she followed them.

The birds hopped about the dark hall two or three times and thence into the dining-room, attracted probably by the light, or by the faint odor of good things to eat, which always hangs about such a room. Once there, they acted as if they had come to stay, and hopped about and twittered to each other, doubtless congratulating themselves upon having found comfortable quarters, and ungratefully cast a silent reproach upon the neatness of Maria, by pecking crumbs from the carpet beneath the table. When meal-time came, they were not in the least put out by the presence of the family, nor disturbed; but went hopping and chirping around the table and under it, picking up crumbs dropped as the reapers dropped the wheat for Ruth. When night fell they took up their quarters lovingly side by side on the gas-bracket and, warm and well fed, prepared for a quiet night's rest. When the gas was lighted they did exhibit some agitation—evidenced by their flying once or twice around the room, but they seemed to find it an agreeable surprise when another meal was served. By that hour they were so tame that they dared even to feast from the fingers of the people seated around the table.

They remained with us three days, during which time they never once made an attempt to leave the room, but would occasionally fly to the windows, alight on the cross-bars of the sashes, and twitter to each other—perhaps conversing about the severe weather and pitying such of their kind as had not had the good fortune to reach the semi-tropical warmth of a furnace-heated house. But on the fourth day, when the sidewalks had been shoveled clear, and huge bonfires were lighted in the snow-drifts to melt them,—when carts and wagons and street-cars were moving,—their instincts told them that it was again safe to venture forth, and the desire for liberty once more awoke in their breasts. For Mr. Sparrow is a true vagrant. They did not remember the way they had come in, for although the basement-door was often opened, they made no attempt to fly through the passage and out-of-doors, but circled and circled around the room and dashed themselves against the windows, having evidently quite lost their heads. When at last a window was opened, out they flew, without so much as twittering a good-by or a “thank you” to Maria.

Our next-door neighbors were a young couple who had one child, a girl, one of the sweetest and dearest little tots whose loving ways ever won the susceptible heart of an Irish nurse. Of course she was the pet, not of the nurse only, but of the housemaid and the cook also—in fact, of the whole household. On the same day that our unbidden guests left us in their ill-mannered fashion, Annie, our neighbor’s housemaid, on going

into the yard, saw lying on a spot from which the snow had thawed, the wet, stiff body of a sparrow. There it lay on its back in a pool of water, with eyes closed and legs cramped to its body, hard, stark, and cold. “Poor thing,” thought Annie, “I must bring you in and show you to Missy Ruby.” Suiting the action to the word, she picked up the dead bird and carried it into the kitchen. But it was wet and cold, and in that condition not fit for Princess Ruby’s fingers. “Sure it will dry if I put it into the oven for a few minutes, and when Mary, the nurse, comes down it will be nice and warrum,” said Annie to Jane the cook.

“Do you think the mistress will let Missy Ruby touch a dead bird?” responded the cook.

“And why not?”

“Oh, because it’s horrid—a cold, dead thing.”

“But it won’t be cold, sure; and it may please the little Missy.”

“Well, we’ll just see what Mary says.”

So the bird was put in the oven of the range and the door left ajar. The cook and the housemaid resumed their work, the one preparing the lunch, the other on her knees scrubbing the floor. Some moments passed thus, when, lo! suddenly and without any warning, out from the oven flew the apparently dead bird, brought back to life by the warmth.

“The Saints defend us!” exclaimed Annie, as the bird flew past her and dashed at the window-panes. “Quick, open the door, cook, and a good riddance to it! Faith, when a dead bird flies it means no good luck to anybody!”

HAROLD’S CHICKEN

BY EMILY V. METHVEN

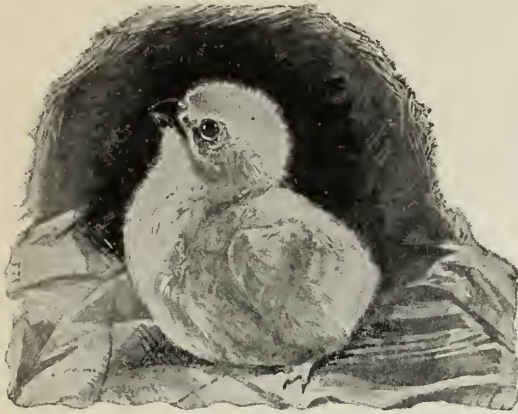
HAROLD GODWIN was quite sure that there was not another little boy in the whole world who was as happy as he. He lived in a big old-fashioned house whose large pillars reaching up to the peaked roof were once trunks of tall trees brought from Norway, and every spring were given a fresh coat of clean white paint.

Harold was the next to the youngest of a large family, and the only boy. Although at times he thought it a disadvantage to have so many sisters, especially when they all agreed that his face was dirty and his clothes also, yet he loved them all so dearly that he did not see how any boy could

be happy with one sister less. The oldest, Lillian, the literary and artistic one of the family, wore glasses, and looked to it that Harold studied his lessons and walked in the way he should go. And there was baby Edith, the youngest of all. Then there was Henrietta, called Hetty for short, who never forgot to make special little pies and tarts for him on the semi-weekly baking day. But Harold’s favorite—his chum, as he called her—was Bess, who, although ten years older, was just as much interested in everything in which he delighted as if she were a boy herself.

Bess had some fine chickens which were her

special care and pride. They gave her many anxious moments, however, for, having the large farm about which to wander at will, they frequently laid their eggs and even hatched their



"THE BABY IMMEDIATELY ADOPTED THE YELLOWEST AND FLUFFIEST OF THE LOT."

young in out-of-the-way places. To help her keep track of her straying family, Bess had agreed to give Harold one from every dozen eggs or a chick from every nest that he discovered.

One spring Bess was given twelve beautiful white eggs which promised as many beautiful

all of which were fluffy balls of yellow except one that was black.

It was baby Edith's delight to stand near the old hen's nest and see the struggling, restless, peeping chicks diving in and out of the downy feathers of the mother. The baby immediately adopted the yellowest and fluffiest of the lot, but her interest ceased when the down changed to stiff, scraggly feathers.

Harold at once put in his claim, but Bess declared it to be hardly fair, as he had found something that was never lost. However, as he was so much disappointed, she finally compromised by giving him the little black chick which from the first showed a discouraging tendency to shorten its days by every sort of imprudence. It had to be coaxed to eat; it half drowned itself two or three times by falling into the water-pan; and it was once rescued from the cat. Its last drowning exploit was nearly the cause of its being burned to death. This is the way it came about:

Harold fished his darling little chick out of the water-pan, and carried it, all limp and dripping, into the old-fashioned bricked-out kitchen, where Hetty was busy getting dinner. She told Harold to put his chick into a box under the big wood-stove to dry, and in the meantime to wash his face and hands and go into the parlor, where his mother was entertaining some friends. She piled



"IT WAS BABY EDITH'S DELIGHT TO STAND NEAR THE OLD HEN'S NEST."

chickens. She made a comfortable nest for a noisy old hen which had been clucking and scratching in an obtrusive manner for some time, and she and Harold watched the weeks go by until one day they found eleven brand-new chicks,

some wood into the stove, and thoughtlessly threw the lighted paper with which she had kindled the fire on the hearth, where Harold's chicken was obediently "drying out." A second later she was horrified to see Harold's chick making its way,

between a flutter and a run, through the wide hall that led to the parlor, with the blazing twist of paper on its distended wings, leaving the smell of burning feathers in its wake.

She rushed after it, but not before it had made its appearance like an animated firebrand in the midst of the startled guests. When the poor bird was at last rescued, its beauty had departed, and for many days Harold was the owner of a tailless fowl.

After this painful incident the whole family developed a kind of affection for the little black chicken. It was pitied and protected as if it were



INQUIRING FOR THEIR LITTLE BLACK BROTHER.

the most beautiful bird in the world. At last it responded to their care and seemed to take a little interest in life.

One day baby Edith saw the old rooster stand-

ing before a semicircle of ten fluffy, blond little chicks, and she ran into the house and announced to her mother that they were asking the old rooster what had become of their little black brother.

Some weeks later, as the family were gathered around the supper-table, Dr. Godwin said:

"Children, the fair is to be opened next month. How many are going to try for prizes?"

Immediately there was such a din as only a bevy of happy purposeful girls can make when each has something of vital importance to say.

It was some time before Harold's attempts to be heard were successful.

"Papa, I want to send my little black rooster; may I?" he said earnestly.

The shout of laughter which followed Harold's proposition was checked by the father, who said encouragingly:

"Certainly, my son; indeed you shall! I will have your name entered with the others."

Despite his sisters' ridicule and their criticisms of his pet's "points," Harold's combless, tailless chicken was duly entered, and, to every one's amazement except its proud owner's, was awarded a ten-dollar prize. You see, it turned out to be of a very fine and rare breed, and the only one of its kind exhibited.

It is too bad to relate it, but Bess's beautiful white chickens came off prizeless, for in spite of their fine tails and crimson combs they were only of an ordinary stock.

"I tell you, mama," Harold said confidentially to his mother that night, "it is n't always fine feathers that make fine birds."



BY EVERETT McNEIL

WHEN I was a boy there was one story which my sisters and brothers and I were never tired of hearing mother tell; for our own mother was its heroine and the scene of the thrilling chase was not more than a mile and a half from our own

door. Indeed, we often went coasting on the very hill down which she took her fearful ride, and skated on the pond which was the scene of her adventure. I can still distinctly remember how, when the long winter evenings came and



" 'SEVERAL GREAT, GAUNT WOLVES WERE NOT FIVE RODS BEHIND ME.' "

the snow lay deep on the ground and the wind whistled stormily without, we children would gather around the great sheet-iron stove in the sitting-room of the old farm-house and beg mother to tell us stories of the perils and hardships of her pioneer days; and how, invariably, before the evening was over some one of us would ask: "Now, mother, please do tell us, just once more, how you escaped from the wolves, when a girl, by coasting down Peek's Hill."

Mother would pause in her knitting, and, with a smile, declare that she had already told us the story "forty-eleven times"; but, just to please so attentive an audience, she would tell it even once more. Then, while we children crowded closer around her chair, she would resume her knitting and begin:

"When your grandfather settled in this part of Wisconsin I was a little girl thirteen years old. We moved into the log house father had prepared for us early in the spring, and by fall we had things fixed quite comfortable. The winter which followed was one of unusual severity. The snow fell, early in November, to the depth of three feet on the level; and the greater part of it remained on the ground all winter. This, of course, made grand coasting. Father made for me a sled with strong, hard, smooth hickory runners, and big enough for two to ride on. I declare, I don't believe there ever was such another sled for speed"; and mother's eyes would sparkle at the memories the thought of her faithful sled recalled.

"At this time the country was very thinly populated. Our nearest neighbor was Abner Jones, who lived some three miles away, over on the other side of Peek's Hill. Abner Jones had a little girl, named Amanda, about my own age, and we two children soon became great chums. After a big snow-storm, Amanda and I would go coasting on Peek's Hill whenever we could gain the permission of our parents. She would come over to my house, or I would go over to her house, and together we would go to the hill. Amanda had no sled; but we would both ride down on my sled, and then take turns pulling it up the hill.

"The first week in January there was a two-days thaw, followed by a sharp freeze. This caused a thick icy crust to form on top of the remaining snow, which, by the next day, became so hard and strong that it would bear the weight of a man. The water from the melted snow ran into the hollow at the foot of Peek's Hill, and made a large, deep pond, which was soon covered over with a sheet of gleaming ice. So, you see, Peek's Hill had become an ideal coasting-place; for we could slide down its steep side at lightning speed, and

out upon the ice, and even clear across the pond, a good three quarters of a mile from the top of the hill.

"On one Saturday afternoon following a thaw and a freeze-up, I secured the permission of my parents to go over to Amanda's and get her to come sliding with me down the hill. Father cautioned me to be sure and be home early, because the wolves, which at that time infested all this section of the country, were said to be getting very bold and fierce, especially at night-time; and they had been known, when driven by hunger, to run down and kill horses and cattle and even human beings. Doubtless the cold and the deep snow had forced many southward from the great woods in the northern part of the State. But the caution fell on idle ears. I considered all wolves cowards; besides, I was not going to hunt wolves: I was bent upon coasting down-hill; and I did not believe any wolf would be foolish enough to take the trouble to run down a little girl when there were plenty of chickens and cattle to be had.

"I bundled up warmly, and, drawing my sled behind me, started 'cross lots over Peek's Hill to Amanda's house. Peek's Hill stood about half-way between our two homes. I left the heavy sled at the top of the hill to await our return. When I reached the house I found Amanda laid up with a bad cold, and of course her mother would not allow her to go coasting; so I took off my things to stay in the house and play with her. Amanda had two rubber dolls, and we had such a jolly time playing with them that I did not notice how fast the time was passing until Mrs. Jones said, 'Come, my dear; it is time you were going.' Then she helped to bundle me up, gave me a doughnut hot from the kettle, and saw me safely started on my way home.

"The sun was nearing the western horizon. I glanced at it and hurried on. The first part of my way lay through heavy woods; then came an opening, in the midst of which rose Peek's Hill. The brow of the hill was perhaps forty rods from the edge of the woods, the steep incline down which we coasted being on the opposite side. There was no road, only a path worn through the snow by our neighborly feet.

"I had passed about half-way through the woods, when suddenly a great shaggy wolf bounded out into the path in front of me. The wolf stopped and glared hungrily at me for a moment, then dashed away into the brush. A moment after I heard him howling a few rods in the rear. To my inexpressible horror, the howl was quickly answered by another, and then another, and still another, until to my terrified ears the woods seemed full of the ferocious beasts



"FINALLY I HEARD A CRASH, AND GLANCING BACK I SAW A STRUGGLING
JUMBLE OF HEADS AND PAWS."

"There was no need of telling me what this meant. I was old enough and familiar enough with wolf-nature to know that the first wolf was calling to his mates to come and help him run down and kill his quarry.

"For a moment I stood still in my tracks, listening in trembling horror to the hideous howlings; then I gathered myself together and ran. Fear lent me wings. My feet seemed hardly to touch the snow. And yet it was but a minute before I heard the rapid pit-pat of the feet of the wolves on the hard crust of the snow behind me, and knew that they were drawing near. I reached the edge of the woods; and, as I dashed into the opening, I cast a hurried glance to the rear. Several great, gaunt wolves, running neck and neck, were not five rods behind me. They ran with their heads outstretched, making great bounds over the hard snow.

"At that time I was tall for my age, and could run like a deer. The sight of the wolves, so close behind me, caused me to redouble my efforts; but, in spite of my speed, as I reached the brow of the hill I could hear their panting breaths, so near had they come. With a quick movement of my hands I threw off my heavy cloth cape and woolen hood. At the same instant my eyes caught sight of the sled, which I had left at the top of the hill. Fortunately it was standing facing the steep incline. If I could reach it before the wolves caught me, possibly I might yet escape! My hood and cape delayed the animals for an instant; but they were again upon me just as I, without slackening my speed in the least, caught the sled up into my hands and threw myself upon it.

"I think the sudden change in my position, just as they were about to spring on me, must have disconcerted the wolves for an instant; and before they recovered I was sliding down the hill. The wolves came tumbling and leaping after me, howling and snarling. At the start the hill was very steep, and the frozen snow was as smooth and as slippery as ice. The sled kept going faster

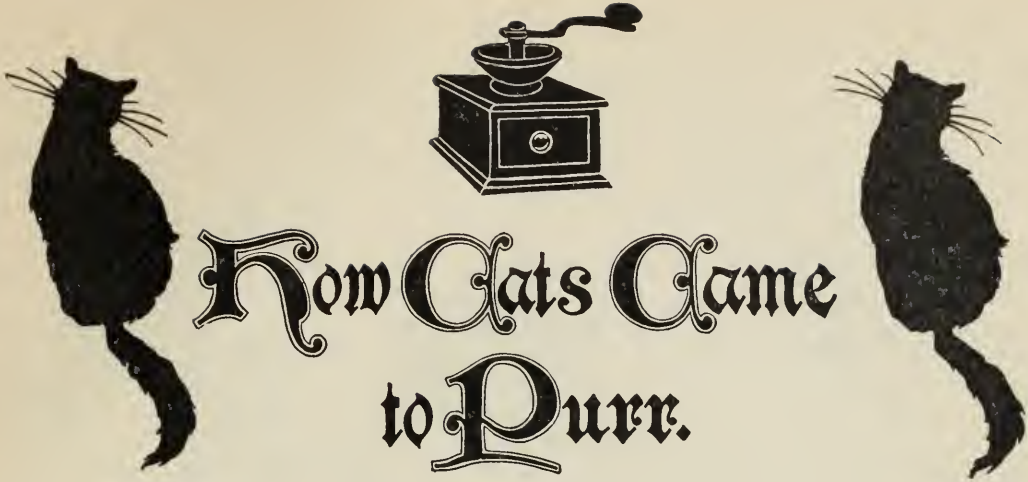
and faster, and soon I had the inexpressible delight of seeing that I was beginning to leave the wolves behind. Far below I saw the gleaming ice on the pond. About half-way down the hill the incline was considerably less steep, becoming nearly level just before reaching the pond. When I came to this part of the hill I again glanced behind, and, to my horror, saw that the wolves had begun to gain on me, and were now not more than two rods away. Evidently the sled was slowing up. There was nothing I could do to quicken its motion. My fate seemed certain. At last the sled reached the pond, and while still but a few feet from the bank I suddenly felt the ice bend and crack beneath me; but either my speed was too rapid or my weight too light, or both, for I did not break through, but sped swiftly on to stronger ice and to safety. For a moment the slippery ice delayed the wolves, then they came on swifter than ever, their sharp claws scratching the ice like knives. Finally I heard a crash, and glancing back I saw a struggling jumble of heads and paws, and I knew in a moment that the combined weight of the wolves had broken through the ice at the weak place that had cracked as I passed over it.

"I left the sled at the margin of the pond, and hurried home, where, girl-like, I fell fainting into my mother's arms.

"There, children; that is how your mother escaped from the wolves by coasting down Peek's Hill; and that great wolfskin robe in the corner is one of the very hides that father took from the six bodies after he had dragged them out of the pond the next morning"; and mother, with a flush on her dear face, would point to the familiar wolfskin robe.

Then we children would bring the great robe from its place, spread it out on the floor before the fire, and, seating ourselves upon it, talk in low voices of the terrible ride our dear mother took down Peek's Hill when she was a girl and was chased by the wolves.





BY JOHN BENNETT

A Boy having a Pet Cat which he Wished to Feed, Said to Her, "Come, Cat, Drink this Dish of Cream; it will Keep your Fur as Soft as Silk, and Make you Purr like a Coffee-Mill."

He had no sooner said this than the Cat, with a Great Glare of her Green Eyes, bristled her Tail like a Gun-Swab and went over the Back Fence, head first—pop!—as Mad as a Wet Hen.

And this is how she came to do so:

The story is an old one—very, very old. It may be Persian; it may be not: that is of very little moment. It is so old that if all the nine lives of all the cats that have ever lived in the world were set up together in a line, the other end of it would just reach back to the time when this occurred.



"THE CAT THAT GROUND THE COFFEE IN THE KING'S KITCHEN."

And this is the story:

Many, many years ago, in a country which was quite as far from anywhere else as the entire distance thither and back, there was a huge cat that ground the coffee in the King's kitchen, and otherwise assisted with the meals.

This cat was, in truth, the actual and very father of all subsequent cats, and his name was

Sooty Will, for his hair was as black as a night in a coal-hole. He was ninety years old, and his mustaches were like whisk-brooms. But the most singular thing about him was that in all his life he had never once purred nor humped up his back, although his master often stroked him. The fact was that he never had learned to purr, nor had any reason, so far as he knew, for humping up his back. And being the father of all the cats, there was no one to tell him how. It remained for him to acquire a reason, and from his example to devise a habit which cats have followed from that time forth, and no doubt will forever follow.

The King of the country had long been at war with one of his neighbors, but one morning he sent back a messenger to say that he had beaten his foeman at last, and that he was coming home for an early breakfast as hungry as three bears. "Have batter-cakes and coffee," he directed, "hot, and plenty of 'em!"

At that the turnspits capered and yelped with glee, for batter-cakes and coffee are not cooked upon spits, and so they were free to sally forth into the city streets and watch the King's home-coming in a grand parade.

But the cat sat down on his tail in the corner and looked cross. "Scat!" said he, with an angry caterwaul. "It is not fair that you should go and that I should not."

"Oh, yes, it is," said the gleeful turnspits; "turn and turn about is fair play: you saw the rat that was killed in the parlor."

"Turn about fair play, indeed!" cried the cat. "Then all of you get to your spits; I am sure that is turn about!"

"Nay," said the turnspits, wagging their tails and laughing. "That is over and over again, which is not fair play. 'T is the coffee-mill that is turn and turn about. So turn about to your mill, Sooty Will; we are off to see the King!"

With that they pranced out into the court-yard, turning hand-springs, head-springs, and heel-springs as they went, and, after giving three hearty and vociferous cheers in a grand chorus at the bottom of the garden, went capering away for their holiday.

The cat spat at their vanishing heels, sat down on his tail in the chimney-corner, and was very glum indeed.

Just then the cook looked in from the pantry. "Hullo!" he said gruffly. "Come, hurry up the coffee!" That was the way he always gave his orders.

The black cat's whiskers bristled. He turned to the mill with a fierce frown, his long tail going to and fro like that of a tiger in its lair; for Sooty Will had a temper like hot gunpowder, that was apt to go off *sizz, whizz, bang!* and no one to save the pieces. Yet, at least while the cook

door; banners waved from the castled heights, and bugles sang from every tower; the city gates rang with the cheers of the enthusiastic crowd. Up from cellars, down from lofts, off workbenches, and out at the doors of their masters'



"'HULLO!' HE SAID GRUFFLY. 'COME, HURRY UP THE COFFEE!'"

shops, dodging the thwacks of their masters' straps, "pop-popping" like corks from the necks of so many bottles, came apprentices, shop-boys, knaves and scullions, crying: "God save the King! Hurrah! Hurrah! Masters and work may go to Rome; our tasks shall wait on our own



"TURNING HAND-SPRINGS, HEAD-SPRINGS, AND HEEL-SPRINGS AS THEY WENT."

was by, he turned the mill furiously, as if with a right good-will.

Meantime, out in the city a glorious day came on. The sun went buzzing up the pink-and-yellow sky with a sound like that of a walking-doll's works, or of a big Dutch clock behind a

sweet wills; 't is holiday when the King comes home. God save the King! Hurrah!"

Then came the procession. There were first three regiments of trumpeters, all blowing different tunes; then fifteen regiments of mounted infantry on coal-black horses, forty squadrons of

green-and-blue dragoons, and a thousand drummers and fifers in scarlet and blue and gold, making a thundering din with their rootle-te-tootle-te-tootle-te-rootle; and pretty well up to the front in the ranks was the King himself, bowing and smiling to the populace, with his hand on his breast; and after him the army, all in shining armor, just enough pounded to be picturesque,

day. I will not stand it; it is not fair. A cat may look at a king; and if any cat may look at a king, why, I am the cat who may. There are no other cats in the world; I am the only one. Poh! the cook may shout till his breath gives out, he cannot frighten me; for once I am going to have my fling!"

So he forthwith swallowed the coffee-mill, box,



A PART OF THE GRAND PROCESSION.

miles on miles of splendid men, all bearing the trophies of glorious war, and armed with lances and bows and arrows, falchions, morgensterns, martels-de-fer, and other choice implements of justifiable homicide, and the reverse, such as hautboys and sackbuts and accordions and dudelsacks and Scotch bagpipes—a glorious sight!

And, as has been said before, the city gates rang with the cheers of the crowd, crimson banners waved over the city's pinnaced summits, and bugles blew, trumpets brayed, and drums beat until it seemed that wild uproar and rich display had reached its high millennium.

The black cat turned the coffee-mill. "My oh! my oh!" he said. "It certainly is not fair that those bench-legged turnspits with feet like so much leather should see the King marching home in his glory, while I, who go shod, as it were, in velvet, should hear only the sound through the scullery windows. It is not fair. It is no doubt true that 'The cat may mew, and the dog shall have his day,' but I have as much right to my day as he; and has it not been said from immemorial time that 'A cat may look at a king'? Indeed it has, quite as much as that the dog may have his

Triumphs cannot last forever, even in a land of legends. There comes a reckoning.

When the procession was past and gone, as all processions pass and go, vanishing down the shores of forgetfulness; when barons, marquises, dukes, and dons were gone, with their pennants and banners; when the last lancers had gone prancing past and were lost to sight down the circuitous avenue, Sooty Will, with drooping tail, stood by the palace gate, dejected. He was sour and silent and glum. Indeed, who would not be, with a coffee-mill on his conscience? To own up to the entire truth, the cat was feeling decidedly unwell; when suddenly the cook popped his head

in at the scullery entry, crying, "How now, how now, you vagabonds! The war is done, but the breakfast is not. Hurry up, scurry up, scamper and trot! The cakes are all cooked and are piping hot! Then why is the coffee so slow?"

The King was in the dining-hall, in dressing-gown and slippers, irately calling for his breakfast!

The shamefaced, guilty cat ran hastily down the scullery stairs and hid under the refrigerator,



"HE FORTHWITH SWALLOWED THE COFFEE-MILL."

with such a deep inward sensation of remorse that he dared not look the kind cook in the face. It now really seemed to him as if everything had gone wrong with the world, especially his own insides. This any one will readily believe who has ever swallowed a coffee-mill. He began to weep copiously.

The cook came into the kitchen. "Where is the



"AND WAS OFF TO SEE THE KING."

coffee?" he said; then, catching sight of the secluded cat, he stooped, crying, "Where is the coffee?"

The cat sobbed audibly. "Some one must have come into the kitchen while I ran out to look at the King!" he gasped, for there seemed to him no way out of the scrape but by telling a plausible untruth. "Some one must have come into the kitchen and stolen it!" And with that, choking upon the handle of the mill, which projected into his throat, he burst into inarticulate sobs.

The cook, who was, in truth, a very kind-



"THE CAT WAS FEELING DECIDEDLY UNWELL."

hearted man, sought to reassure the poor cat. "There; it is unfortunate, very; but do not weep; thieves thrive in kings' houses!" he said, and, stooping, he began to stroke the drooping cat's back to show that he held the weeping creature blameless.

Sooty Will's heart leaped into his throat.

"Oh, oh!" he half gasped, "oh, oh! If he rubs



"IT SEEMED AS IF EVERYTHING HAD GONE WRONG."

his great hand down my back he will feel the corners of the coffee-mill through my ribs as sure as fate! Oh, oh! I am a gone cat!" And with that, in an agony of apprehension lest his guilt



"'WHERE IS THE COFFEE?' SAID THE COOK."

and his falsehood be thus presently detected, he humped up his back as high in the air as he could, so that the corners of the mill might not make bumps in his sides and that the mill might thus remain undiscovered.

But, alas! he forgot that coffee-mills turn. As

he humped up his back to cover his guilt, the coffee-mill inside rolled over, and, as it rolled, began to grind—*rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr!*

"Oh, oh! you have swallowed the mill!" cried the cook.

ing found out; and in order that the reason for this curse shall never be forgotten, whenever man is kind to a cat the sound of the grinding of a coffee-mill inside shall perpetually remind him of your guilt and shame!"

With that the Genius vanished in a cloud of smoke.

And it was even as he said. From that day Sooty Will could never abide having his back stroked without humping it up to conceal the mill within him; and never did he hump up his back but the coffee-mill began slowly to grind, *rr-rr-rr-rr!* inside him; so that, even in the prime of



"OUT STEPPED THE GENIUS THAT LIVED UNDER THE GREAT OVENS."

"No, no," cried the cat; "I was only thinking aloud."

At that out stepped the Genius that Lived under the Great Ovens, and, with his finger pointed at the cat, said in a frightful voice, husky with wood-ashes: "Miserable and pusillanimous beast! By telling a falsehood to cover a wrong you have only made bad matters worse. For betraying man's kindness to cover your shame, a curse shall be upon you and all your kind until the end of the world. Whenever men stroke you in kindness, remembrance of your guilt shall make you hump up your back with shame, as you did to avoid be-

life, before his declining days had come, being seized upon by a great remorse for these things which might never be amended, he retired to a home for aged and reputable cats, and there, so far as the records reveal, lived the remainder of his days in charity and repentance.

But the curse has come down even to the present day, as the Genius that Lived under the Great Ovens said, and still maintains, though cats have probably forgotten the facts, and so, when stroked, hump up their backs and purr as if these actions were a matter of pride instead of being a blot upon their family record.



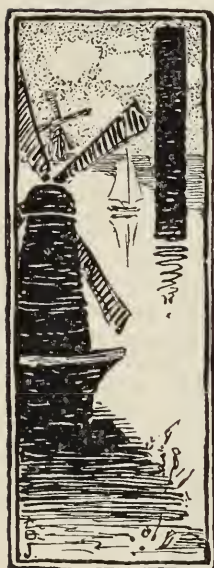
—JOHN BERNETT (1801)—

"HE RETIRED TO A HOME FOR AGED AND REPUTABLE CATS."



A DUTCH TREAT

BY AMY B. JOHNSON



'VE been crying again, father."

"Have you, sweetheart? I'm sorry."

"Father."

"Yes, darling."

"I don't like Holland at all. I wish we had stayed in New York. And I would much rather stay in Amsterdam with you to-day than to go and see those horrid little Dutch children. I'm sure I shall hate them all."

"But how about Marie? You want to see her, don't you?"

"No. I'm very much annoyed with Marie. I don't see why she could not have been contented in New

York. After taking care of me ever since I was a baby, she must like me better than those nieces and nephews she never saw till yesterday."

"I am sure Marie loves you very dearly, Katharine, but you are getting to be such a big girl now that you no longer need a nurse, and Marie was homesick. She wished to come back to Holland years ago, but I persuaded her to stay till you were old enough to do without her, and until Aunt Katharine was ready to come to New York and live with us, promising her that when that time came you and I would come over with her, just as we have done, on our way to Paris. We

must not be selfish and grudge Marie to her sisters, who have not seen her for twelve years."

"I am homesick now, too, father. I was so happy in New York with my dolls—and you—and Marie—and—"

"So you shall be again, darling; in a few months we will go back, taking dear Aunt Katharine with us from Paris, and you will soon love her better than you do Marie."

Katharine and her father, Colonel Easton, were floating along a canal just out of Amsterdam, in a *trekschuit*, or small passenger-boat, on their way to the home of one of Marie's sisters, two of whom were married and settled near one of the dikes of Holland. Katharine was to spend the day there with her nurse, and make the acquaintance of all the nieces and nephews about whom Marie had told her so much, while her father was to return to Amsterdam, where he had business to transact with a friend. They had arrived in Holland only the day before, when Marie had immediately left them, being anxious to get home as soon as possible, after exacting a promise from the colonel that Katharine should visit her the next day.

Katharine felt very sure she would never like Holland as she gazed rather scornfully at the curious objects they passed; the queer gay-colored boats, the windmills which met the eye at every turn, with their great arms waving in the air, the busy-looking people, men and women, some of the latter knitting as they walked, carrying heavy baskets on their backs, and all looking so contented and placid.

"Try and think of the nice day you are going

to have with Marie and the children," said the colonel; "then this evening I will come for you, and we will go together to Paris, and when you see Aunt Katharine you will be perfectly happy. See, we are nearly at the landing, and look at that row of little girls and boys. I do believe they are looking for you."

"Yes; they must be Marie's sister's children; I know them from the description Marie has read me from her letters. Are n't they horrid little things, father? Just look at their great clumps of shoes—"

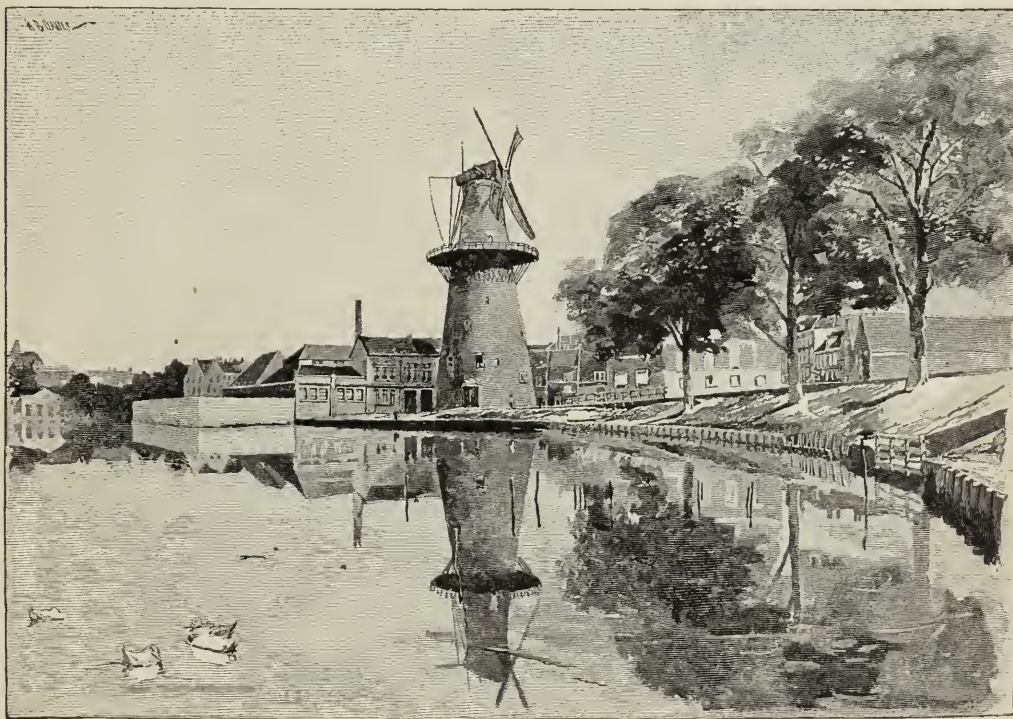
"Yes—*klompen*; that is what they are called, Katharine."

"And their baggy clothes and short waists!

Katharine waved her handkerchief to her father as long as his boat was in sight.

"See, Miss Katharine," said Marie—in Dutch now, for Katharine understood that language very well, Marie having spoken it to her from her infancy—"here is Gretel, and this is her little sister Katrine and her brother Jan. The others are their cousins. Come here, Lotten; don't be shy. Ludolf, Mayken, Freitje, shake hands with my little American girl; they were all eager to come and meet you, dear, so I had to bring them."

Katharine shook hands very soberly with the little group, and then walked off beside Marie, hearing nothing but the clatter-clatter of fourteen wooden shoes behind her.



"THE WINDMILLS WHICH MET THE EYE AT EVERY TURN, WITH THEIR GREAT ARMS WAVING IN THE AIR."

One of them knitting, too! Well, I would never make such a fright of myself, even if I did live in Holland, which I 'm glad I don't."

By this time they had made the landing. Then Katharine and Marie fell into each other's arms and cried, gazed at in half-frightened curiosity by seven small, shy Hollanders, and in pitying patience by a very large colonel.

"Au revoir. I will call for Katharine this afternoon," called Colonel Easton, when the time came for him to go on board again.

Soon they arrived at the cottage, and in a moment seven pairs of *klompen* were ranged in a neat row outside a small cottage, while their owners all talked at once to two sweet-faced women standing in the doorway. These were Marie's sisters, whose husbands were out on the sea fishing, and who lived close beside each other in two tiny cottages exactly alike.

"Oh," exclaimed Katharine, as, panting and breathless, she joined the group, "do you always take off your shoes before you go into the house?"



LITTLE MAYKEN.

"Why, of course," said the children.

"How funny!" said Katharine.

Then Marie, who had been left far behind, came up and introduced the little stranger to Juffrouw Van Dyne and Juffrouw Boekman, who took her into the house, followed by the three children who belonged there and the four cousins who belonged next door. They took off her coat and hat and gave her an arm-chair to sit in as she nibbled a tiny piece of gingerbread, while large pieces from the same loaf disappeared as if by magic among the other children. Then Gretel showed to her her doll; Jan shyly put into her hand a very pretty small model of the boat she had come in on that morning; Lotten offered her a piece of Edam cheese, which she took, while politely declining Mayken's offer to teach her to knit; little Katrine deposited a beautiful white kitten on her lap; Ludolf showed her a fine pair of klompen on which his father was teaching him to carve some very pretty figures; Freitje brought all his new fishing-tackle and invited her to go fishing with him at the back of the house. It was not long before Katharine forgot that she was homesick, and grew really interested in her surroundings; and later the dinner, consisting chiefly of fish and rye bread, tasted very good to the now hungry Katharine.

It was after dinner that the tragedy happened. The children had all started out for a walk. Before they had gone more than a mile from the house the fog settled all around them—so dense, so thick, blotting out everything, that they could not see more than a step ahead. They were not frightened, however, as all they had to do was to turn round and go straight ahead toward home. The children took one another's hands at Gretel's direction, stretching themselves across the road, Katharine, who held Gretel's hand, being at one end of the line. They walked on slowly along the dike for a short time, talking busily, though not able to see where they were going, when suddenly Katharine felt her feet slipping. In trying to steady herself she let go of Gretel, gave a wild clutch at the air, and then rolled, rolled, right down a steep bank, and, splash! into a pool of water at the bottom. For a moment she lay half stunned, not knowing what had happened to her; then, as her sense came, "Oh," thought she, "I must be killed, or drowned, or something!" She tried to call "Gretel," but her voice sounded weak and far off, and she could see nothing. Slowly she crawled out of the pool, only to plunge, splash! into another. She felt, oh, so cold, wet, and bruised! "I must have rolled right down the dike," she thought. "If I could find it, I might climb up again." She got up and tried

to walk, but sank to her ankles in water at every step.

She was a little lame from her fall, and soaked from head to foot. Her clothes hung around her most uncomfortably when she tried to walk. But, if she had to crawl on hands and knees, she must find the house; so, plunging, tumbling, rising again, she crawled in and out of ditches, every minute getting more cold and miserable.

But on she went, shivering and sore, every moment wandering farther from her friends, who were out searching all along the bottom of the dike.

After what seemed to her a long time, she came bump up against something hard. She did not know what it was, but she could have jumped for joy, if her clothes had not been so heavy, to hear a voice suddenly call out in Dutch: "What's that? Who has hit against my door? Ach! where in the world have you come from?" Then in a considerably milder tone: "Ach! the little one! and she is English. How did you get here, dear heart?"

"I—I—fell down the dike. I have—lost—everybody. Oh, how shall I ever get back to father?" answered Katharine in her very poor Dutch.

"But tell me, little one, where you came from—ach! so cold and wet!"

"I was spending the day with Marie and Gretel—and—Jan—and we were walking on the dike when the fog came on; then I fell, and could not find my way—"

"Gretel and Jan—could they be Juffrouw Van Dyne's children?"

"Yes, yes," eagerly; "that is where I was. Oh, *can* you take me back, dear, dear juffrouw?"

"Yes, when the fog clears away, my child. I could not find the house now; it is more than two miles from here. Besides, you must put off these wet clothes; you will get your death of cold—poor lambkin."

At this Katharine's sobs broke forth afresh. It must be late in the evening now, she thought; her father would come to Marie's and would not be able to find her—

"No, dear child; it is only four o'clock in the afternoon. The fog may clear away very soon, and then I will take you back."

Quickly the wet garments were taken off and hung about the stove. Katharine presently found herself wrapped up in blankets in a great arm-chair in front of the fire, a cushion at her back and another under her feet, drinking some nice hot broth, and feeling so warm and comfortable that she fell fast asleep, and awoke two hours later to find the room quite light, the fog almost gone, the juffrouw sitting beside her knitting, and



GRETTEL AND KATRINE.

a comfortable-looking cat purring noisily at her feet.

"I think I have been asleep," she said.

"I think you have," said Dame Donk.

Just then a loud knock was heard at the door, a head was poked in, then another, and still another. The cottage was fast filling up. There stood, first of all, poor, pale, frightened Marie, holding a large bundle in her arms, Jan with another smaller one, Gretel carrying a pair of shoes, and one of the sisters, completely filling up the doorway with her ample proportions, last of all.

It appears that as soon as the fog had begun to clear, the good Dame Donk had despatched a boy from a neighboring cottage to let them know where Katharine was, and that her wardrobe would need replenishing.

The excitement on finding the child safe and sound may be better imagined than described. How she was kissed, cried, and laughed over, what questions were asked and not answered, as she was taken into an adjoining room and arrayed in a complete suit of Gretel's clothes, even to the klompen, for, alas! her French shoes were now in no condition to be worn, the pretty blue frock torn and stained and hopelessly wet, the hat with its dainty plume crushed and useless; indeed, every article she had worn looked only fit for the rag-bag.

Gretel was so much smaller than Katharine that the clothes were a very tight fit, the skirt which hung round Gretel's ankles reaching just below Katharine's knees, and it was a funny little figure that stepped back into the room—no longer a fashionably dressed New York maiden, but a golden-haired child of Holland, even to the blue eyes, sparkling now with fun and merriment.

"But did n't you bring a cap for me, Marie?" she asked in a grieved tone.

"Ah, no, deary; I never thought of a cap."

"Well, you must put one on me the minute we get back."

"Oh, what will father say?" she cried delightedly, as she surveyed herself in the little mirror.

This sobered Marie at once. What would "father" say, indeed? Would he not have a right to be very angry with her, that she had allowed the child to get into such danger?

"WHERE is Katharine?" asked the colonel, as he stood, tall and commanding, on the threshold, later that evening, surveying eight small Hollanders, looking so much alike, except for the difference in their sizes, that they might have passed for eight Dutch dolls propped up in a row against the wall.

A sudden shriek of laughter, and one of the dolls was in his arms, smothering him with kisses. Then every one began to talk at once, as usual, and it was not until late the next evening, when he and Katharine were steaming out of Amsterdam, that the colonel was told the whole story and for the first time fully understood all that had happened to his little girl on that eventful day.

Meanwhile the new light in his daughter's eyes and the laughter on her lips kept him from any desire to inquire too deeply into the reason for a certain embarrassed frightened look on the faces of the women.

Before leaving Amsterdam the colonel was obliged to purchase a complete suit of Dutch garments for Katharine as a memento of this visit, and "because they are so pretty, father," she said, and "oh, father, I just love Holland! As for those Dutch children, I think they are simply the dearest, sweetest things I ever saw, and I have promised to write to Gretel as soon as ever I get to Paris."



A LETTER TO GRANDPA



"I am going to write a letter to Grandpa."



"Let me see.....What shall I write?"



"I think I will tell him to buy me a pony."



Busy Writing.

CHICKAREE

BY ANNE O'BRIEN

HE was small and plump, of a red-brown color, with a beautiful bushy tail curling over his back. Have you guessed that he was a squirrel? Then look up his name in the dictionary and you will find out why he was called Chickaree.

He lived in the trees behind the Brown House, waiting for the butternuts to get ripe. A big butternut-tree grew close by the fence. Mr. Squirrel's bright eyes had spied the nuts early in the summer, and he had made up his mind to have them—every one. So, as soon as the ripe nuts began to fall with a thump to the ground, Chickaree was to be seen—as busy as a bee all day long, storing up food for next winter.

The two ladies who lived in the Brown House used to watch him from the windows, and were never tired of saying how cunning he was, and how glad they were to have him get the butternuts. He must have a snug little nest in some tree near by—he would carry off a nut and be back again so quickly. But, though they watched carefully, they never could discover where the nest was, and by and by they gave up watching and forgot all about him.

One morning, late in October, Miss Anne came to breakfast rather late and cross, saying to her sister, "Sally, I believe this house is full of rats! There was such a racket last night I hardly slept a wink!"

Miss Sally had slept soundly, and she laughed at the idea. Rats? There had never been rats in that house. It was just "Anne's nonsense."

Miss Anne still insisted, and was awakened almost every night by the noise. "The rats in the barn have moved into the house for the winter," she said. So the rat-trap was brought from the barn, baited with cheese, and placed close to a hole in the underpinning, which looked as if it might be a rat-hole. There it stayed till the trap grew rusty and the cheese moldy, but no rat was caught.

One day Miss Sally brought home a bag of peanut candy—"peanut brittle," she called it; and to keep it cool overnight she put it in the workshop, where were kept the hammers and nails, the wood-box, and the garden tools. This shop opened into Miss Anne's studio, and had an outside door near the butternut-tree.

The candy was forgotten until the next afternoon, when Miss Anne went to get a piece. All that she found was a heap of torn and sticky paper. Every scrap of peanut brittle was gone!

"Those rats!" she declared. "But how did they get in here?"

The "how" was soon explained. Near the outside door they found a hole in the floor.

Miss Sally was indignant, and, putting a thick board over the hole, pounded in enough wire nails to keep out a regiment of rats.

As they stood in the open door a butternut dropped at their feet, and Miss Sally, in a flash, exclaimed, "Anne, do you think it could be that squirrel?—the nuts in the candy, you know?"

But Miss Anne thought not. "The noises in the attic—that could not be a squirrel. There are wire screens in the windows—he could not possibly get in."

Could n't he? That same afternoon, as Miss Anne crossed the yard, she saw the squirrel, with a nut in his mouth, spring from the fence to the low shed roof, then to the house roof, and suddenly vanish under the eaves. And, looking with all her eyes, she spied a small round hole.

The mystery was explained: this was the candy thief and the "rat" that danced jigs in the garret night after night!

John said he would bring his gun and shoot the rascal as soon as he popped out of the hole.

But the ladies would not hear of it. Shoot little Bright-eyes? No, indeed! He had worked so hard, laying up his winter store. As long as he was n't "rats" Miss Anne was sure she would not mind the noise, and, besides, did n't squirrels sleep all winter?

That evening she read up squirrels in the encyclopedia, and finding the name chickaree, she declared, "That shall be our squirrel's name, and he shall stay as long as he cares to."

So Chickaree stayed; and a fine winter he passed. He did sleep a great deal, but woke up to nibble his nuts and explore the garret. Once in a while, just for fun, he would venture out of doors, and the ladies saw him scudding over the snow-crust. But the greater part of the time he spent curled up in his nest. What a nest it was, to be sure—the very middle of a feather-bed! Miss Sally had tied that bed carefully in a sheet and hung it from a peg in the garret; but Chickaree had climbed up, peeped into the folds, and made up his mind at once that that was the bed for him.

When spring came the feather-bed began to lose its charm. Chickaree became very wide-awake, spending his time in racing about the

attic, prying into boxes and staring at himself in an old mirror. He wondered who that bushy-tailed fellow could be—and tried to scratch him out.

Then he began to gnaw the wooden boxes, the beams—everything; and the more he gnawed the better fun it was. Miss Anne's nerves were so worn out by the grinding noise he made that she gave up calling him "that cunning little fellow," and now he was always "that tormenting squirrel." A dozen times a day she would have to drop her paint-brush, pound on the studio wall, and cry, "Hush! hush!"

At first Chickaree would be frightened into silence by those knocks, but he soon learned that it was "bark" and not "bite," and he would stop to grin, and then calmly begin to gnaw again.

The neighbors said: "Better shoot him; he 'll

The trap was baited with apple and placed on the shed roof; and there it stayed—empty. Chickaree never even saw it. He had forgotten the butternut-tree, and now traveled another road—over the *front* roof into the maples, where he could tease the birds and hunt for their eggs.

One day Miss Anne had a headache. As she lay on her bed all the morning it seemed to her the squirrel had never before made such a racket overhead. After dinner she called Miss Sally. "Do try the trap in the attic; that squirrel is spending the whole day there!"

So the trap, with a fresh bait of apple, was put in the middle of the attic floor, and Miss Sally sat down to read her sister to sleep. Suddenly overhead came a *snap!* and the sisters looked at each other. Was it the trap? Had the squirrel been caught?

Up ran Miss Sally. Well, if he was n't caught, what had made the top of the trap fall flat, and what was it inside that sounded like a small cyclone?

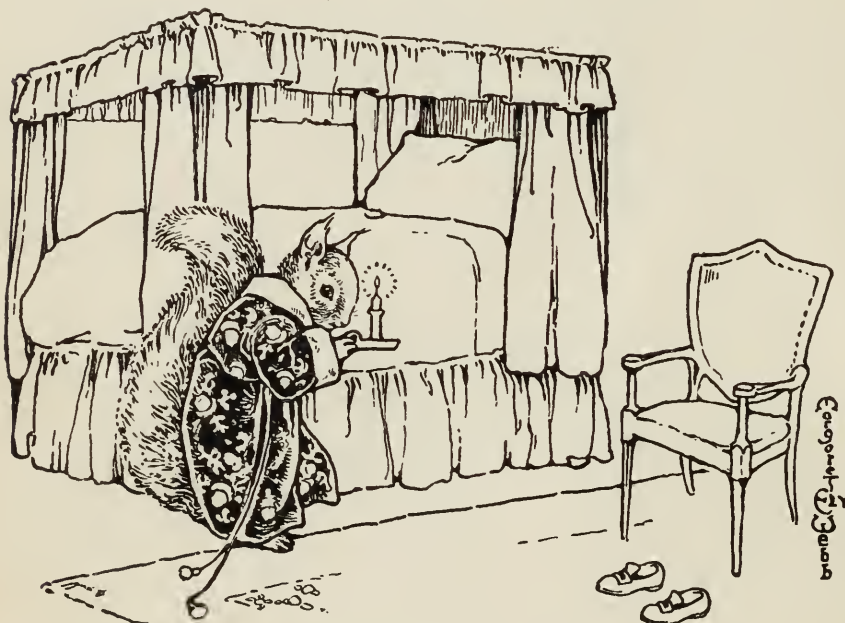
Poor Chickaree! how did he feel when that sudden *clap* shut him into a black box, with no way of escape?

As he crouched in terror he heard a voice crying, "Oh, Anne, we've got him! What shall we do with him?" Another voice pronounced his doom: "We must take him to the mountain. Tell John to harness right away."

The mountain! Oh, what was the mountain? poor Chickaree wondered. But he kept very still while he felt the trap lifted and presently jolting along a stony road.

After a long time a voice called out "Whoa!" and the trap was lifted again. Miss Anne's voice exclaimed: "This is a lovely place! Let him out."

Another minute, and up went the top of the trap. Chickaree saw blue sky, sunshine, tree-tops. Free! In less time than it takes to tell it he was away. Just a streak of red fur and waving tail, and that was the last the ladies of the Brown House ever saw of little Chickaree.



"HE DID SLEEP A GREAT DEAL."

ruin your house, gnawing the beams and the roof." But the ladies said "No" again, and hoped when summer came he would forsake the garret. But he did not. It was a rainy summer, and Chickaree liked his dry quarters—so he stayed; and still he danced, and gnawed, and drove Miss Anne distracted.

In July she had a bright idea, and got a friend who had been a boy not many years before to make her a box-trap, such as he used to set for rabbits in the woods. "And when we catch Chickaree," Miss Anne said, "we 'll carry him off to the woods and set him free."

THE · BOOK · HOUSE ·



A BOOK is just a House of Thought,
Where many Things and People live.
Beyond its doors Great Things are taught,
And all its Dwellers give and give.
So walk right through the open door
With kindly Heart and brain awake.
You'll find in there a Wonder Store
Of Good Things, all for you to take.

The Dwellers in *your* Book House know
All sorts of tales to tell to you,
And each will try his best to show
The way those tales of Wonder grew.
For this our Book House Friends expect
A trifling payment in return;
Just thoughtful Kindness and Respect,—
That's all they ask for all we learn.
John Martin

❧ This BOOK belongs to ❧

📖 THE BOOK TREE 📖

A BOOK TREE is a Knowledge Tree,
As almost anyone can see.

Long, long ago its seed was sown;
For years and years the Tree has grown.
Ten thousand thousand Hearts & Heads
Have cared for it, so now it spreads
Its Roots and Branches far and wide,
And casts its shade on every side.

This Tree bears Fruit of different kinds
For many Hearts and many Minds.
So all you Children have to do
Is just to take what's *best* for you.
But no one ever soils or breaks
The Golden Fruit he *needs* and takes,
And no one ever bends or tears
The Books this Tree of Knowledge bears.

❧ "John-martin" ❧



